

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXIII., No. 3 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. MAR., 1898

What American Was This?

It would be highly interesting to know to what American engineer Mr. Albert D. Vandam refers in his recently published *Undercurrents of the Second Empire*, as having given Napoleon III. the original notion of remodeling the French capital. The credit for this has unanimously been awarded to the famous Baron Haussman, who, as head of the board of public works, carried out the ideas of the emperor, and quickly transformed the ancient town with its narrow streets and dingy buildings into the gay and beautiful city which all good Americans, who can afford it, know so well. "The young American to whom I refer," said the emperor to Mr. Vandam's uncle, "and to whom I owe the idea of the wholesale transformation I am attempting . . . was bent on making a fortune, and a twelvemonth after I met him he was worth two or three millions of dollars." At the time of their first meeting this American was so poor as to be in arrears to his landlady, but one night came home late for dinner and bearing a large roll of paper under his arm. This roll of paper contained his fortune, and appears to have been a series of plans of a city of some 40,000 inhabitants, all duly laid out, paved and sewered; with reservations for its churches, its places of public meeting, its parks and so on. Capitalists had been interested in the undertaking, the site had been bought, contracts let and work was to begin at once upon the new city. "It was the city of the future," exclaimed Napoleon, "such as I intend to have if I live long enough." As is well known, Napoleon pushed these improvements with a vigorous hand, gradually transforming the whole appearance of the French capital. Now the description here given is certainly circumstantial enough to lead to the discovery of this unknown author of the Mecca of modern fashion and art. Who was this progressive American? Aside from any curiosity we may have about the identity of the author, the vague reference to a prototype among our cities of the modern Paris is not without a touch of seeming oddity. It would be a terrible disappointment to have this prototype turn out to be the centre of smells and filth along the shores of the Gowanus, or some other equally prosaic suburb of Gotham, like the far-famed Elysian Fields that separate the North River from the marshy stretches of the Passaic. The suggestion of a populous town laid out and built up as if by magic, some forty years or more ago,, capable in the admirable arrangement of its streets and public works to have become a model for one of the largest and most populous cities of the old world, does not readily suggest itself. One might indeed resort to the famous "twenty questions" without prospect of a

successful solution of the difficulty. Possibly our readers can throw some light upon this mysterious engineer and his fairy-like creation?

How to Reach Department Store Abuses

The agitation against the department stores which had its start—like the stores themselves—in the Windy City, is blowing in all directions. In Buffalo every member of the Board of Aldermen, except one who owns a department store, has voted in favor of a license tax of a definite amount for every line of goods carried by such stores. When, however, the question was considered as to what the amount should be it was not easy to come to an agreement. A thousand dollars was suggested, but inasmuch as the courts would probably overthrow the proposed tax unless it applied to stores carrying but a single line of goods, the friends of the "single line" stores were as much opposed to such a tax as the friends of the department monstrosities. The Buffalo agitation does not at the present writing bid fair to disturb anything. Not so, however, the storm which recently struck Denver, Col. This commotion was of the department stores' own inviting. Fourteen of them banded together and attempted to squeeze the newspapers. They demanded that the papers should do advertising for them at a rate 20 per cent. less than their single line competitors were charged. This was an unfortunate selection of victims. The newspapers of Denver, of every shade of opinion, tolerated in Colorado—Silver Republican, Silver Democrat, Silver Populist, and Silver—united against the oppressors and made the canyons howl. They told the public what had been demanded of them, and pointed out that if the newspapers accepted these terms for advertising, the department stores by crushing their competitors, would soon be the only advertisers and would have the press of the city absolutely in their grip. For the sake of the freedom of the press, therefore, as well as for the sake of justice to the small storekeepers, the papers appealed for a boycott of the department store combination. To this appeal the public responded with an enthusiasm without precedent. Nobody who had any concern for justice and nobody who had any concern for anybody who had, went near the department stores. The clerks in these stores for over a week had nothing to do but dust the counters and sweep the floors, while their single store rivals were meanwhile crowded with their former patrons. As the popular feeling showed no sign of dying out the department stores capitulated and restored their advertising to the newspapers at the old rate. Here, then, was an anti-trust agitation which accomplished something tangible. Had the people of

Denver thrown upon the Legislature the duty of framing an act which the courts would enforce against these combinations of capital the grievance would have endured for years if not forever. But when every citizen took the law in his own hands and said that he would not patronize stores which pursued an unfair policy, the loss of patronage forced these stores to come to terms. This is the kind of feeling which ought to be aroused in all our cities against the stores, whether department stores or not, which treat disgracefully those whom they employ in any capacity. There are everywhere stores which conduct their business honorably, and these stores it is the duty of honorable people to patronize.

The Real Need

At the recent yearly meeting of the University Settlement Society in this city, ex-Mayor Hewitt struck bedrock in discussing the needs of the poor. The inventions that are being made, he said, make it continually easier to provide food and clothing. What is needed therefore to relieve the real wants of the poor is not money, but contact with that which is best in the life of our country. This, said ex-Mayor Hewitt, is what Arnold Toynbee, the real founder of university settlements—though he never saw one—set out to give to the people of East London. After living among them, Toynbee found that money would be of no use in the work of elevating the lowest classes of society. The only chance was for somebody to infuse souls into the hopeless mass and prompt its members to improve their own environments. Toynbee performed this work by himself living among those whom he would help and establishing human relationships with them. University settlements have been founded to do in a broad and enduring way what Toynbee, by the very passion of his enthusiasm, was only able to do for a few short years. In this country we have no great mass of the people so hopelessly apathetic as the poor of East London. Nevertheless, even here the separation is a wide one between the poor of the East Side and what are rightly called the privileged classes. Even the teachers and ministers who have worked among the poor have often lived as far as possible from them. "The rich and enlightened," said Mr. Hewitt, "must put themselves in touch with the poor and abandoned. There is nothing in clothing and feeding them, but everything in re-establishing human relationships. They must be made to feel that all in this world are brothers and sisters, all children of the same God." The University settlements, as Mr. Hewitt said, have set to work in this spirit, and the work they have accomplished has been as great a help to the workers as to those among whom they have lived. Indeed, when the first College Settlement was started in this city Dr. Rainsford told the workers that if their idea was merely to teach they would fail, but if their idea was to learn they would succeed. They have indeed both taught and learned and the result has been a remarkable unanimity of sentiment between themselves and the members of their clubs and classes. They have come to feel not that the poorer people

are different from themselves, but that the poorer people are like themselves, and they sympathize with them not as a patron sympathizes with a protégé, but as one neighbor sympathizes with another. No material help of any sort is ever given, but friendships are established, and those who have the ability to rise in any direction are given encouragement and help in developing themselves and in finding an opportunity to work. In this way the privileged and the unprivileged are brought together as "brothers and sisters," and the community of feeling between classes which has always distinguished the political and social development of England and America bids fair to be re-established in the one place it was in danger of being lost.

A Page from Quo Vadis

A valued correspondent calls attention in the new department of correspondence to the remarkable piece of portraiture which appears in the graphic description of Petronius, in Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis*.

Another interesting consideration—and that by the way—to which the last few lines which Mr. McCloskey quotes, respecting the "testamentum" of Petronius, give rise, regards the nature of that writing. This question has occasioned no little concern in letters. Did, or did not, this brief work contain passages which entitled Petronius to his high rank among the critics of antiquity? Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, says:

"Fancy and art in gay Petronius please;
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease."

Evidently, the poet must have been acquainted with some work of the Arbiter Elegantiarum. Perhaps a work entitled: *T. Petronii Arbitri, Equitis Romani, Satiricon*. Biponi, 1790, is a reprint of another edition with which Pope had come in contact. Be that as it may, a writer in the *Southern Review* for the month of July, 1867, and Mr. Arthur Murphy, the translator of Tacitus, scout the idea, that this could have been identical with that to which the historian alludes. Mr. Merivale, in his *History of the Romans*, has an interesting note, in which he refers the reader "to the elaborate arguments of Studer in the *Rheinischen Museum*, 1843," for conclusive proof that Petronius was the author of the *Satiricon*. Studer has refuted Niebuhr and others, who held that this composition belonged to a later period than that of Nero, and Mr. Merivale is well satisfied of the merits of Studer's evidence. At the same time, the *Satiricon*, since it is a lengthy production, for the writing of which leisure and considerable time were requisite, since it does not contain anything relating to "new modes of vice in Nero's time," since it reveals "no secret practices of his court," neither can nor ought to be called the composition of his latest hours. And here, the gentleman above mentioned interposes a very pertinent question. "How," he asks, "should the passages, which have entitled Petronius to be ranked with the critics of antiquity, find a place in the narrative of a dying man?"

Of course, the novelist did not make issue with this matter in dispute; it was beyond his scope. Yet it bears upon the historical character and has some interest for those who delight in what may, not in-

aply, be termed classical lore. To those who may enter deeper into the philosophy of the story, Petronius will be but the embodiment of what was most attractive in nature and thought and action according to pagan ideals. He will stand forth from out the retinue of friends and sycophants, who crowded Nero's court, as Mr. Merivale suggests, very like the Augustan Mæcenas, fallen upon evil days. These readers will glory in the triumph of that everlasting principle, which found Vinicius an apt pupil in the school of his uncle, destined maybe far to excel the latter in all that made him great, and taking him thus, taught him self-control and led him with the golden chain of Faith to an eminence, which man, not so enabled, never can attain.

"The Case of Maria"
In the last of her charming papers on the unquiet sex now running in Scribner's, Mrs. Helen Watterson Moody takes hold of a subject which in less skillful hands would prove a live wire. With the thinnest possible insulating covering of silk the case of the domestic servant is presented as the domestic servant herself would wish to have it, and not as the mistress of the house is accustomed to conceive it. The discussion hangs about the concrete case of Maria, Mr. Talbot's ideal housemaid, who, after giving deep peace to the Talbot family for some four months and enabling Mrs. Talbot to assume "the complaisant air of one whose virtues have finally met their just reward," suddenly upsets the household by buying a banjo and beginning to practice a-nights. The agitation and discussion that ensued are depicted by Mrs. Moody in lines that would be true to life in at least four families out of five.

"Mr. Talbot laughed and advised compromise, but Mrs. Talbot and Miss Talbot were firm. Banjo playing by the housemaid was not compatible with the dignity of the family. . . . Mrs. Talbot interviewed Maria; then wept the tears of one who feels herself to be indeed the plaything of fate, for it was 'aut banjo aut nullus' with Maria. . . . By much saving and self-denial she had at last accomplished the desired hope of her life, and was in no mood to be thwarted now. So Maria went, dangling the banjo case respectfully but firmly. . . . While Mrs. Talbot and Mary were unanimous and unequivocal in their resentment Mr. Talbot was openly preplexed and betrayed secret sympathy with Maria. He seemed to catch an occasional sniff of a principle somewhere, latent but violated, and it made him uneasy. 'There is something wrong,' he declared, 'when a girl simply because she engages to do certain duties in a house is not allowed the gratification of her single impulse toward the elevation of mind or taste. I should like to see myself setting up a rule to prevent my men playing on the banjo after mill hours—or the jews-harp, either.' 'Then,' asked Mrs. Talbot, loftily, 'do I understand that you would accept the organization of a brass band among our domestics for evening rehearsals in the kitchen?'"

This, of course, ended the discussion in the Talbot family, but is merely the introduction of Mrs. Moody's discussion. Mr. Talbot she thinks instinctively touched the right button in considering

why it is that girls will not enter service who can possibly do anything else. Mrs. Moody admits what the mistress of the house is accustomed to urge—that the domestic servants get better food, better shelter, better pay than the girls who go into factories. Indeed, she shows that the girls who go into the factories themselves admit this. Not long ago there came to her hands, as a result of one of the popular discussions in the daily newspapers, over a thousand letters from workingwomen from all over the country in reply to the question: "Is the shop or factory preferable to domestic service?" Two-thirds of the writers answered the question yes, and gave as their reasons that working hours are fixed in the factory and extra work is paid for, that outside her working hours the worker is independent, and that she does not lose caste through her employment. The advocates of domestic work, on the contrary, could only say that their work was more healthful than factory work, that more money can be saved and that houseworkers do not lose caste "in the mind of any sensible person." This last, says Mrs. Moody, was generally said somewhat hysterically, showing that those who said it were conscious that sensible persons were in an insignificant minority. In short, the girls who prefer domestic service, if there really are such, are the girls who care more for material things than they do for social considerations, and the right to govern themselves instead of being perpetually under the authority of another. As these last sentiments are on the increase everywhere and would be dominant here, were not the servant class recruited from abroad, Mrs. Moody sensibly suggests that the way out is not to ignore the progress of thought but to conform with it, and instead of attempting to restore the domestic worker of the past to help forward the introduction of the domestic worker of the future. The transition that Mrs. Moody expects is that which has already taken place in other handicrafts. In the time of Charlemagne, she says, every noble of importance had within his personal control artisans of all trades needed to supply his daily wants. Each chateau was a miniature city within the precincts of which dwelt armorers, carriage builders, saddlers, carpenters and other laborers. In the progress of time these craftsmen have freed themselves from the tutelage of their employers, and now are their own masters during all their leisure and are under the authority of their employer only during the specified hours for which their services are engaged. Already in the line of domestic service the same transition has begun to take place. Spinning and weaving are no longer done in the household; canning and preserving is no longer done; washing is more and more being done in laundries, and baking more and more in bake-shops. Furthermore, it is becoming common to send out and engage caterers and waiters, who, like other skilled workmen, perform specified tasks in specified hours. In the long run, Mrs. Moody thinks, the hard work of the household will all be performed in this way, and that those who perform it will be as independent and as sure of social consideration as any other workers. The idea is certainly worth considering, for no good Ameri-

can consent to the thought that through all time there shall be a distinctively menial class who must be kept without education, without music and without art, if they are to be contented with their work. This, says Mrs. Moody, is the labor problem which the members of women's clubs ought to be considering. Labor reform like charity should begin at home.

*The Yankee Press Agent
Abroad*

The king is dead. Long live the king! England's greatest writer of fairy stories has just died. America has endeavored to console the bereaved island by sending her our greatest writer of fairy stories. Lewis Carroll would hardly be recognized under his real name, Rev. C. L. Dodgson, and few literary folk would know and recognize the name of Mr. R. F. Hamilton, who is certainly one of the most brilliant stylists of our time. This latter dealer in the 'marvellous, however, is fully known to the minions of the press under his famous title "Tody" Hamilton, the Press Agent of the Greatest Show on Earth. He has just invaded England along with Barnum's circus, whose stupendous proportions fade into insignificance alongside the overpowering glory of Tody Hamilton's descriptions of it. Our negro poet, Paul Dunbar, and our literary colorist, Stephen Crane, have made some slight stir in England; but their impression has been nothing compared with that of the typical—no, not the typical, the ideal—press agent of America. Tody Hamilton is to the world of literature what his former employer, P. T. Barnum, was to the world of wonder—the *ne plus ultra*.

The first requisite of the successful press agent as of the successful author, is the ability to appear in print with the most profit and the least expense. A press agent who must pay advertising rates is as lacking in commercial value as a poet who can get his verses printed only as advertisements. Judging from this point of view, Mr. Tody Hamilton is the beau ideal of the press agent. Like many a popular author, he has brought many of his works into print through the charm of his personality and through the friendship of a kindly disposed editorial crew. But Mr. Hamilton has actually deserved his good fortune, because of the wonderful ingenuity he shows in exalting the common English speech to powers unknown and unsuspected by others. He has managed to get our mother tongue on the highest pair of stilts ever known. It is easy to be irreverent with one whose literary pursuits, like Mr. Hamilton's, are somewhat tainted with the suspicion of commercialism; but it is impossible for the considerate to withhold a decided respect for his truly dextrous handling of epithets. His vocabulary of the adjectives of degree and his facility in their use amount to genius. His sustained use of adjective after adjective, each seemingly the strongest in the language and each succeeded by a much stronger, calls into play the utmost skill; a skill beside which the mere stringing together of different words in rhyme and metre is nothing. Compared with the minor poets of the day, the major press agent is a literary marvel. Set the problem before yourself: to express in cold print all that P. T. Barnum in his

highest flights of imagination and self-glorification could ask of you. Does not the high-sounding style of a Milton or the fury of an Ariosto or the enthusiasm of a Petrarch seem insufficient for the mighty task? Yet as Barnum was the greatest of all Americans, so is Tody Hamilton, his one and only prophet, the greatest of our poets and writers of fiction. Small wonder that the English have made a stir about him and devote columns of their attention to the wonders of his style. Their appreciation of our latest export cannot be better explained than by a quotation or two. The *St. James Gazette* gives up a double column article to a review of his pamphlet and ends it with this remark: "We shudder to contemplate the state of exhaustion presented by the author after he had reached the most superb consummation of twenty pages of such lurid description as this, which, nevertheless, makes excellent and amusing reading." A column article in the *Daily Mail* is even more quotable. Its panegyric is as follows: "Mr. 'Tody' Hamilton is one of the greatest marvels of Barnum & Bailey's collection of marvels. It is he who compiles those glowing descriptive catalogues of the show, which have struck people dumb with amazement wherever the English language is spoken. He has been described in an official document verified by an affidavit of the late P. T. Barnum as 'Tody' Hamilton, Barnum's cyclone press agent and descriptive epigrammist. America's representative word-smith! A wild, whirling tornado of breathless adjective!! An inexhaustible mine of glittering epithet!!! 'Tody' is a tall, thin man, upon whose face thought and the ravages of the poetic fire have left lines and scars. His brow is high and open, his smile is winning and frequent. His digestion is perfect. But it is in his eyes that his genius is first apparent. The eyes of an ordinary person, even of an ordinary poet, are almost exactly alike. But 'Tody's' eyes are different in a marvellous way that suggests the power of specialism of function which scientists say is the secret of all high development of excellence. Each eye reflects its own side of the dual excellence that makes its owner pre-eminent. The left eye is clear, keen, piercing. This is the perceptive eye. When 'Tody' looks upon a new freak or a new addition to the menagerie or a new equestrian act which has to be descriptively decorated in the catalogue, it is this left eye that picks out the points of the item. The right eye is meanwhile in repose. But when the function of observation has been discharged, as 'Tody' sits down, pen in hand, to evolve language, then he closes the left eye and removes his hand from his right eye. This is the poetic or imaginative eye. It is large and dark and full of fierce fires that glow through the overspreading gloom. It translates the 'as-it-is' of the perceptive organ into the 'what-you-have-got-to-expect' of the alluring advertisement."

The last time *The Greatest Show on Earth* honored New York, thirty of the local newspaper men presented Laureate Hamilton with a loving cup. Referring to this bequest a third English paper is found speaking of him familiarly as "Tody" and adding, "the Mister seems superfluous." As one should say of Bobbie Burns or Harry Fielding, the Mister seems superfluous!

A Legal Curiosity

As an instance of the ridiculous tautology and verbiage inculcated by the use of obsolete and oftentimes meaningless forms and phrases in legal matters, we have received from a correspondent the verdict lately rendered at Antrim, Pa., in the case of one Sourbeck, who committed suicide. This document is on file at the courthouse at Chambersburg, and the local journal, in quoting it, appropriately entitles the story: "Sourbeck Surely Dead." It is a literary curiosity of really monumental proportions. We give it in its entirety:

An inquisition indented and taken in the township of Antrim, county of Franklin and state of Pennsylvania, on the 25th day of October, A. D., 1897, before W. A. McKinnie, acting coroner of said county and state. Upon the view of the body of Dennis Sourbeck, then and there lying dead, upon the oaths of Annie Ketterman, Mrs. Jennie Smith, John Smith and Dr. C. M. McLaughlin, good and lawful citizens of the said county, aforesaid, who being duly sworn to enquire, on the part of the commonwealth when, where and after what manner the said Dennis Sourbeck, came to his death, do say upon their oaths that Dennis Sourbeck, a laborer not having the fear of God before his eyes but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, in the township and county aforesaid, in and upon himself, then and there lying in the peace of God and the said commonwealth, the said Dennis Sourbeck, did feloniously, voluntarily and of his malice and forethought made an assault and the aforesaid Dennis Sourbeck there and then with a certain razor to the value of twenty-five cents, which he, the said Dennis Sourbeck, then and there held in his hand, himself upon the throat then and there feloniously, voluntarily and of his malice and forethought did strike and gash himself then and there with the razor aforesaid upon his throat aforesaid one mortal wound to the breadth of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches and to the depth of $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch, of which the said Dennis Sourbeck died according to the opinion of the doctor, in from three to five minutes, on the 25th day of October, 1897, in said township and county of that mortal wound died; and so the jurors aforesaid upon their oaths aforesaid say that the said Dennis Sourbeck then and there in manner aforesaid, as a felon of himself, feloniously, voluntarily, and of his own malice aforethought, himself killed, and murdered against the peace of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The Feather Crusade

It has been said, but with how much truth we have no means of knowing, that the agitation of newspapers, the endeavors of Audubon societies, and the appeals of humanitarians has had no appreciable effect as yet in diminishing the slaughter of birds for the sake of their feathers. If it is true that this wholesale destruction of our harmless and beautiful little friends has shown no diminution we must not jump to the conclusion that it will not come at all. It takes time for fashions to change or for a movement that has common sense as its inspiration to get under full headway. The principle upon which the present crusade against the slaughter of birds has been started is certainly correct. If women will agree not to wear feathers, the destruction of the birds will cease. The question is, however, whether women will ever be persuaded that they can dispense with this addition to their toilets. At a single auction of birds in London last year there were among the articles sold 11,352 ounces of osprey plumes, 228,289 Indian parrots, 116,490 humming

birds, and thousand of bodies of other varieties. This sale was followed by others later in the year, but it alone was large enough to mean the early extinction of many beautiful species, for the sake of a vanity which does little credit to the fair sex. "Fuss and feathers" are proverbially among the rights of womankind. But while the first is a prerogative that is cheerfully accorded to women, the second is an acquired taste, or else one inherited from barbaric times. One has only to think of a man arrayed in a woman's hat with its giddy paraphernalia of arsenical grasses and poisonous-looking fruits, flowers, wires, tissue, pins, tinsel and feathers to appreciate the absurdity of a fashion which compels the use of such a senseless headgear. While a man is limited by common sense in his choice of personal adornment, it is generally conceded that women may do about as they please, since their style of beauty is thought to demand the exercise of a little frivolity of taste. Unfortunately fashion is proof against the appeals of common sense or of morality, and as the English press has shown in a voluminous correspondence upon the subject, the British matron will be unmoved by anything but the example of royalty itself. If an empress, be she the empress only of China, will pronounce against the fashion, English society will sweetly submit to be shorn of its feathers. The same may almost be said of Americans. The tireless energy of all the societies for the protection of birds cannot begin to do the cause so much good, as could a few of our autocrats of style in pronouncing against the use of such adornments, quite regardless of the grounds upon which the edict was made.

The '98 Wheel

The situation of a very flourishing and popular business, the trade and manufacture of bicycles, is in a curious condition. The very general adoption of the wheel a few years ago gave a boom to the making of them, which has had few precedents in industrial history. As quickly as they could, manufacturers built extensive plants or converted half-idle mills which had been producing other forms of light mechanism, into bicycle factories. The demand two years ago was really something phenomenal, and in all directions the very great profits to be attained by making wheels at \$15 or \$20 and selling them at \$100 made a strong appeal to the small capitalist. As a result many millions of dollars were invested. The makers leagued together under title of a Board of Trade, held an annual bicycle show at Madison Square Garden, and did their best to maintain prices and compel a strict observance of rules upon the members. A break came, however, from high quarters. The annual show has been abandoned and sail-trimming has been the order of the day. While nothing could take the place of the great annual shows we have heretofore had, people at large will have to look to the literature of the hour to learn about the important changes which the wheel is undergoing. To meet this condition for our readers, we have engaged an expert to furnish for the next number of *Current Literature* a simple, yet comprehensive, description of the important bicycle novelties of the year. Our aim will be to cover the entire field in this bicycle number.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*Gabriel Max's "The Last Token" *..... Martin Swift..... Love's Way†*

She recks not of the many-mouthèd rage
That roars around the Coliseum's walls;
Lightly she pauses, though behind her crawls
The long lithe tiger, issuing from his cage,
And though yon loathlier couple, drunk with gore,
Are tumbling in their maudlin amity
Beside her on the spotted stones—for, see,
There lies her lover's rose upon the floor!
She sees him, doubt it not! her pure sweet eyes
Beam into his that ache with heavy tears,
And there they rest; a faint fair smile she wears,
Grave as a babe's, and innocently wise.
Art thou a man, O lover? One swift leap,
And seek with her the unawakening sleep!

A Song in Winter..... A. St. John Adcock..... Chambers's Journal

A robin sings on the leafless spray,
Hey ho, winter will go!
Sunlight shines on the desolate way,
And under my feet
I feel the beat
Of the world's heart that never is still,
Never is still
Whatever may stay.
Life out of death, as day out of night,
Hey ho, winter will go!
In the dark hedge shall glimmer a light,
A delicate sheen
Of budding green,
Then, silent, the dawn o' summer breaks,
As morning breaks,
O'er valley and height.
The tide ebbs out, and the tide flows back;
Hey ho, winter will go!
Though heaven be screened by stormy rack,
It rains, and the blue
Comes laughing through;
And, cloud-like, winter goes from the earth,
Goes from the earth
That flowers in his track.
Sing, robin, sing on your leafless spray,
Hey ho, winter will go!
Sunlight and song shall shorten the way,
And under my feet
I feel the beat
Of the world's heart that never is still,
Never is still
Whatever may stay.

Lady Jane..... Lucius Harwood Foote..... On the Heights‡

An ower true tale I fain would tell
Of Scottish border strife,
And how an English Earl did win
A Scottish maid for wife.
He was the Lord of Widdington,
Her kinsmen were his foes,
And she was Fraser's lovely lass,
A bonny heather rose.
On Cheviot's flank his Lordship's troop
Had met the Fraser clan,
Were scattered in the headlong charge,
And routed horse and man.
And lost and lorn, and wounded sore,—
A hunted stag at bay,
But for a maid who succoured him,
The Earl had died that day.

She hid him in the rustling corn,
And gave him food and rest,
The while her baffled kinsmen sped
Upon their bootless quest.

And in the gloaming, o'er the hills
She led him safe and sound
Until he reached the border side,
And trod on English ground.

Long raged the fierce and bloody feud
Which rent the land in twain,
And many a lady mourned her lord,
And many a lass her swain.

Until one morn, from Teviotdale,
The word came down the glen,
That all was lost, and Widdington
Held Fraser and his men.

Woe fell on matron and on maid,
But Janet sped away,
High o'er the Scottish hills she hied
To where the English lay.

She bade them lead her where their Chief
Stood with his kinsmen near,
And though her heart beat fast the while,
Her voice was calm and clear.

"I am a Fraser's lass, my Lord,
Your grace I crave," she said,
Earl Widdington made answer thus,
And bared his stately head:

"Your Chieftain's life is safe, my lass,
His fetters I will break,
And let the men of Fraser's clan
Go hence for your dear sake.

"You proved a steadfast friend to me
When I was sore beset.
I loved you then with all my heart,
I love you, lassie, yet.

"And here in presence of my kin,
That all may understand,
I sue you for your plighted troth,
I sue you for your hand."

"I crave your pardon if," said she,
"I seem distraught in mind,
The eagles with the eagles mate,
The thrushes seek their kind;

"You have your hawks, you have your hounds.
You have your bill and bow,
Such words will work me harm, my Lord,
I prithee let me go."

His brother Hugh laughed loud and said,
"Now, by my troth, I swear
My haughty kin would doff the rose,
And place the thistle there."

And while his kinsmen by his side
Laughed loud with bitter scorn,
Lord Widdington, with flashing eyes,
Leaned on his saddle-horn.

"I give thee escort, gentle maid,
And home I go with thee;
For, by Saint Ann, I will not brook
These gibes and jeers," quoth he.

One blessed morn the wedding bells
Pealed from the castle fane,
And he was Lord of Widdington,
And she was Lady Jane.

*See page 248. †A. C. McClurg & Co. ‡Roycroft Printing Shop.

The Cure's Progress.....Austin Dobson.....*Cornhill Magazine*

Monsieur the Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella case.

You may see him pass by the little "Grande-Place,"
And the tiny "Hotel-de-Ville";
He smiles as he goes to the fleuriste Rose,
And the pompier Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "Marché" cool,
Where the noisy fishwives call;
And his compliment pays to the "belle Thérèse,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a "pain d'épice."

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "Ma foi, oui!"
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
To the furrier's daughter, too;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
And a "Bon Dieu garde, M'sieu!"

But a grander way for the Sous-Préfet,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the Sacristan;

Forever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella case.

Helen Keller.....*Edmund Clarence Stedman*.....*Poems**

Mute, sightless visitant,
From what uncharted world
Hast voyaged into Life's rude sea,
With guidance scant;
As if some bark mysteriously
Should hither glide, with spars aslant
And sails all furled?

In what perpetual dawn,
Child of the spotless brow,
Hast kept thy spirit far withdrawn—
Thy birthright undefiled?
What views to thy sealed eyes appear?
What voices mayst thou hear
Speak as we know not how?
Of grief and sin hast thou,
O radiant child,
Even thou, a share? Can mortal taint
Have power on thee unfearing
The woes our sight, our hearing,
Learn from Earth's crime and plaint?

Not as we see
Earth, sky, insensate forms, ourselves,
Thou seest,—but vision-free
Thy fancy soars and delves,
Albeit no sounds to us relate
The wondrous things
Thy brave imaginings
Within their starry night create.

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Pity thy unconfined
Clear spirit, whose enfranchised eyes
Use not their grosser sense?
Ah, no; thy bright intelligence
Hath its own Paradise,
A realm wherein to hear and see
Things hidden from our kind.
Not thou, not thou—'t is we
Are deaf, are dumb, are blind!

The Tournay's Queen.....*Ednah Proctor Clarke*.....*The Century*

What ails mine eyes? I hear the shouts;
I hear the trumpets blare;
Why should they blur—the flags that stir
Like strange birds in the air?

I know this place: it is the lists;
Behind, the ramparts frown,—
There—there—they met! The dust is wet.
And one—and one—went down.

And I must wear the rim of gold,
Be crowned the tournay's queen;
Already, see! he rides to me
The lifted spears between!

Yea—so! A woman's heart is won
By him who wins the field.
(O heart that dies where Bevis lies
With broken lance and shield!)

The Trumpeters.....*Andrew Downing*.....*The Trumpeters and Other Poems**

The winds of March are trumpeters,
They blow with might and main,
And herald to the waiting earth
The Spring, and all her train.

They harbinger the April showers,
With sunny smiles between,
That wake the blossoms in their beds,
And make the meadows green.

The South will send her spicy breath,
The brook in music flow,
The orchard don a bloomy robe
Of May's unmelting snow.

Then June will stretch her golden days,
Like harp-strings, bright and long,
And play a rich accompaniment
To every wild bird's song.

The fair midsummer-time, apace,
Shall bring us many a boon,
And ripened fruits, and yellow sheaves,
Beneath the harvest-moon.

The golden-rod, a Grecian torch,
Will light the splendid scene,
When Autumn comes in all the pomp
And glory of a queen.

Her crimson sign shall flash and shine
On every wooded hill,
And Plenty's horn unto the brim
Her lavish bounty fill.

Then, little sweetheart, murmur not,
Nor shrug your shoulders so;
The winds of March are trumpeters,—
I love to hear them blow.

*Hayworth Publishing House, Washington, D. C.

CREATIONS OF LEWIS CARROLL*

JABBERWOCKY.†

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burred as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Calay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

HUMPTY DUMPTY EXPLAINS.

"You seem very clever at explaining words, sir," said Alice. Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called Jabberwocky?

"Let's hear it," said Humpty Dumpty. "I can explain all the poems that ever were invented and a good many that haven't been invented just yet."

This sounded very hopeful, so Alice repeated the first verse:

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

"That's enough to begin with," Humpty Dumpty interrupted; "there are plenty of hard words there. '*Brillig*' means four o'clock in the afternoon—the time when you begin broiling things for dinner."

"That'll do very well," said Alice; "and '*slithy*'?"

"Well, '*slithy*' means 'lithe and slimy.' 'Lithe' is the same as 'active.' You see it's like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word."

"I see it now," Alice remarked, thoughtfully; "and what are '*toves*'?"

"Well, '*toves*' are something like badgers—they're something like lizards—and they're something like corkscrews."

"They must be very curious-looking creatures."

"They are that," said Humpty Dumpty; "also they make their nests under sun-dials—also they live on cheese."

"And what is to '*gyre*' and to '*gimble*'?"

"To '*gyre*' is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To '*gimble*' is to make holes like a gimblet."

*The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth avenue, New York, are the authorized publishers in this country of all the late Lewis Carroll's books. For some account of the life of this master pupil of the Comic Genius and an estimate of his place in literature, see page 210. †From *Through the Looking Glass*.

"And '*the wabe*' is the grass-plot round the sun-dial, I suppose," said Alice, surprised at her own ingenuity.

"Of course it is. It's called '*wabe*,' you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it—"

"And a long way beyond it on each side," Alice added.

"Exactly so. Well then, '*mimsy*' is 'flimsy and miserable' (there's another portmanteau for you). And a '*borogrove*' is a thin, shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round—something like a live wasp."

"And the '*mome raths*'?" said Alice. "I'm afraid I'm giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Well, a '*rath*' is a sort of green pig; but '*mome*' I'm not certain about. I think it's short for 'from home'—meaning that they'd lost their way, you know."

"And what does '*outgrabe*' mean?"

"Well, '*outgribe*' is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle; however, you'll hear it done maybe—down in the wood yonder—and when you've once heard it, you'll be quite content. Who's been repeating all that hard stuff to you?"

"I read it in a book," said Alice.—Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There.

THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS.

As this poem is to some extent connected with the lay of the Jabberwock, let me take this opportunity of answering a question that has often been asked me, how to pronounce "slithy toves." The "i" in "slithy" is long, as in "writhe;" and "toves" is pronounced so as to rhyme with "groves." Again, the first "o" in "borogroves" is pronounced like the "o" in "borrow." I have heard people try to give it the sound of the "o" in "worry." Such is human perversity.

This also seems a fitting occasion to notice the other hard words in that poem. Humpty Dumpty's theory, of two meanings packed into one word like a portmanteau, seems to me the right explanation for all.

For instance, take the two words "fuming" and "furious." Make up your mind that you will say both words, but leave it unsettled which you will say first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards "fuming" you will say "fuming-furious"; if they turn, by even a hair's breadth, toward "furious," you will say "furious-fuming"; but if you have that rarest of gifts, a perfectly balanced mind, you will say "frumious."

Supposing that, when Pistol uttered the well-known words—

"Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!"

Justice Shallow had felt certain that it was either Will iam or Richard, but had not been able to settle which, so that he could not possibly say either name before the other, can it be doubted that, rather than die, he would have gasped out, "Rilchiam!"—Preface to *The Hunting of the Snark*.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SNARK.*

"Come, listen, my men, while I tell you again
The five unmistakable marks
By which you may know, wheresoever you go,
The warranted genuine Snarks.

"Let us take them in order. The first is the taste,
Which is neagre and hollow, but crisp:
Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,
With a flavor of Will-o'-the-wisp.

"Its habit of getting up late you'll agree
That it carries too far, when I say
That it frequently breakfasts at five o'clock tea,
And dines on the following day.

*From *The Hunting of the Snark*.

"The third is its slowness in taking a jest.
Should you happen to venture on one,
It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed:
And it always looks grave at a pun.

"The fourth is its fondness for bathing machines,
Which it constantly carries about,
And believes that they add to the beauty of scenes—
A sentiment open to doubt.

"The fifth is ambition. It next will be right
To describe each particular batch:
Distinguishing those that have feathers, and bite,
From those that have whiskers and scratch.

"For, although common Snarks do no manner of harm,
Yet I feel it my duty to say
Some are Boojums—" The Bellman broke off in alarm,
For the Baker had fainted away.

They roused him with muffins—they roused him with ice—
They roused him with mustard and cress—
They roused him with jam and judicious advice—
They set him conundrums to guess.

When at length he sat up and was able to speak,
His sad story he offered to tell;
And the Bellman cried, "Silence! Not even a shriek!"
And excitedly tingled his bell.

There was silence supreme! Not a shriek, not a scream,
Scarcely even a howl or a groan,
As the man they called "Ho!" told his story of woe
In an antediluvian tone.

"My father and mother were honest, though poor—" "
"Skip all that!" cried the Bellman in haste.
"If it once becomes dark, there's no chance of a Snark—
We have hardly a minute to waste!"

"I skip forty years," said the Baker, in tears,
"And proceed without further remark
To the day when you took me aboard of your ship
To help you in hunting the Snark.

"A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named)
Remarked, when I bade him farewell—" "
"Oh, skip your dear uncle!" the Bellman exclaimed,
As he angrily tingled his bell.

"He remarked to me then," said that mildest of men,
"If your Snark be a Snark, that is right:
Fetch it home by all means—you may serve it with greens
And it's handy for striking a light.

"You may seek it with thimbles—and seek it with care;
You may hunt it with forks and hope;
You may threaten its life with a railway share;
You may charm it with smiles and soap—" "

("That's exactly the method," the Bellman bold
In a hasty parenthesis cried,
"That's exactly the way I have always been told
That the capture of Snarks should be tried!")

"But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!"

"It is this, it is this that oppresses my soul,
When I think of my uncle's last words:
And my heart is like nothing so much as a bowl
Brimming over with quivering curds!"

"It is this, it is this—" "We have had that before!"
The Bellman indignantly said.
And the Baker replied, "Let me say it once more.
It is this, it is this that I dread!"

"I engage with the Snark—every night after dark—
In a dreamy, delirious fight:
I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes,
And I use it for striking a light:

"But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day,
In a moment (of this I am sure),
I shall softly and suddenly vanish away—
And the notion I cannot endure!"

The Bellman looked uffish, and wrinkled his brow,
"If only you'd spoken before!
It's excessively awkward to mention it now,
With the Snark, so to speak, at the door!"

"It's excessively awkward to mention it now—
As I think I've already remarked."
And the man they called "Hi" replied, with a sigh,
"I informed you the day we embarked.

"You may charge me with murder—or want of sense—
(We are all of us weak at times):
But the slightest approach to a false pretence
Was never among my crimes!"

"I said it in Hebrew—I said it in Dutch—
I said it in German and Greek:
But I wholly forgot (and it vexes me much)
That English is what you speak!"

"'Tis a pitiful tale," said the Bellman, whose face
Had grown longer at every word:
"But, now that you've stated the whole of your case,
More debate would be simply absurd.

"The rest of my speech" (he explained to his men)
"You shall hear when I've leisure to speak it.
But the Snark is at hand, let me tell you again!
'Tis your glorious duty to seek it!"

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.*

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were cleared away," they said,
"It would indeed be grand."

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

*From *Through the Looking Glass*.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us,"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each!"

The eldest Oyster looked at him
But never a word he said:
The oldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—of ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat,
"For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what chiefly we need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

A STRANGE WILD SONG.*

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of life!"

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak."

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk.
Descending from the 'bus:
He looked again and found it was
A Hippopotamus:
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee-mill:
He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.
"Were I to swallow this," he said
"I should be very ill!"

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny-Postage Stamp.
"You'd best be getting home," he said,
"The nights are very damp!"

He thought he saw a Garden-Door
That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
A Double Rule of Three:
"And all its mystery," he said,
"Is clear as day to me!"

He thought he saw an Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bar of Mottled Soap.
"A fact so dread," he faintly said,
"Extinguishes all hope!"

*From Sylvie and Bruno.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

The New Heroines of Fiction.....Harper's Bazar

Fiction, novels especially, may not so much represent Life and Nature as they represent what the average person, usually a woman, likes to read. Novels have, within the last forty or fifty years, undergone an extraordinary change, particularly in their heroines. They used to be called ideal, because they were unreal, nothing like them ever having existed on the earth, above the earth, or under the earth. They were all bewilderingly beautiful, wildly romantic, singularly delicate, oppressively sentimental, exceedingly rich, positively ridiculous. How they did talk! Such fustian, such bombast as human tongue never uttered, or human ear never listened to or would listen to if retreat were possible. Descriptions of them in detail were devoured. To-day nobody could be induced to read about them, and they have, as a consequence, gone into everlasting retirement.

The heroine of the present is entirely a distinct creature. She has some relation to nature; she belongs at least to the order of beings we know as women. She is not inevitably beautiful; indeed, she is often plain. She is not opulent in what were formerly thought to be irresistible fascinations. She has an individuality of her own. Some of her qualities may not be attractive at first, but they are brought out, and shown to be consistent with her character. She has some other object eternally in view than marriage. She is not always prepared to fall in love at sight.

The elder novelists did not say this, of course; they rather intimated that such a thing as love had never entered her mind. But the intelligent reader perceives that she is only biding her chance and watching for the man. The later author introduces his heroine without calling her such, and expects to win favor for her by his clever presentment through the circumstances she has to contend with.

The founder of this sort of novel was Charlotte Brontë, who, nearly sixty years since, introduced Jane Eyre to an astonished public. The book created a literary revolution, and has had, as everything original invariably has, hundreds and hundreds of imitators. Nevertheless, it continues to be widely and eagerly read, and may be read throughout the coming century. Jane Eyre is supposed to have been largely a reproduction of Charlotte Brontë herself, as first novels are apt to be of their authors, and such experiences as she had had.

The new heroine is commonly more or less realistic—more rather than less—and generally interesting in proportion to her realism. There is now some prospect, from reading about her in current fiction, of learning something of her sex, in which man has a perennial concern. The novelist of this time tries less to furnish a stimulating story than to furnish fresh personages, at least those having unusual experiences and singular temperaments. Analysis of character is often his special aim, which is, in many instances, carried too far. Any one may weary of analysis, sub-analysis, and sub-sub-analysis, and prefer even an old-fashioned tale, however extravagant and romantic. Although we

are all chemical compounds, subtly mixed, we do not care to have a dénouement deferred and deferred while a character is taken deliberately to pieces and put together again.

The extraordinary change in novels and their heroines is due, in a great measure, to the change in women themselves. These have ceased to be the romantic, sentimental, artificial beings they were even thirty years ago, and their reflex in fiction has been discontinued. We will not read of the languishing, empty, mawkish, flavorless Sybils, Angelinas, and Arabellas that our mothers and grandmothers hung over and wept over. The heroine of the period is not satisfied to look pretty and obey the fixed rules of etiquette; nor is the actual woman so satisfied, either. The actual woman wants to be somebody, to do something, to take some part in life; and she is and does, even if surrounded by luxury and bulwarked by influential friends. It is noticeable how active she is, how useful she tries to make herself, whatever the temptations of wealth and society to render her otherwise.

Reading novels of the old sort was weakening, if not demoralizing. It contributed to silliness and namby-pambyism at least. Not so with the later novels, those of the present, specially. The better kind are intellectual, encouraging, stimulating in a good sense, and teach valuable lessons of life, because based on observation and experience. Their heroines act favorably, as a rule, on feminine readers, and feminine readers, in a way, act favorably on them. That is, what the readers say and do reaches the ears of writers of fiction directly or indirectly—writers are ever on the watch for new subjects, new suggestions, new ideas—and the fictionists incorporate in time their fresh stock of knowledge into their characters.

It is a favorable sign that realism prevails so much in fiction; for, properly understood, it indicates a genuine interest in humanity, and the disposition to aid and advance it. The heroines of the books, before they had appeared there, were heroines without the title in real life.

A Note on George Meredith.....Arthur Symonds.....Fortnightly Review

A volume of "Selected Poems," recently published, will perhaps remind some readers that Mr. George Meredith, though he has written novels, is essentially a poet, not a novelist. It will also remind them that he is a poet who is not in the English tradition; a seeker after some strange, obscure, perhaps impossible, intellectual beauty, austere and fantastic. If he goes along ways that have never been travelled in, that is because he is seeking what no one before him has ever sought; and, more absolutely than most less-absorbed travellers, he carries the world behind his eyes, seeing, wherever he goes, only his own world, a creation less recognizable by people in general than the creation of most image-making brains.

It is only by realizing that Mr. Meredith began by a volume of poems, continued in the Arabian entertainment of *The Shaving of Shagpat*, and the Teutonic fantasy of *Farina*, and only then, at the

age of thirty-one, published his first novel, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, that we can hope in any measure to understand the characteristics of so disconcerting a mind, so apparently inexplicable a career. Remember that he has the elliptical brain of the poet, not the slow, cautious, logical brain of the novelist; that he has his own vision of a world in which probable things do not always happen; and that words are to him as visual as mental images. Then consider the effect on such a brain, from the first impatient, intolerant, indefatigable, of a training in consciously artificial writing, on subjects which are a kind of sublime farce, without relation to any known or supposed realities in the universe. Writing prose, then, as if it were poetry, with an endeavor to pack every phrase with imaginative meaning, every sentence, you realize, will be an epigram. And as every sentence is to be an epigram, so every chapter is to be a crisis. And every book is to be at once a novel, realistic, a romance, a comedy of manners; it is to exist for its story, its characters, its philosophy, and every interest is to be equally prominent. And all the characters in it are to live at full speed, without a moment's repose; their very languors are to be fevers. And they will live (can you doubt?) in a fantastic world in which only the unexpected happens; their most trivial moments being turned, by the manner of their telling, into a fairy story.

All this may be equally refreshing or exhausting, but it is not the modesty of nature; and as certainly as it is not the duty of the poet, so certainly is it the duty of the novelist to respect the modesty of nature. Every novel of Mr. Meredith is a series of situations, rendered for the most part in conversation, as if it were a play. Each situation is grouped, and shown to us as if the light of footlights were cast upon it; between each situation is darkness, and the drop-curtain. And his characters have the same inconsequent vividness. They are never types, but always individuals, in whom a capricious intellectual life burns with a bright but wavering flame. They are like people whom we meet in drawing-rooms, to-day in London, next month in Rome, and the month after in Paris. They fascinate us by their brilliance, their energy, their experience, their conversation; they have in their faces the distinction of birth, of thought, of culture; they are always a little ambiguous to us, and by so much the more attractive; they move us to a singular sympathy, with which is mingled not a little curiosity; we seem to become their friends; and it is only when we think of them in absence that we realize how little we really know them. Of their inner life we know nothing; their eloquent lips have always been closed on all the great issues of things. Of their characters we know only what they have told us; and they have told us for the most part anecdotes, showing their bearing under trying circumstances, which have proved them triumphantly to be English gentlemen and ladies, without, it would seem, always settling those obscurer judgments in which the soul is its own accuser and judge. We remember certain extraordinarily vivid looks, words, attitudes, which they have had in our company; and we remember them by these, rather than

remember that these had once been a momentary part of them.

Not such wandering friends, coming and going about us as if we had made them, are Lear, Don Quixote, Alceste, Manon Lescaut, Grandet, Madame Bovary, Anna Karenina. These seem to flow into the great rhythms of nature, as if their life was of the same immortal substance as the life of the plants and stars. These are organic, a part of the universe; the others are enchanting exceptions, breaking the rhythm, though they may, with a new music. And the books in which they live are at once too narrow and too wide for them. Their histories are allowed to develop as they will, or as the situations in them become interesting to their creator. Yet, like almost every English novelist, Mr. Meredith is the bond-slave of "plot." Plot must be an intricate web, and this web must never be broken; and the stage must be crowded with figures, each with his own life to be accounted for, and not one or them will Mr. Meredith neglect, however long his hero or heroine may be kept waiting on the way. But, to be quite frank, what English novelist, from Fielding onwards, has ever been able to resist the temptation of loitering, especially if it is over a humorous scene? Humor is the curse of the English novelist. Certainly he possesses it; he has always possessed it; but his humor is not the wise laughter of Rabelais, in whom laughter is a symbol; and it is always a digression. Dickens, in particular, from the very brilliance of what is distressing in him, has left his fatal mark on the English novel. And it is often Dickens, bespangled with all the gems of Arabia, that I find in Mr. Meredith's comic scenes; never, certainly, when he is writing good comedy. Then, as we might infer from that *Essay on Comedy*, which is his most brilliant piece of sustained writing, he is intellect itself, a Congreve who is also a poet.

The Tragic Comedians, which is the title of one of Mr. Meredith's novels, might well be applied to the whole series. So picturesquely, under the light of so sharp a paradox, does he conceive of human existence. But he is too impatient, too forgetful of the limits of prose and the novel, to work out a philosophy in that indirect, circumambient way in which alone it can minister to fiction. Life may indeed be a tragic comedy at every moment, but it is not visibly and audibly at every moment a tragic comedy. In spite of the fact that action, in Mr. Meredith's novels, seems often to linger on the way, his novels are always in action. To him and his people,

"To do nought
Is in itself almost an act;"

every conversation is a hurry of mental action; the impressiveness with which nothing happens, when nothing is happening, is itself a strain on the energy. And the almost German romance which tempers in him the French wit, adding a new whirl of colors to the kaleidoscope, helps to withdraw this world of his creating further and further from the daylight in which men labor without energy, and are content without happiness, and dream only vague dreams, and achieve only probable ends. He conceives his characters as pure intelligences, and

then sets them to play at hide-and-seek with life, as if England were a treasure island in the Pacific.

Again, it is the question of technique which comes to enlighten us. We have seen, I think, that with Mr. Meredith the question of how to write must have arisen before the question of what to write; certainly before the choice of the novel. A style conceived in verse, and brought up on Arabian extravaganzas and German fantasies, could scarcely be expected to adapt itself to the narration of the little, colorless facts of modern English society. With such a style, above all things literary, life recorded becomes, not a new life, but literature about life; and it is of the essence of the novel that life should be reborn in it, in the express image of its first shape. Where poetry, which must keep very close to the earth, is condemned, even, to avoid the soiling of the dust of the streets, the novel must not, at its peril, wander far from those streets. Before the novelist, human life is on its trial; he must see it with cold, learned eyes; he must hear it with undisturbed attention; he must be neither kind nor cruel, but merely just, in his judgment. Now Mr. Meredith's is not a style which can render facts, much less seem to allow facts to render themselves. Like Carlyle, but even more than Carlyle, Mr. Meredith is in the true, wide sense, as no other English writer of the present time can be said to be a Decadent. The word Decadent has been narrowed, in France and in England, to a mere label upon a particular school of very recent writers. What Decadence, in literature, really means is that learned corruption of language by which style ceases to be organic, and becomes, in the pursuit of some new expressiveness or beauty, deliberately abnormal. Mr. Meredith's style is as self-conscious as M. Mallarmé's. But, unlike many self-conscious styles, it is alive in every fibre. Not since the Elizabethans have we had so flame-like a life possessing the wanton body of a style. And with this fantastic, poetic, learned, passionate, intellectual style, a style which might have lent itself so well to the making of Elizabethan drama, Mr. Meredith has set himself to the task of writing novels of contemporary life, in which the English society of to-day is to be shown to us in the habit and manners of our time.

Is it, then, to be wondered at that every novel of Mr. Meredith breaks every rule which could possibly be laid down for the writing of a novel? I think it follows; but the strange thing which does not follow is that the work thus produced should have that irresistible fascination which for many of us it certainly has. I find Mr. Meredith breaking every canon of what are to me the laws of the novel; and yet I read him in preference to any other novelist. I say to myself: This pleasure, which I undoubtedly get from these novels, must surely be an irrational kind of pleasure; for it is against my judgment on those principles on which my mind is made up. Here am I, who cannot read without the approval of an unconscious, if not of a definitely conscious, criticism; I find myself reading these novels with the tacit approval of this very difficult literary conscience of mine; certainly it approves me in admiring them; and yet, when I set myself to think coldly over what I have been reading, I am forced to dis-

approve. How can these two views exist side by side in the same mind? How is it that that side of me which approves does not condemn that side of me which disapproves, nor that which disapproves condemn that which approves? There are some secrets which will never be told; the secret of why beauty is beauty, of why love is love, of why poetry is poetry. This woman, this book, this writer, attract me; you they do not attract. Yet I may admit every imperfection which you can point out to me, and at the end of your logic meet you with perhaps but a woman's reason. I shall never believe that such an instinct can be false; inexplicable it may be.

The fascination of Mr. Meredith is not, I think, quite inexplicable. It is the unrecognized, incalculable attraction of those qualities which go to make great poetry, coming to us in the disguise of prose and the novel, affecting us in spite of ourselves, as if a strange and beautiful woman suddenly took her seat among the judges in a court of law, where they were deciding some dusty case. Try to recall to yourself what has most impressed you in Mr. Meredith's novels, and you will think first, after a vague consciousness of their unusual atmosphere, of some lyric scene, such as the scene in Richard Feverel, where Richard and Lucy meet in the wood; and that, you will see, is properly not prose at all, but a poem about first love. Then you will think of some passionate love-scene, one of Emilia's in Sandra Belloni; or the Venetian episode in Beauchamp's Career; or the fiery race of events, where darkness and dawn meet, in Rhoda Fleming; and all of them, you will see, have more of the qualities of poetry than of prose. The poet, struggling against the bondage of prose, flings himself upon every opportunity of evading his bondage. Even if he fails, he has made us thrillingly conscious of his presence. It is thus by the very quality that has been his distraction that Mr. Meredith holds us, by the intensity of his vision of a world which is not our world, by the living imagination of a language which is not our language, by the energy of genius which has done so much to achieve the impossible.

The National Savor in American Poetry, Charles G. D. Roberts, The Criterion

A common enough complaint against American poetry is that it lacks Americanism. This is a charge made especially by foreign critics, but often echoed on this side of the water. It might be interesting to examine briefly the grounds for such a complaint, and the general force of it.

Perhaps the first question that occurs to one is this: Since all poetry written in the English tongue is English poetry, why should avowed or aggressive localism of any sort be demanded? It is surely a very narrow criticism which requires of poetry anything more than that it should be good poetry. If it has such qualities of thought, feeling, imagination and expression as are generally held to constitute good poetry, it is the world's business to be thankful for so comparatively rare a product, and to inquire as to what township gave it birth seems irrelevant.

No one asks of the poetry written in Great Britain that it confine itself to English, Scotch or Irish themes, and bristle to the world with British

sentiment. Milton is not reproached with being un-English because he lays his scenes in heaven and hell rather than in England. Wordsworth's scenes and themes are almost exclusively English, but that does not make him any more truly an English poet than Browning, whose scenes and themes are preponderatingly Italian. No protest is made when Keats, Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris pour out their passion for beauty upon the immortal myths of ancient Greece; but if an American poet takes up such subjects he is apt to be called an imitator, he is quite sure of hearing abundant exhortations to patriotism and originality.

The poet who writes in England seems licensed to range the worlds of earth, air and sea, with heaven and hell as a last resort, in search of subjects for his song. Why may not American, Canadian, Australian poets go as far afield? Why should they be expected to till restricted acres when their fellows in England have such an unfenced freedom? Why should the national subject, the national savor, be more compulsory upon the American or Canadian than upon the Englishman?

It is easy to explain the desire of English critics for a pronounced American savor in American poetry. It is partly based on curiosity, and on an astonishingly persistent English notion that men and manners are grotesque on this side of the water. Some of these critics want to be amused or shocked by American verse. They find "true Americanism" in Joaquin Miller's poems, and are probably much more interested in that alleged characteristic than in the genuine and affluent poetry which so often warms this Western singer's lines. They get a pleasant shock from Walt Whitman, and straightway they hail him as the typical American poet. His barbaric yawp sounding over the roofs of the world is accepted as an example of the spirit of beauty trying to talk American.

In order to gain the authentic national flavor it is surely not necessary that the American poet should write of Lincoln, or Columbus, or cowboys, or Bunker Hill Monument. These are all good subjects, doubtless, but the American poet need not feel himself restricted to them, nor need the foreign singer refrain from them for fear of trespass. One may write an epic in twelve books on "The Father of His Country," yet quite miss the authentic national flavor, and not attain to be a poet, American or otherwise.

There are critics, however, on both sides of the water, whose demand for some sort of definite Americanism in American poetry is worthy of consideration. These are men wearying for a fresh impulse in song, in art—a fresh fillip to the world's imagination. They see a new country, with new institutions, new conditions, new ideals; and they look to its unworn forces for a rejuvenation of art in all its spheres. They are resentfully impatient at what they deem a neglect of obviously splendid opportunities. Then the first thing they look for in American poetry is a departure, a breaking with tradition, a disregard of what has made English poetry great in the past.

What they expect is surely a miracle. They expect American poetry to be great in some other way than the greatest have discerned to be the best

way. They forget the essential oneness of all great art. They forget the universality of poetic material. They forget that real originality is not to be achieved by taking thought—that real newness is not an affair of subject, but of the man behind the subject.

The national flavor, in very fact, is not by any means lacking in American poetry. Those critics who fail to find it are usually looking for something else. If a poet has sincerity in his impulse—and without that vital quality he will hardly establish his claim to be called a poet—he cannot escape the savor of the soil. His own personality, which is the gift not only of his forefathers, but of his surroundings—the skies that overarch him, the fields that nourish him, the thoughts and acts of men who are his fellows—must express itself in his poems. The soil colors his blood, and the blood his song. Himself alone he cannot escape. He may take his subject from Kent or from Kioto; his style—if he have genius—will be himself, and therefore what America has made it.

The charge of being insufficiently American, of being a mere European echo, is continually urged against Longfellow, whose conservatism in the matter of technique, whose absolute freedom from all striving after effect, have led superficial critics to dub him an imitator. Longfellow was cosmopolitan in his sympathies, and in love with the romance of the Old World. But the New World is in the texture of his thought and his emotion. He is a veritable voice of New England in the same way that he is, in Mr. W. E. Henley's estimate, a voice of the sea.

"In his verse the rigging creaks, the white sail fills and crackles; there are blown smells of pine and hemp and tar. . . . He abides in a port; he goes down to the docks, and loiters among the galiots and brigantines; he hears the melancholy song of the chantry-men; he sees the chips flying under the shipwright's adze; he smells the pitch that smokes and bubbles in the caldron. And straightway he falls to singing his variations on the ballad of Count Arnoldos; and the world listens, for its heart beats in his song."

This admirable characterization is to the point for two reasons. It suggests the manner in which Longfellow is a poet of America as he is a poet of the sea—because the New England land is bone of his bone, just as the sea that washed the Portland wharves is blood of his blood. It also suggests the manner in which he takes an Old World theme and makes of it a New World utterance. It is not by virtue of *Hiawatha* or *The Courtship of Miles Standish* that Longfellow is a poet of America; but by virtue of the sincerity and power of his genius, which enabled him to put into his verse those national savors which the soil of New England had infused into his blood.

The Revolt Against the Novel.....Sir Walter Besant.....The Independent

There are these two great facts which distinguish the later Victorian literature: first, that the cleverest and brightest of those who are attracted to the life of letters instinctively turn to fiction as the form in which to convey their message or to set their pict-

ures or to teach their lesson; and secondly, that as the demand is increasing the supply is increasing "*pari passu*." The latter, indeed, far surpasses the former, great as that is. For every manuscript which is accepted ninety-nine are rejected. Publishers, editors of all kinds are bombarded with manuscripts. Fortunately, a very few minutes is generally sufficient to determine the fate of a proffered paper; so that if there are 250 magazines and journals which publish fiction there are 25,000 manuscripts offered for the 250 stories current. And as the same magazines will publish many stories in the course of a year, one plainly sees the bending head and the flying pen in long rows, endless lines; one plainly hears, like the ripple of a stream, the light whisper of the pen as it flies across the paper—a multitudinous whisper; one plainly discerns the hope and earnestness in the faces of those who write. It fills the soul with sadness to watch this multitude, to feel there are few who succeed; so many there are who fail; and failure in literary ambition seems so much more mournful than failure in anything else, because it is so great a thing, so wonderful a thing to succeed!

One is tempted, after contemplating the conditions of literature, to ask what it will lead to; whether the novel will continue to hold its present position. We shall do well to remember what took place sixty or seventy years ago. It is not the first time there has been a great demand for fiction. In the twenties, for instance, though there were none of the cheap magazines and the mass of the people simply could not read, the country was covered with book clubs and subscription libraries among the middle class—the clergy, the professional people, the country gentry—it was a great time for reading; the dullness of life threw the people back upon reading; the dullness, indeed, was incredible. There were as yet no railways and little traveling; there was very little society. In the winter evenings there was sometimes whist. The ladies knew no arts; reading kept them alive better than any other form of amusement. They were, therefore, supplied by their book club with novels; they demanded a continuous supply. Now, those who have ever tried to read the current novel—not the *Waverley* novels—of the twenties will testify to its feebleness and its weariness. It treated of fashionable life; the people all belonged to the peers; characters and dialogues and action alike were insipid, vapid, flat and futile to the last degree. Observe again that the lower classes, the working men, the agricultural laborer, the shopkeeper, had as yet nothing to do with stories; moreover, the kind then provided could not possibly touch this class.

Then a terrible thing happened. The end came to the whole business, the book clubs collapsed; a revolt, sudden and unexpected, sprang up. It was like the *Jacquerie*, because it ran from one end of the country to the other; it was without concert or conspiracy, yet it was universal. Down went the novel of fashionable life; down went the verses; down went the book clubs. The whole country cried out with one consent: "No more, no more! We are sick of high life and noble lords."

Down they went, and for a while the novelist had

a bad time. Not that the novel was killed; far from it; but the once popular form of it was changed, and for a time there were few readers of the changed form. There is an unbroken catena of novelists from Fielding down. Dickens it was who saved the situation. With Dickens flourished Thackeray, Ainsworth, Lytton; but the once popular novel, the fashionable froth, vanished and died.

With this history before us, we may again ask whether there is likely to occur a similar revolt in the immediate future; whether the world will suddenly declare itself satiated with novels. It is a question upon which much may be said. On the one hand, the enormous manufacture of stories must lead in the long run, it would seem, to repetition; also the continued reading of stories must become wearisome. Already it is quite common to hear a man saying that he cannot read this writer or that; weariness has set in. On the other hand, all that is worth having in the world—love, ambition, friendship, struggle, achievement, work—belongs to the young and novels are chiefly concerned with these things. There will always be young people in the world and therefore always persons interested in reading about these things. Again, our educational system has been entirely revolutionized since the year 1871. We now send out into the world every year by hundreds and thousands boys and girls prepared for almost any kind of reading or intellectual effort. These are at present buyers of the cheap fiction. I cannot believe that the demand for what young people at present buy with so much eagerness will ever slacken or cease.

At the same time the novel is not always written for the young. It has been hitherto written more for the dull. Now when more interest is poured into the daily life, when the long hours are shortened by society, or by change, or by work, the reading of fiction is not so necessary. In London society, full of engagements and of varied interests there is no demand at all for fiction; in the quiet country house, the secluded vicarage, the novel is a necessary.

But this quiet has been invaded. The girls get about more; they attend schools of art; they have to play half a dozen instruments; they go to Newnham, and read for classical honors; they have taken up the carving, decorative and other arts, and the bicycle carries them about all day long, all over the country. Nothing has done more to brighten the dull country or suburban life than the bicycle. Above all, it makes the novel no longer a necessity of the day. The removal of dullness from the family life will produce, I believe, a corresponding "slump" in the circulation of the novel. The popular writer will remain where he is; the ranks of the "pneumbra," the belt of semi-popularity, will be grievously thinned; and the outsider will remain as he is. Should the "slump" prove so serious as to affect the popular novelist there will be a decay, not only in the output, but in the supply of the novelist. He will not be attracted by poverty; not "*tenui avenâ*"; not with scrannel pipe, does he produce his best, but with a full orchestral accompaniment and the applause and support of listening multitudes.

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: R. H. STODDARD

By F. M. HOPKINS

In a letter in *The Critic*, on the occasion of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard's seventieth birthday, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman said: "I always have thought that the *Songs of Summer*, published in 1857, most of which I knew by heart before I met Mr. Stoddard, was the most specifically poetic book of verse produced in this country up to that time and the one most worth having for its melody and artistic beauty, and as a complement to Emerson's enduring poems of divine prophecy and insight. And I do not know a volume of the poetical writings of any living bard, American or English, of Mr. Stoddard's own generation, equal, in both feeling and imagination, to the collective edition, published by the Messrs. Scribner, in which the product of Richard Henry Stoddard's fifty years of song can now be found."

This opinion of our foremost critic of poetry fairly states, I believe, the position which Mr. Stoddard holds among American poets.

Space will permit us to quote only a few of Mr. Stoddard's shorter lyrics. While these do not do justice to the poet's versatile art, they are typical of the spontaneous and imaginative music which pervades his poetry, whether it be blank verse, odes, ballads or lyrics. *The Flown Bird*, *The Flower of Love Lies Bleeding*, and *Irreparable* are taken from the collected edition (\$4.00) of Mr. Stoddard's poems published in 1880 by Charles Scribner's Sons. *The Caravansary*, *The Flight of the Arrow* and *Three Score and Ten* have never been published in book form; the first two appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly* and the last in *The Independent*. Although the poet's hair has whitened and his eye is dimmed, these later lyrics show that he has lost none of the minstrel spirit or masterly workmanship that distinguished his *Hymn to the Beautiful* and many other poems that will live as long as lovers of true poetry exist.

THE FLOWN BIRD.

The maple leaves are whirled away,
The depths of the great pines are stirred;
Night settles on the sullen day
As in its nest the mountain bird.
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth, from town to town,
Through the lone woods and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me.
I followed, and I follow yet,
I have forgotten to forget.

My heart goes back, but I go on,
Through summer heat and winter snow;
Poor heart, we are no longer one,
We are divided by our woe.
Go to the nest I built, and call,
She may be hiding after all,
The empty nest, if that remains,
And leave me in the long, long rains.
My sleeves with tears are always wet,
I have forgotten to forget.

Men know my story, but not me,
For such fidelity, they say,
Exists not—such a man as he
Exists not in the world to-day.

If his light bird has flown the nest,
She is no worse than all the rest;
Constant they are not, only good
To bill and coo, and hatch the brood.
He has but one thing to regret,
He has forgotten to forget.

All day I see the ravens fly,
I hear the sea-birds scream all night;
The moon goes up and down the sky,
And the sun comes in ghostly light.
Leaves whirl, white flakes about me blow—
Are they spring blossoms or the snow?
Only my hair! good-bye, my heart,
The time has come for us to part.
Be still, you will be happy yet,
For Death remembers to forget!

THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

I met a little maid one day,
All in the bright May weather;
She danced, and brushed the dew away
As lightly as a feather.
She had a ballad in her hand
That she had just been reading,
But was too young to understand,
That ditty of a distant land,
"The flower of love lies bleeding."

She tripped across the meadow grass,
To where a brook was flowing,
Across, the brook like wind did pass,
Wherever flowers were growing
Like some bewildered child she flew,
Whom fairies were misleading:
"Whose butterfly," I said, "are you?"
And what sweet thing do you pursue?"
"The flower of love lies bleeding."

"I've found the wild rose in the hedge,
And found the tiger-lily,
The blue flag by the water's edge,
The dancing daffodilly,
King-cups and pansies, every flower
Except the one I'm needing;
Perhaps it grows in some dark bower,
And opens at a later hour,
This flower of love lies bleeding."

"I wouldn't look for it," I said,
"For you can do without it.
There's no such flower." She shook her head.
"But I have read about it!"
I talked to her of bee and bird,
But she was all unheeding:
Her tender heart was strangely stirred,
She harped on that unhappy word,
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"

"My child," I sighed, and dropped a tear,
"I would no longer mind it;
You'll find it some day, never fear,
For all of us must find it.
I found it many a year ago,
With one of gentle breeding;
You and the little lad you know,
I see why you are weeping so—
Your flower of love lies bleeding!"

IRREPARABLE.

The sorrow of all sorrows
Was never sung or said,
Though many a poet borrows
The mourning of the dead,
And darkly buries pleasure
In some melodious measure.

The loss of youth is sadness
To all who think, or feel,
A wound no after gladness
Can ever wholly heal;
And yet, so many share it
We learn at last to bear it.

The faltering and the failing
Of friends is sadder still,
For friends grown foes, assailing
Know when and where to kill;
But souls themselves sustaining,
Have still a friend remaining.

The death of those who love us,
And those we love, is sore;
But think they are above us,
Or think they are no more,
We bear the blows that sever,
We cannot weep forever!

The sorrow of all sorrows
Is deeper than all these,
And all that anguish borrows,
Upon its bended knees;
No tears nor prayers relieve it,
No loving vows deceive it.

It is one day to waken
And find that love is flown,
And cannot be o'ertaken
And we are left alone.
No woe that can be spoken,
No heart that can be broken!

No wish for love's returning,
Or something in its stead;
No missing it, and yearning
As for the dearer dead:
No yesterday, no morrow,
But everlasting sorrow.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARROW.

The life of man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness
Into light,
And out of light
Into darkness again;
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain!

There must be Something,
Above, or below;
Somewhere unseen,
A mighty Bow,
A Hand that tires not,
A sleepless Eye
That sees the arrows
Fly, and fly;
One who knows
Why we live—and die.

THE CARAVANSARY.

I keep a caravansary,
And, be it night or day,
I entertain such travellers
As chance to come my way:

Hafiz, maybe, or Sadi,
Who, singing songs divine,
Discovered heaven in taverns,
And holiness in wine!

Or Antar and his Arabs,
From burning sands afar,
So faint in love's sweet trances,
So resolute in war!

The Brahmin from the Ganges,
The Tartar, Turcoman,—
Savage hordes, with spears and swords,
Who rode with Genghis Khan!

Or mummies from old Egypt,
With priestly kingly tread,
Who, in their cerecloths, mutter
The Ritual of the Dead!

Who keeps a caravansary
Knows neither friend nor foe;
His doors stand wide on every side
For all to come and go.

The Koran, or the Bible
Or Veda—which is best?
The wise host asks no questions,
But entertains his guest!

THREESCORE AND TEN.

Who reach their threescore years and ten
As I have mine, without a sigh,
Are either more or less than men—
Not such am I.

I am not of them; life to me
Has been a strange, bewildered dream,
Wherein I knew not things that be
From things that seem.

I thought, I hoped, I knew one thing,
And had one gift, when I was young—
The impulse and the power to sing,
And so I sung.

To have a place in the high choir
Of poets, and deserve the same—
What more could mortal man desire
Than poet's fame?

I sought it long, but never found;
The choir so full was and so strong
The jubilant voices there, they drowned
My simple song.

Men would not hear me then, and now
I care not, I accept my fate.
When white hairs thatch the furrowed brow
Crowns come too late!

The best of life went long ago
From me: it was not much at best;
Only the love that young hearts know,
The dear unrest.

Back on my past, through gathering tears,
Once more I cast my eyes, and see
Bright shapes that in my better years
Surrounded me!

They left me here they left me there,
Went down dark pathways, one by one—
The wise, the great, the young, the fair:
But I went on

And I go on! And, bad or good,
The old allotted years of men
I have endured, as best I could—
Threescore and ten!

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

*The Late "Lewis Carroll,"
Author of Alice in Won-
derland (Rev. C. L.
Dodgson)*

The London Academy thus takes note of the recent death of Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, from whose delightful works Current Literature quotes on another page:

"If I have written anything to add to those stories of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame and sorrow (as how much of life must then be recalled!) when my turn comes to walk through the valley of shadows."

These words were written in 1876 by Lewis Carroll in An Easter Greeting to Every Child That Loves Alice. And now his turn has come. Truly, he had no cause to feel anything but satisfaction. The world can show few writers who from first to last have used their talents so joyously, diligently, and to such kindly purpose as Lewis Carroll.

Lewis Carroll's best period lasted, roughly, from his thirtieth to his forty-fifth year. He began Alice's Adventures Underground in July, 1862; he finished converting it into Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (abbreviated in the nursery to Alice in Wonderland) in 1865; he published Phantasmagoria, which contained Hiawatha's Photographing, in 1869; he finished Through the Looking-Glass in 1871, and The Hunting of the Snark in 1876.

We may, indeed, feel quite certain of the longevity of the Alice books. They belong to no one period, but to all. They touch nothing actual but human nature, and human nature is continuous and unchanging. Alice is a matter-of-fact, simple-minded child, and the world is full of Alices, and always will be. Hence the assured popularity of her history. Again, in the manner there is no sense of antiquity, although some thirty years have rolled by, each bringing its modification to literary style. Lewis Carroll wrote as plainly and luminously as he could; and we read and read and can think of no emendation whatever. The words are the best words in the best order. Of hardly any other humorist can it be said that in no instance do we ever wish his manner of narration altered. But Lewis Carroll was a merciless critic of himself and a tireless elaborator of his work, and he sent nothing forth until it was perfect.

By his art Wonderland is made not less conceivable than Fairy Land. It is almost impossible to believe that there is not somewhere such a region, where dwell forever the Cheshire Cat and the Mock Turtle, the Gryphon and Humpty Dumpty, the Red Knight and the Duchess. They have each and all an individuality; and they are at once so mad and so reasonable; as real and recognizable as the people in Dickens. Partly it is Lewis Carroll's favorite trick of finding fun in pedantic literalness that persuades us. Again, the illusion is assisted by the abruptness with which the stories open. Alice in Wonderland has no preamble, there is no labored description, we are in Wonderland in a moment, before there is time to think about the pinch of salt with which to season the exaggeration. These are the first words: "Alice was beginning to get very

tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do," and then, on the third page, Alice has followed the white rabbit down the burrow. Again, in Through the Looking-Glass, the beginning is immediate: "One thing was certain, that the white kitten had had nothing to do with it—it was the black kitten's fault entirely," and so on.

Alice in Wonderland has been translated into at least three European languages—French, German and Italian—but without much success. Each country has its own humor and cares little for borrowing. In the title, at any rate, the German version bears the palm for conciseness: Alice's Abenteuer im Wonderland. The French and Italian are almost forbidding: Aventures d'Alice au Pays des Merveilles, and L'Avventura d'Alice nel Paese delle Meraviglie. The two Alice books together were converted to stage purposes some few years ago by Mr. Savile-Clarke, and the little play had an auspicious career both in London and the provinces. Lewis Carroll took the keenest interest in this dramatic version—the stage, indeed, was among his hobbies—and when the company was at Brighton he journeyed thither and played fairy godfather (his favorite rôle in life) to some of the little performers.

With The Hunting of the Snark (1876), which, although to most persons it seems more fitted to adult intellects, was dedicated by the author to a child, and frequently presented by him to children, Lewis Carroll's best period came to an end. Of this classic of comic verse it is hard to speak. No one has ever had a dream less coherent, less satisfying. Indeed, it may be said of Lewis Carroll that, above all men, he had the art of dreaming with a pen. His great colleague as a nonsense maker—Edward Lear—could be foolish enough, but always with direction and with responsibility. Lewis Carroll, as does the mind when asleep, took the line of least resistance. From The Hunting of the Snark illustrations have been excavated, by leader writers and politicians, for every kind of purpose; but the meaning of the complete work eludes us, and will elude, because there is none. It is simply fooling, the best fooling on record.

After The Hunting of the Snark came a lull. Then there appeared, in 1883, Rhyme? and Reason? practically a reprint of Phantasmagoria and the Snark; A Tangled Tale (1885), a mixture of mathematical problems humorously enunciated, which were printed first in the Monthly Packet; The Game of Logic (1886), Sylvie and Bruno (1889), and, later, its second part, a whimsical medley comprising a story of modern life, a little exquisite nonsense, and much theology. Sylvie and Bruno, which grew from a little story contributed to Aunt Judy by Lewis Carroll in 1868, was received with some disappointment, owing to the habit that readers have of demanding a favorite author to cut all his wares from the same piece. The theology was resented, not because it was not good—many of the passages are indeed beautiful and dictated by rare wisdom—but because it was considered to be out of place. Lewis Carroll, how-

ever, had grown to be of another opinion, and the two Sylvie and Bruno volumes were his favorites among his works. . . .

Lastly came, in 1896, the first part of *Symbolic Logic*, in which the young student is offered quite the most fascinating series of sorites ever propounded, where it is proved beyond all question, among other things, that "No Hedgehog takes in the Times."

Lewis Carroll has had many imitators—some quite shameless, and none worthy to stand beside him. They were, of course, doomed to failure, since they had neither his temperament nor his motive. Lewis Carroll, whose attitude to children was more devotion than mere affection, approaching even to adoration, was not a professional author; he was a kindly playmate of little people, and he wrote *Alice in Wonderland* to give pleasure to two friends, the little daughters of Dean Liddell, one of whom—the original Alice—is now Mrs. Hargreaves. It was published that others might share that pleasure. Of not many of the diligent writers who have attempted to reap in the same field can it be said that their stories proceeded from a similar impulse. Indeed, the failure of the many imitations of *Alice* is another proof that good work must come from within, must be born of the author's own individuality. There has been, and can be, but one Lewis Carroll. To borrow his formula is not to reconstruct himself.

Lewis Carroll in private life was the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, of whom we have hitherto said nothing, in accordance with his wish that his two characters should be kept apart. One proof of this desire is to be found in the letter which he wrote when, in 1888, Mr. R. H. Caine, the editor of a collection of humorous verse, asked him for permission to include certain of Lewis Carroll's pieces in that volume. Mr. Caine received this reply:

Mr. C. L. Dodgson begs to say, in reply to Mr. Caine's letter received this morning, that he had never put his name to any such pieces as are named by Mr. Caine. His published writings are exclusively mathematical, and would not be suitable for such a volume as Mr. Caine proposes to edit.

Against this rebuff might be placed the following letter to a child (written in 1875), wherein the gulf existing between the two personalities is at once emphasized and removed; but it must be remembered that Mr. Dodgson would do for a child what he would not do for any one else:

My Dear Magdalen—I want to explain to you why I did not call yesterday. I was sorry to miss you, but you see I had so many conversations on the way. I tried to explain to the people in the street that I was going to see you, but they wouldn't listen; they said they were in a hurry, which was rude. At last I met a wheelbarrow that I thought would attend to me, but I couldn't make out what was in it. I saw some features at first. Then I looked through a telescope and found it was a countenance; then I looked through a microscope and found it was a face. I thought it was rather like me, so I fetched a large looking-glass to make sure, and then to my great joy I found it was Me. We shook hands, and were just beginning to talk when Myself came up and joined us, and we had quite a pleasant conversation. I said "Do you remember when we all met at Sandown?" And Myself said, "It was very jolly there; there was a child called Mag-

dalen," and Me said, "I used to like her a little. Not much you know—only a little." Then it was time for us to go to the train—and who do you think came to the station to see us off? You would never guess so I must tell you. They were two very dear friends of mine, who happened to be here just now, and beg to be allowed to sign this letter as your affectionate friends, LEWIS CARROLL and C. L. DODGSON."

Mr. Dodgson was born in 1833, the son of a well-known Churchman, Archdeacon Dodgson. He proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1854 graduated with a first class in mathematics. In 1861 he was elected Senior student of his college, and in the same year became Mathematical Lecturer, a post he held until 1881. In 1861 he also took orders. His mathematical works were numerous and valuable, although his championship of Euclid against more modern systems of geometry is held by many to be fantastic. Mr. Dodgson had many of the eccentricities which so often accompany proficiency in his particular science, and many good stories are told of him at Oxford. He was a very watchful guardian of Oxford's honor, and used occasionally to put forth a whimsical pamphlet, in which some phase of the university's well-being was examined. These productions were always witty and marvelously ingenious. Mr. Dodgson was shy and reserved, a resolute celibate, a man of few friends but fit, and the patron saint of children. Incidentally we might mention that he liked them all to be familiar with Lewis Carroll's writings. His hobbies, after mathematics, which he looked upon both as work and play, were photography and the stage. His photographs of children must be well-nigh countless. Mr. Dodgson—as sage, as wit, and as saint—will be mourned by those that knew him, as Lewis Carroll will be mourned by readers all the world over.

The following interview was obtained by the *Paris correspondent* of the *London Star* on January 13, the day of the publication of Zola's open letter to President Faure, championing the cause of Dreyfus, pointing out irregularities and illegalities in the court-martial of Major Esterhazy, and formally accusing the minister of war, General Billot, General Mercier and Major Rahary, the investigating officers, with shielding Esterhazy, and Major Paty de Clan, one of the witnesses, of perjury. It was this letter that precipitated the anti-Semitic agitation now prevailing throughout France.

Zola lives in a little side street at the back of the Church of La Trinité, ten minutes' walk from the Opéra. The house from outside is not the most attractive in Paris.

In some doubt I asked a gendarme who was solemnly parading up and down to point out Zola's house to me. The curt response was, "Don't know him!"

Evidently the great writer has been so often disturbed by the curious on account of his connection with the Dreyfus affair that the policemen—there were three within fifty yards—have been instructed to mislead or ward off inquirers. But in three minutes I was sitting in a tiny cabinet waiting for the great man.

Presently he appeared, with a half-annoyed, half-amused look on his face.

"Why do you come to interview *me*?" said he. "I am the last man in all Paris to come to. I have said all I can in print. I conceal nothing. You want to know what I think? Well, have you seen a copy of to-day's 'Aurore'?"

I had heard the boys shouting it along the boulevards as I crossed the city.

"Here it is," said Zola, beginning to get a little excited. "That will tell you all I think. There's a letter which the English people may read, addressed to the President of the Republic. There is nothing I can add. You newspaper people should see somebody who is supposed to be keeping something back. I'm not, 'mon ami'; I tell all I know, all I feel."

"But do you regard the Dreyfus affair as finally disposed of?" I ventured.

He paid no attention to my query for the moment, but went on:

"That's been the terrible, terrible truth since the very start! Nothing but concealment, concealment, concealment. In the first place, Dreyfus was tried in secret. What justice was there in that? Who but two or three persons in all France know the details of that wretched botch of justice which is making France hide her eyes to-day? They say there were documents. Where were they? Where are they? Who has them? If they exist I—you—all the world has a right to know what they are, and why Captain Dreyfus is suffering exile over there—beyond the seas."

Zola walked up and down the small room, his excitement growing.

"No, no, no," he went on; "it is not ended, it has but just begun. A new chapter opens to-day. This is the way it now stands: In my opinion, either Dreyfus or the whole military court which tried him is guilty—and I believe that Dreyfus is innocent. But I can be more definite in my accusation this time. The malevolent person who has caused the whole shameful and humiliating affair is Colonel du Paty de Clam. For a whole volume of reasons he heaped up against the unfortunate Dreyfus a mass of false evidence which the foreign department was only too ready to put faith in. He was the diabolical worker of the evil which has not yet run its course. The 'judicial error' in Dreyfus' condemnation, to call it by no harder name, is the fault of this wretch, who has resorted to the most guilty machinations to heap further infamy on his victim."

"But the military court which only recently re-investigated—"

"Yes—that court—who were they? I say that General Mercier, by the greatest lack of moral courage, made himself equally guilty, that General Billot had in his own hands indisputable proofs of the innocence of Dreyfus, and that he destroyed or kept silent about them, I say that the whole thing is the greatest iniquity of the century. Generals Boisdeffre and Gouse are in the same boat with General Billot. All alike have managed to build up a monument of naïve audacity, all three showed the most monstrous partiality, not one did what he was there to do; they listened to nothing but what they wanted to hear. If you read what I have said to-

day in the paper I have given you, you will find that I am fully aware of the libel suits to which I render myself liable. That makes no difference to me. I cannot sleep until I have done what I can to urge France to repair a heinous error."

"You consider Esterhazy guilty, then?" He smiled at, apparently, the innocence of the question.

"Have you forgotten," he added, "that Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, when 'chef du bureau des renseignements,' had in his hands a telegram addressed to Esterhazy by a foreign power or its agent? He did just what he should have done; he submitted the suspicions he had come to entertain of Esterhazy to his superiors, Generals Gouse, Boisdeffre, and Billot. Some one was evidently protecting Esterhazy, whose guilt, by the way, was pointed at by more than the telegram. That protector was du Paty de Clam."

"And the War Council?"

"The War Council made a hideous mistake; they have not the courage to acknowledge and try to right it, and therefore they added to their crime by pronouncing Esterhazy innocent. If the court-martial had resulted otherwise, the implication would have been that Dreyfus was wrongly condemned. That's all. There is nothing else to say. I know no more about the future than you do. One must simply act up to his convictions of honor, and then quietly wait."

M. Zola, bidding me good-bye, said he was glad that English readers were being interested in the wrong he is trying to right.

Battle Hymn of the Republic and Its Author Max B. Thrasher tells in The Outlook how Julia Ward Howe's famous poem, which appears elsewhere in this number, was written:

I heard Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, not long ago, tell how she came to write her famous *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. She looked so beautiful when doing so, and the story was so interesting, that I have thought others may be interested in it.

It was on the 19th of April, the anniversary of the Revolutionary fight at Concord, Mass., and Mrs. Howe had consented to assist at a celebration given in the famous old First Parish Meeting-House at Concord, the building in which the first provincial Congress of Massachusetts met, and in which the patriots Hancock and Adams spoke. A big National flag had been thrown over the high pulpit. Mrs. Howe stood before this, and on each side of her were huge pots of Easter lilies in bloom. With her sweet face and snow-white hair she made a beautiful picture in this setting, and the flowers seemed to have a special significance when she repeated the closing lines of the hymn:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

"It was during the second year of the war," said Mrs. Howe, "that I had gone to Washington with my husband and my pastor, the Rev. James Freeman Clark. I had wished so many times that I could do something for my country, but the way seemed closed. My husband was too old and ill to

go; my son was only a boy. My children were so young that I could not leave my home for long myself. While we were in Washington there was to be a great review of the troops across the river. We drove out to see it. While this review was in progress there was a dash made against some of our troops by the enemy. It was repulsed, but the further progress of the display was abandoned and the troops came thronging back to Washington, and we with them.

"The progress of our carriage was very slow, the roads were so crowded with the soldiers. To encourage the men we began singing various songs and hymns, and they would join in the chorus. After we had sung John Brown's Body, Dr. Clark turned and asked me why I did not write some new words for that music. I said that I had tried several times, but never could seem to write any good enough.

"The next morning, just about four o'clock, I woke suddenly. As I lay there in bed the words of the hymn began to form themselves in my mind. I got up, and by the faint light of the early morning scrawled them on a piece of paper, and then went back to bed and sound asleep again.

"That is the way the hymn was written. I tell the story to-day that any who hears it may see that if we really want to do a thing which is right for us to do, God will open a way, though not perhaps the one we looked for. I could not help my country as I wanted to, but He gave it to me to write this hymn."

One other incident connected with Mrs. Howe and this hymn has come under my observation, which I have always thought interesting. Every one will remember the inspiring swing of the first lines:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword.

His truth is marching on.

At the time when President Cleveland sent out his Venezuela proclamation I was asked, in connection with the work which I was doing for one of the Boston papers, to collect the opinions of some prominent Boston women on that subject. Mrs. Howe was named first.

When I went to her house on Beacon street, about six o'clock, I found that she had just come in, tired out, from some of the many meetings at which she is always in such demand. When I told her my errand, she said: "You really must excuse me. I am very tired; and, besides, I have been so busy that I must confess I have not yet read the proclamation." I said that I knew the editor would be very sorry, because he had said to me that he was particularly anxious to have Mrs. Howe's opinion on account of her being the author of the Battle Hymn.

The mention of that hymn to her was like water to a man dying from thirst. She sat erect, and her eyes shone. "How much time will you give?" she asked. I said any length which suited her. "Well," said she, "you come back at nine o'clock, and I will have had the paper read to me by that time, and

be ready to give an intelligent expression of opinion."

Which she did.

Mrs. Howe's winter home on Beacon street, here in Boston, is, as one might imagine, filled with interesting mementos of her long and busy life. One thing which impressed me is the helmet which Byron wore during his Greek campaign. Dr. Howe became greatly interested in the Greeks' cause at the time of their struggle for freedom, and went from this country there. He came to know Byron well, and after the death of the latter the helmet came into his possession, and has ever since been treasured by the family.

The helmet is of bronze, beautifully engraved.

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) An interview with John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie) is thus described in the English journal, *Woman at Home*:

The picture which I have in mind of John Oliver Hobbes is of a pretty girlish figure in a gown of soft muslin over white silk, with dainty jewels, nestling in the folds of her dress, about the neck and bosom. But it is her face which charms; it is so full of brightness and intensity. Her complexion is singularly fair, and forms a marked contrast to the dark hair and lustrous black eyes. The latter are a study in emotions. Mrs. Craigie has all the easy grace and vivacity of the American woman. She can turn from grave to gay, from the discussion of deep philosophy to the latest news in the social world, with equal ease. She is the daughter of Mr. John Morgan Richards, and it is in her parents' beautiful home at Lancaster Gate that Mrs. Craigie and her little boy now make their home. Boston, in the United States, is her native place, but she laughingly calls herself a citizen of the world, for she began her travels at the age of three, when she was taken the usual American tour through Europe by her parents, and she has traveled extensively ever since. She sometimes says: "I feel as if each of the chief cities of Europe were my native place, because I have childish recollections of them all."

Mrs. Craigie springs from four generations of Puritan divines on one side and Tory politicians on the other, and is also proud of the fact that she is a Daughter of the Revolution. . . Mrs. Craigie's education was, like her life, a very cosmopolitan one. She studied in Rome and Paris, and also in London, where she attended Professor Goodwin's Greek and Latin lectures at University College. She is an accomplished musician, and received much of her training at our own Royal Academy of Music.

When I asked Mrs. Craigie to tell me of her first interest in literature, she replied: "I think my first enthusiasm for literature showed itself when I was a tiny child by subscribing to Mudie's Library. My parents were living in London at the time. I was so small that I had to be lifted up to the counter to see the books. The English nurses thought it a very unwise thing for a child of my years to be reading so freely, and used to hide the books from me. I began to write stories very early, and got a prize from a magazine for one, when I was nine. Having read somewhere that Miss Braddon had

started her literary career by writing for Bow Bells, or some weekly paper of the kind, I sent some contributions to one, which were accepted; but I did not really do any serious work until after I was married. My time from fourteen to nineteen was spent principally in playing the piano, traveling, and working at various subjects under tutors and governesses."

John Oliver Hobbes was married at nineteen to Mr. Reginald Walpole Craigie, from whom, in order to secure the custody and sole guardianship of her son, she obtained, according to the English law, a divorce. About three years after her marriage she published her first story, *Some Emotions and a Moral*, which immediately lifted her into notice as a writer of thought and originality. Mrs. Craigie's succeeding books were *The Sinner's Comedy*, *A Study in Temptations*, *The Gods*, *Some Mortals*, and *Lord Wickenham*, *The Herb Moon*, and a little play, *Journeys End in Lovers' Meetings*, written in collaboration with Mr. George Moore. Her stories are bright, crisp, and sparkling, and abounding in epigram. They are full of action, and there are no tedious pages to be skipped.

For the last two years Mrs. Craigie has been busily occupied with her new book, *The School for Saints*. She works in a spacious study, at the top of the house, the walls of which are covered with bookcases, which, by-the-by, are very unique, and were designed by the novelist herself. Book-collecting is her great hobby, and she has some 3,000 volumes, many of them rare and beautiful editions. Some five years ago Mrs. Craigie embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and evidences of her faith are to be seen in her study. She begins to write at eight o'clock in the morning, but only two hours of the day are devoted to original composition. The rest of the morning and early afternoon are devoted to reading and study. She is fond of languages, and makes a point of reading each day something of foreign literature, and once she devoted a good deal of time to the Greek and Latin classics. She is above everything a thoughtful and meditative writer. "It is a mistake," she said, "to suppose that I am a laborious writer. I certainly cannot do my thinking upon paper, and often spend several hours in meditating upon a portion of a story, and it may be that only a few lines are the result. But when I am actually writing I do it quickly. I may add," she said, "that my characters do not usually express my views, although some people seem to hold me responsible for everything which I have put into the mouths of the people in my books. I never describe living characters, and have never attempted to write what is commonly called 'a society novel.' My aim is to write about human nature—not about the peculiarities of an individual or the 'manners' of a season."

Mrs. Craigie confesses that she has a growing love for the writing of history and biography, and thinks it not improbable that she may in future devote herself largely to that branch of literature, and the romantic and stirring history of her own Puritan and Revolutionary forefathers will afford her interesting subject matter. One cannot help but feel that John Oliver Hobbes is a singularly incongruous *nom de plume* for a charm-

ing woman; the novelist's own name of "Pearl" would have suited her much better, and when I expressed some such opinion, Mrs. Craigie laughingly said, "I adopted the name of John Oliver Hobbes to keep me from being sentimental." There having been so many rumors to the effect that Mrs. Craigie was contemplating a second marriage, it may be as well to say that, as a member of the Roman Catholic Church, such a step, in existing circumstances, would be out of the question.

A Passing Glance at Henry James

Edgar Fawcett, writing in *Collier's Weekly*, says:

Mr. Henry James, incomparable among English-writing novelists, has lately purchased a house at Rye, in Sussex, quite close to the sea, and almost on the verge of Kent. I imagine that he will take frequent bicycle trips into the latter county, since the wheel is not seldom with him, nowadays, a source of pastime. Whether or no he will permanently abandon his handsome and commodious chambers in Kensington, I am unable to state. Still, as he told me not long ago, his passionate love for the country has grown with growing years. These years, possibly a little over fifty, he bears extremely well. His large head, set on sturdy, yet shapely shoulders, abounds in a beauty dignified, virile, yet curiously sweet. He has a mouth of peculiar charm; it is the "Cupid bow" mouth, delicate, yet replete with manly force. His eyes are large, dark-blue, with the whites showing as much as the pupils—the eyes of a great poet, a great orator, and yet possessing a certain diamond keenness which dim lights conceal, but which stronger ones intensely vivify.

I have known a few men of genius in my life, but I have never known one so absolutely modest as Henry James. In any assemblage of people it is positive torture for him to hear himself or his works referred to. The tête-à-tête of intimacy, however, will bring from him a certain expansiveness, and then, though never in the faintest way egotistic, he is magnificent. You listen almost with awe to the tender yet stormy torrent of his earnest periods. Wit, humor, eloquence, are all at his command.

In London he has many friends; until a year or two ago, if I mistake not, he was one of the greatest "diners out" in this monstrous capital. Of course, a certain reaction has come, for which I am personally thankful, because I can now and then have a word with him, get a chance at him, and all that.

Nothing, by the way, has ever been sillier than the assertion made concerning Mr. James, that he is "a man without a country." Mr. James chooses to live in England, and for the most excellent of reasons. Though born in America, circumstances have impelled him, since the age of twelve, to dwell overseas. He was twelve years old when he left New York for a European residence and education. He returned now and then, in later life, to Boston and New York. Meanwhile England had become his natural home. He is only one in this regard, of numberless others, yet because of his great fame and great ability, certain idle sneers have singled him out as the target of their trumpery "patriotic" flings.

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Tuscan Songs. Collected, Translated and Illustrated by Francesca Alexander. 108 photogravures from the original designs. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897. Small folio. \$25.00

Miss Alexander's Tuscan Songs

"In reproducing Miss Alexander's designs in their original size," says *The Nation*, "the publishers have made a noteworthy contribution to the small number of American specimens of first-rate bookmaking, and, what is more, they have perpetuated a unique and in some respects precious work. Of the artistic merits of Miss Alexander's drawings we took occasion to speak some time ago, apropos of an inferior and reduced American copy; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves here to a brief reference to the work as a whole. We have called it unique, and that it surely is, for a mediæval missal, with its illuminated text and music and pictures of sacred scenes, does not more faithfully represent the spirit of worship in a bygone age than do these songs and pictures and exquisite flowers represent the spirit of the lowly in modern Tuscany. But instead of the jewel-clear colors of the illuminator, Miss Alexander uses pen and ink. Her collection of songs, taken down mostly from the lips of contadini, embraces the full circle of humble experience, the joys and sorrows of peasant life, its simple passions, its homely wisdom, its humor, its religion so largely interwoven with legends, and even its monotony. These are, moreover, real songs, transmitted from generation to generation of men and women who had no books, songs that enlivened the work of the husbandmen in the field or of women at the distaff; songs that lightened the burden of bereavement; lullabies that mothers crooned to children in the cradle. In this respect they have rare value. Miss Alexander's translations faithfully reproduce their simplicity, but it could not be expected that any translator could bring over into English all the haunting melodies and the racy flavor of phrase in the Italian. The nameless balladists who invented many of these pieces had that innate artistic sense which belongs to the Tuscan people, and they sometimes attained a metrical perfection which our English verse-makers, learned in all the laws and artifices of metre, strive for in vain. Merely to preserve the spirit of these originals is a high achievement—the highest, probably, that we could expect; and this Miss Alexander has done. Take, for example, this stanza from the ballad of the Gipsy Woman, who welcomes the Holy Family to her humble home on their flight into Egypt:

"My house, 'tis true, is poor and small,
But I have swept and cleaned it all;
There's fruit a plenty, ripe and fine;
I've bread fresh baked and good new wine;
Besides two hens that always lay
An egg, my lady, every day."

Here the charming naïveté of the rustic spirit is admirably rendered.

"In like manner Miss Alexander has chosen for her pictures subjects which vividly illustrate the spirit of the songs. She shows us bits of Tuscan scenery or of village life, and real peasants, together with

religious scenes, which fill so large a part of the Tuscan imagination. And not least characteristic are the flowers with which she has adorned the margins of the text. So that the whole is like a veritable piece of Tuscan life, perennially enchanting to any one who has known it, and delightful to every one sensitive to beauty. It was indeed fortunate that a person so sympathetic as Miss Alexander should have made this record when she did, for already the Tuscan peasants she knew have passed away. Democracy, the conscription, railways and public schools have wrought in twenty-five years a metamorphosis greater than many a previous century had witnessed. The old customs, the picturesque dress, can now be found, if at all, only in some remote vale or crag-built hamlet. The mingled shrewdness and unsophistication of the peasantry will never again be embodied in such songs as these. The book which holds them is, therefore, a memorial.

"We ought not, in conclusion, to fail to commend the excellence of the printing and make-up of this volume. The photogravures are uniformly so carefully finished as to reproduce the delicacy of lights and shades which are characteristic of Miss Alexander's treatment. If here and there a line seems faint, the cause may be due to the fading of the originals. The binding is at once elegant and simple."

Corleone. By Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 volumes. \$2.00.

Mr. Crawford's Latest Romance

"*Corleone* is, technically speaking," says *The Independent*, "both novel and romance. As a story of Roman manners in our time it is a novel, pure and simple; but into it Mr. Crawford has deftly cast the picturesque fascination of Sicilian robber life; and his plot, albeit not very intricate, has all the elements of romance, holding the reader in suspense and mystery to the end. Indeed, there is no lack of imaginative appeal anywhere in the book, which is in two handsome volumes, and regarded as an enticement to a day's comfortable reading it is all but perfect. We think that Mr. Crawford's aim in writing fiction has been eminently wise. His first desire has been to entertain his readers; but not at all hazards. He has not stooped in order to be popular; for his stories have been clean, dignified and worthy of serious reading, as well as picturesque, light, brilliant and popularly entertaining. In a word, he has had a great success and has deserved it. We shall not tell Mr. Crawford's story for him; its interest demands first-hand acquaintance. There are a charming heroine, an admirable hero, a dark and interesting villain, and plenty of well-drawn assistant dramatis personæ. The descriptive parts of the story are equal to Mr. Crawford's best, and the crowding incidents make every page lively. But *Corleone* is more than a mere thrilling romance. Social life in Rome, and the peculiar conditions of life in Sicily are strongly and captivantly sketched. Nowhere have we found a more lifelike or a more dramatic presentation of extreme contrasts in

Italian character. A Sicilian bandit, a peasant girl with the merciless vendetta in her blood, an Italian nobleman of fine stamp, a musical dreamer in the person of a priest, and the sweet, high purity of a noble young woman, reared in a remote convent, are most delightfully studied and made to live for us. It is a genuine pleasure to lay hold of a novel in which we find so little to make life seem unworthy and unlivable. Mr. Crawford does not labor as a pessimist nor as an optimist. He has a story to tell, and his task is to tell it well, which he goes about doing without the pretense of a tremendous and face-distorting and soul-wringing burden of sociological purpose. He takes life as it is; but he seems to choose for his part to depict what will interest sane, honest and right-minded readers. His story has light and shade, good and bad, righteousness and wickedness—all the contrast of life; but it does not dally with unwholesome phases of human experience merely to enjoy them. Corleone is, in a word, a notably good story, remarkably well told, and to the best class of novel-readers, the readers who prefer to study clinics, and criminology, and gutter-siftings, and the like useful but rather nauseating subjects, in the curt, cold diction of science, and not in the pages of romance, it will be a most welcome and delightful windfall."

Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Edited by Annie Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$2.00.

Mrs. Fields' Life and Letters of Mrs. Stowe

"It is a striking story which Mrs. Fields tells in the Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe," says Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, in *The Book Buyer*, "but it is not the story of a woman of letters in the usual sense of the phrase. Mrs. Stowe wrote many volumes, and yet writing never became her supreme interest; and to the end of her long and fruitful life she seemed to touch literature only indirectly and incidentally. Her tastes were not literary, nor was her feeling for literature of that instinctive and unerring kind which genuine writers usually possess. She was a woman of deep feeling, of quick sympathy, of a natural passion for justice, and of a vivid imagination. She was, in moments of great exaltation, an artist; but she had neither the artist's passion for beauty nor the artist's feeling for life. Her feeling for life was deep and urgent, but it craved ethical influence and effectiveness; it was not eased by expression.

"It is high praise to say that Mrs. Fields has explained Mrs. Stowe, not directly and didactically, but as a result of her skilful use of the material in her hands. She has made clear the puzzle in Mrs. Stowe's life: the fact that she wrote one story of absorbing interest and abiding power, and that she wrote nothing else which in any way approaches it in dramatic force. This does not mean that Mrs. Stowe's work, apart from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is devoid of freshness and charm; on the contrary, some of her studies of New England character are genuinely humorous and life-like. But that work would never have arrested the attention of the world. Mrs. Stowe was not a writer in the sense that Turgenyev—whose *Sportsman's Sketches* hold in Russian history and literature a place somewhat analogous to that which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* holds in our own history and literature—was a writer; a per-

son, that is, who is not only passionately interested in life, but who is sufficiently detached in mood to discern the relative values of its elements, to see it in true perspective, and to give it that completeness of expression which is possible only where one sees as deeply as one feels. The method is which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written explains at once the power and the weakness of the story; its elemental force, its defective construction, and its occasional lapse into melodrama. It is one of the few stories evoked by a great agitation and a deep moral crisis which is likely to be read long after the conditions which gave it birth have ceased to be. For *Uncle Tom's Cabin* still moves us; its faults are obvious enough, but it has immense vitality. It lives in spite of its faults. And this is saying that Mrs. Stowe had very great natural gifts and a very defective training in their use. Under the pressure of profound feeling she wrote a book which stirred the world; and having found that she could write, she continued to write. The trouble was that writing was not a necessity of her nature; it was a resource. Her heart was not in it in the sense in which George Eliot's heart was in her work, or George Sand's in hers. Mrs. Stowe lived in her family, her friendships, her sympathy with men; it was through these channels that her life really flowed. She seems to have been wholly at the mercy of conditions; if they were favorable she wrote with great freedom; if they were unfriendly her pen was sluggish. She seems never to have subordinated her life to her work; perhaps she could not. In any event, the fact is significant of the secondary place which writing held in her heart.

"One who reads this biography with a critical intention in his heart finds himself disarmed; Mrs. Stowe was so transparently good, so beautifully unselfish, and of so devoted and ardent a temperament, that criticism of her work from the standpoint of literary value seems essentially harsh. One desires to explain her rather than to pass judgment upon her. It is the special excellence of Mrs. Fields' biography that it greatly assists the reader in this endeavor. Mrs. Fields is a trained writer with very delicate gifts of her own; but her refinement of feeling and her sense of veracity have never been more clearly disclosed than in the mingled reticence and frankness of a biography which lets into the life of a woman of great gifts and a great heart without violating those sanctities which ought to be inviolable alike by editors and readers."

Lin McLean. By Owen Wister. New York, Harper & Brother, \$1.50.

Owen Wister's New Collection of Short Stories

"We have in Lin McLean," says *The Mail and Express*, "a collection of six short stories by a new, or comparatively new, American writer, Mr. Owen Wister, from whom it is safe to predict greater things than he has given us here; great as these are in their way, he has shown such skill in manipulating materials, which in other hands, might and probably would, have proved coarse if not repulsive; such intimate knowledge of our wild frontier life; such insight in detecting the inherent manhood in a rude, riotous, impulsive nature; such sure perception of the humorous and pathetic, and the curious something

which is a combination of both; such tact, such taste, such sense, and everywhere such a sense of reserved power. Mr. Wister is one of the very few American writers for whom we could desire a different audience than the one he has among his own countrymen, who are not always so sagacious as they think themselves in perceiving the unique literary excellence of such descriptions of one phase of their national life as Mr. Wister portrays here, and he is likely to have such an audience, we think, when he is once known in England, the last number of the *Academy* having already discovered him. 'Lin was a cow puncher in Wyoming,' it says, 'in the old days—the old days being the seventies—and this book sets forth his folly and his wisdom, his mistakes and his triumphs, his joys and his despondencies—in short, his making. The young man stands out square and firm, very human, very remote from our own clipped yew-walks of life, lawless and lovable, daredevil and disarming, a fool and a saint and at the back of him is ever the tremendous spaciousness of mountain and plain. The book is as good as a breeze.'

The Poems of Bacchylides. From the Papyrus in the British Museum. Edited by Frederick G. Kenyon, M. A. D., Litt., London. Printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum.

A New Greek Classic

"Dr. Frederick G. Kenyon, assistant in the department of manuscripts in the British Museum, has rendered a great service to the world of letters by his scholarly edition of the text of Bacchylides, discovered in Egypt about a year ago," says Mr. Clifton Harby Levy, in *The Outlook*. "When the announcement of the discovery was first made, it was thought 'too good to be true,' but it is now seen that the news was both true and good, for 1,070 lines (perfect or almost so) are published, giving to scholars ten times as much of Bacchylides as they had before. No 'works' of Bacchylides had been found in modern times, but by gathering quotations from his poems in the works of other ancient writers about a hundred lines had been put together. It was known that Bacchylides was accounted one of the great lyric poets by the Alexandrian critics; but since the year 500 no evidence of the preservation of his poems was forthcoming. By one of those fortunate accidents which have led to many remarkable 'finds,' the agents of the British Museum bought this papyrus-roll from the Egyptians who had discovered it. When brought to the Museum it was in two hundred pieces, the largest of which measured twenty inches in length; other fragments varying from a few inches square to scraps containing only one or two letters. The manuscript was put together in three sections, making a total length of fourteen feet nine inches. It was written in a fine uncial hand of the first century B. C., and is well provided with stops and accents. The contents are found to be twenty odes, from two hundred to fourteen lines in length. Fourteen of these are epinikian, or 'odes of victory,' sung upon the occasion of some success in the Greek games. The other six are most remarkable in giving to the modern Greek student specimens of the pæans, hymns, or dithyrambs, of which no perfect example had hitherto been discovered.

Dr. Kenyon says of these: 'The occasional character, which is essential in epinikian odes, here disappears. . . . They form a group of lyrical idylls, each presenting a legendary scene, without framework, explanation, or moralization. They are exercises in lyrical scene-painting, brief pictures of dramatic moments in heroic story. The poet rarely tells his tale to the end. He paints his picture almost in impressionist style; he poses his characters and then drops the curtain.' Ode XV., for instance, relates the story of Menelaus coming into the Agora of Troy to plead for justice. The poet assembles the Trojans—Menelaus has barely opened his speech when the poem abruptly closes.

"Ode XVII. is especially interesting, as it gives us a new version of the story of Minotaur. It is entitled *The Youths and Theseus*. The youths (forming the 'chorus') are the captives brought from Athens to be offered to the Minotaur. According to the familiar legend, Theseus accompanied them to slay the monster in his labyrinth. But the legend of this poem is different. It is mentioned by Pausanias, and forms the subject of two important vase-paintings hitherto misunderstood. Minos takes a fancy to one of the maidens among the captives, and insults her. She screams to Theseus for protection, and he at once calls on Minos to desist; they may be justly doomed to death, as the penalty of defeat in war, but not to outrage. If Minos is son of Zeus, and thinks he may lord it over them on that ground, Theseus himself is son of Poseidon, and claims to resist him with equal right. Minos takes up the gauntlet thrown down to him, offers to prove his own divine origin by a sign from Zeus, and challenges Theseus to establish his descent from the sea-god by bringing up a ring, which he throws overboard, from the depths of the sea. Zeus responds with a flash of lightning to his son's prayer; whereupon Theseus promptly springs into the sea. Minos, thinking that he is rid of his rival, rejoices; but Theseus is carried by dolphins to the cave of Amphitrite, where he receives (presumably in addition to the ring, which, oddly enough, is not mentioned) a robe and a chaplet, with which he returns triumphant from the depths of ocean, reappearing by the side of the ship to the confusion of Minos and the exultation of his companions, who sing songs of triumph. The description of the 'radiance, as of fire, that shone from the forms of the Nereids,' and the spirited dialogue between Minos and Theseus, are remarkable for forcefulness and beauty. In the following ode (XVIII.) Theseus is again the hero, described 'with sword and javelins in hand, a Laconian helmet on his head, on his body a purple vest and woolly Thessalian cloak. His eyes flash volcanic fire; he is a youth in the first flower of his age, but experienced in the joys of fight, making towards glorious Athens.' The style of Bacchylides is quite simple, and though he is said to have added a hundred and two new words to the Greek vocabulary, they are chiefly new compounds easily analyzed and translated. At least two of his epinikian odes were written upon the same occasions as two of Pindar's, affording an excellent opportunity for comparing the two. Both of the poets lived during the fifth century B. C., while Bacchylides was apparently the younger of the two. Pindar has given

us some of the most complex and difficult Greek known; his rival's is lucid and simple, even if not quite so forceful. No final conclusion can be justly arrived at until further opportunity has been given for the study of these new poems; but this much may be freely said, that in the poems of Bacchylides we have a new classic well worthy of study and appreciation. As specimens of Greek lyrical poetry, of which very little has come down to us, it would be difficult to overestimate the value of this discovery. But it puts us in that expectant state of mind when we are tempted to ask, What treasure will come from Egypt next?"

New Letters of Napoleon I. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Lloyd. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$2.00.

New Letters of Napoleon I.

"There are obvious reasons," says *The London Times*, "why many of the letters in this volume, which appeared in France some time ago, were not included in the edition which was published under the auspices of the late French Emperor. They showed the Scapin-side of the great captain and organizer. Seldom, surely, have such striking contradictions been exhibited in a single character. We marvel more than ever at the broad grasp of affairs, which prematurely broke an iron constitution; and that is accounted for by his condescending to the most trivial details. He trusted absolutely none of his ministers, which is intelligible with such time-servers as Talleyrand or Fouché but even his stanchest followers were under a system of surveillance. He encouraged and rewarded the practice of detection. Not only when in Germany does he comment minutely on the condition of the Portuguese fortress, which might well have been left to the general in command, but he warns the chief of police to pay special attention to the conversations in a low Parisian wineshop. These letters were seldom much to his credit, and they are all the more interesting. We see the cunning that habitually leavened his statecraft; the shameless indifference to truth.

"In short, there is an utter absence of self-respect, and a serene contempt for humiliating self-exposure. The writer evidently considered himself the man of destiny, superior to human sentiments and moral principles, and he made such slight allowances for mistakes or infirmities that the letters could rarely have been pleasant reading for the recipients. He is chary of praise and bitter in blame. He shows that, though dominating all by his military genius, he nevertheless stooped to the petty jealousies which mischievously divided his marshals. Bernadotte was, of course, the chief object of his ire, though even Soult and Davout seldom came off scathless. But it was the members of his own family, the puppet kings he had set up, who fared the worst. The letters to Louis, Joseph, and Jerome are full of ob-jurgation and recrimination. No man of conscience or spirit could have held a crown under such a suzerain and such conditions, and Louis, who was driven to abdicate because he would not make Holland a prefecture of France, was pursued by his brother with persistent rancor. As for Napoleon's versions of his relations with Lucien, they are simply mendacious. Yet, with his not unjustified contempt for

the abilities of Joseph and Jerome, the strange thing is that he wrecked his ambitions and magnificent schemes on family pride. Again and again he abuses the King of Westphalia for mishandling an army of 15,000 men, and he placed Jerome in command of 80,000 soldiers when he dared the Russian invasion. Joseph, as commander-in-chief in Spain, hampered all the combinations of more able strategists at critical moments, and yet his brother did not withdraw him. Moreover, Napoleon not only practiced terrorism, but torture. He is ever for making sanguinary examples.

"The letters are printed in chronological order and the first letter in the series is dated from the year 1800. The last is addressed to Joseph from Philippeville, on the 19th of June. It begins with 'All is not lost; and in it we find the phrase his nephew made memorable—'tout peut se rétablir.'"

Street Cleaning and the Disposal of a City's Wastes. Methods and Results and the effect upon Public Health, Public Morals and Municipal Prosperity. By George E. Waring, Jr., Commissioner of Street-Cleaning in the City of New York. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company, \$1.25.

Commissioner Waring on Street Cleaning

"This volume which has just come from the press may be described as Colonel Waring's address to the public," says *The Independent*, "on the methods and principles involved in his great experiment of street-cleaning and the results reached in it. The comparative results are roughly shown in the statement that under his methods 495,972 loads of snow were removed annually against 55,568 per year before: 924 miles of street were swept daily in 1897 against 172½ miles in 1888; the death rate was reduced from 27.78 during 1882-'94 to 23.10 in 1895, to 21.52 in 1896, and to 19.63 in the first half of 1897. This means that if this latter rate is shown by the reports when they come in to have been maintained during the other six months of 1897, there was during that year a saving of 15,000 lives in the city, compared with the average death-rates of the previous thirteen years. Looking generally at the book it presents very impressive comparisons of the condition of the city under the old and the new systems, particularly some photographs of streets as they were and as they are. The results of attempting to do this work under political control and methods are shown in a very convincing way. The book contains a chapter on the organization and reorganization of the force. Perhaps the most important chapter is that on the disposition of garbage. As to the removal of snow, Colonel Waring's experiments seem to show that the coal-oil machine for melting it may prove to be the readiest and most economical solution of the problem. The volume closes with a chapter of observations on street-cleaning in foreign cities."

The Campaign of Marengo. By Herbert H. Sargent. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

The Campaign of Marengo

"The author of this volume is a soldier," says *The Bookman*, "and shows the soldier's interest in the most minute details of a campaign. Nevertheless he has the faculty of grasping the entire situation and

summing up results in a clear, comprehensive manner which is refreshing to the civilian reader. In his critical power and accuracy of detail he has been compared to Mr. John C. Ropes. Of the justice of this comparison the present reviewer, not being a military historian, is unable to judge. He knows, however, that in point of clearness and the power of compelling an appreciation of the difficulties in the way of military success, Lieutenant Sargent is far superior to many of the authors of general histories. In Sloane's *Napoleon*, for instance, the battle of Marengo is described with some detail, but the impression received from it is vague and confused, and the only grounds apparent in the text for belief in the magnitude of the conflict are the author's own statements to the effect that it was a very wonderful affair. Lieutenant Sargent makes one see how great a feat Napoleon's victory was, and just what means he employed to gain it. He gives an interesting account of the massing of the Army of the Reserve at Dijon, and the devices by which this movement was kept secret. So successful was Napoleon in this concealment that the Austrian General Melas did not learn of Napoleon's passage over the Great St. Bernard until May 21st, hardly more than three weeks before the battle of Marengo, and within a few days of the battle the French captured despatches on the way from the Aulic Council to Melas, telling him that the Army of the Reserve was a mere myth. All the essential details of the operations in the plain of Marengo are clearly stated, and the author shows how complete was the victory of the Austrians before the French turned the tables on them and won the day. The greater part of the French cavalry had been destroyed, most of their cannon had been captured, and only a few of their infantry organizations remained. Yet the genius of Napoleon in a few hours converted this defeat into a victory which gave him at once the greater part of Northern Italy.

"Commenting on the boldness of the general plan of this campaign, the author points out the caution which Napoleon showed in the carrying out of every detail. 'No commander,' he says, 'has ever looked with more anxiety to his lines of retreat than did this great master of war.' This is true of many of Napoleon's campaigns. Even at Austerlitz, where he was so sure of success that he issued beforehand a proclamation explaining the means by which the victory would be won, he had nevertheless provided a retreat through Bohemia in case of defeat.

"In the author's estimate, Napoleon was the foremost soldier in the world. 'The fact that he was a great organizer, a great tactician, and a great strategist is the real reason why he was so successful in war. Among all other great soldiers of the world it would be difficult to select a single one who possessed in so marked a degree all these qualities.'"

—"Caroline H. Pemberton has accomplished two results in writing *Your Little Brother James*," says Richard Henry Stoddard, in *The Mail and Express*. "She has produced a charming story, which we find only too short; and she has shown, though unobtrusively, the practical working of one of the most beneficent as well as one of the most important of many charitable organizations. *Your Little*

Brother James spent his babyhood among outcasts in a low neighborhood of the East Side, unloved, unattended; cuffed by neighbors, cursed by his mother. When he was a few years older he indulged in several escapades, as the tool of burglars. But during one such expedition James was captured and sent to a reformatory, where he made the acquaintance of a hundred other embryonic criminals, from the older ones of whom he learned of many new crimes. This contact developed the worst instincts of the child, and he left the institution ready and eager to become a member of a 'gang' or band of semi-professional criminals. He was deemed by the police to be incorrigible, and at last was arrested and stood every chance of being stamped a criminal, when the judge acceded to the request of an agent for the Society that James should be placed in her keeping. Thenceforth a new existence in a new world was opened for the boy, and many of his experiences therein may be learned by the reader.

"In *Your Little Brother James*, Miss Pemberton has provided a tender, lovely, touching tale, but one not sad, showing plainly that there is every hope for lessening poverty, crime and ignorance in our great cities, if the problem is met intelligently. To the student of social conditions who may care little for the story of *Your Little Brother James*, there is an abundance of material for thought in the booklet. It has not been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the general public that mature criminals as a class may be really reformed, although there are instances of the entire reformation of individuals here and there. Those who are informed understand that crime must be attacked at the root. Caroline H. Pemberton has written an interesting story and a valuable study in sociology, in pages which are too few." (Recorder Book Press, Stamford, N. Y.)

—A charming edition of *Sterne's A Sentimental Journey* (Longmans, Green & Co., \$1.00), illustrated by Mr. T. H. Robinson, has come from the press. It is an exact reprint of the first edition of 1768, and is a fine specimen of moderate-priced bookmaking. The size is convenient, the paper, type, and presswork are all of the finest, and the special features, the illustrations, are noticeable not only for their number, but for their delicacy and grace, and for the truly artistic merit which they display.

—The fourth volume, or third supplement, of *Poole's Index to Periodical Literature* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$7.50), has just appeared and rivals in bulk the third edition of the original work. It is the first to appear after the death of its founder, whose portrait is fitly here given, together with a brief laudatory sketch of his life by Mr. W. I. Fletcher, editor in chief of the continuation. But happily a nephew of Dr. Poole, Mr. Franklin O. Poole, an assistant in the Boston Athenæum Library, once presided over by W. F. Poole, is now associated on the title-page and in actual collaboration with Mr. Fletcher. Two religious journals, *The Independent* and *The Outlook*, have been indexed for the first time, and *The Book-Buyer*, *Book News*, and *Book Reviews*, have been indexed chiefly with references to portraits, accompanied by notices of literary characters.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Oscar II., King of Norway and Sweden, Constance Sutcliffe, Fortnightly Review

King Oscar, who five-and-twenty years ago ceased to tread the quarter-deck and assumed his brother's crown, is, perhaps, the most scholarly and cultured man in his own realm. The mere list of his published literary works, which includes musical compositions, verse, fiction, and volumes on technical subjects, fills one with admiration. His Majesty has not the genius of his gifted elder brother, Prince Gustav, who died at the early age of twenty-five, but there are few others of his brilliant family to whom he ranks second. His poem "Svenska Flottans Minner" (Memories of the Swedish Fleet), was submitted while the Prince was still in the navy, to the Royal Academy of Art, an association which examines anonymous contributions only, and Professor Malmström, the President, in awarding the prize and ignorant that the work before him was that of the Prince, remarked: "A fresh seabreeze pervades this poem and a true son of the sea is recognized in its spirited and original lines." The gifted writer's translation into Swedish of Goethe's *Faust* would be considered a powerful and striking achievement, even if the scribe were commoner instead of king. He, as do all royal personages, speaks many languages, and his English is especially fluent and well worded. As a public speaker he is logical and concise as well as eloquent; as a musical critic, his opinion is valued in one of the most musical countries of Europe; while his compositions, which incline to the solemn and austere, are highly esteemed, and in his youth the well-trained voice, which is still melodious and powerful, was considered the greatest of his many gifts. In appearance the King, aged as he is, remains one of the finest men in the court circles of Europe; for he is still erect in bearing, and is tall and of noble presence, with handsome features and the eagle glance that the Vikings claimed for all their leaders. He is always simple and unaffected, yet always imposing, whether reviewing his troops, delivering a speech from the throne, presiding at the table of his banqueting hall, or drilling his little grandsons on the lawn at Tullgarn, the grand old castle situated at the edge of the cliffs overhanging the sea, where he spends some months of each year.

As a sailor, it is certain that had occasion been vouchsafed to him, he would have won renown, and competent judges pronounced most favorably on his seamanship at the time of the Crimean War, when he was Flag-Captain of the only combined squadron of Swedish, Norwegian and Danish ships that has manœuvred together in modern times. In 1864 he was placed in command of a combined Norwegian and Swedish fleet, which was prepared to go to the aid of the Danes, but prudence prevailing, no actual attack on the Germans was permitted, and the Prince was compelled to content himself with bringing his squadron to a state of efficiency perhaps unequalled since the days when the "Long Serpent" and her sisters put out to sea.

It is customary to assert that Bernadotte, author of the reigning house in Sweden, was of low birth and the descendant of small tradesmen, while gen-

eral credence is given to the legend of the saddler's shop. Had this been the case, it would have made no difference to Bernadotte's destinies, for at the time he was engaged in carving out a career, high descent was esteemed the last of good gifts, and when Napoleon had a marshal's bâton to dispose of, he preferred to bestow it on the son of a cobbler rather than on that of a king. Certain authentic documents, however, prove that the Bernadotte family held a good position in life at the time of, and for many generations previous to, the birth of the future Prince of Ponte-Corvo, and King of Sweden.

In no personal sketch of a monarch can the subject of his popularity with the nation at large, delicate as that subject may be, remain without mention. That King Oscar from the first enjoyed the admiration and regard of his Court, his universities, and of the greater part of the more cultured and intellectual of his kingdom, is beyond question, but the Press had been divided on the subject of their ruler, and the sentiments of the nation in general have been throughout his reign of a somewhat frigid order. Norway may be, in a measure, to blame for this, for while she declares His Majesty's concessions to her have been too few, Sweden maintains that they have been so many and so vital that her own dignity and interests have suffered thereby. It is also claimed that measures ought to have been taken by the throne to prevent insults and contumely from being hurled upon the brother country at Norwegian public meetings and in the presence of members of the Storting. For want of such remonstrance, it is averred that annoyances of the kind have been so frequent that, had Norway been a foreign country, a very decided attitude must have been taken to prevent a recurrence of the offence. Mainly from such causes as the above, the King, though always enjoying their respect and esteem, has scarcely obtained from his subjects the affection which was incontestably his due. Two or three years ago, however, an event occurred which caused public opinion to veer round, and from that time His Majesty has been the recipient of a loyalty and devotion highly gratifying to him.

In March, 1895, during the Consular crisis, King Oscar went over to Christiania and did his utmost to effect a compromise. Demands were made on him by the Extreme Left, to which he could not consent, and he referred the Storting to the Act of Union, proving that should he agree to the claim, he would himself be guilty of a violation of the Constitution. Some painful scenes ensued, and the King left Norway almost at once. On his arrival in Stockholm he received an ovation such as few Swedish monarchs can ever have had before. Every distinguished man in the country seemed to have assembled at the railway-station to greet him; each public body was represented by its leading member, the whole of the Swedish Parliament was present, and the fervor and enthusiasm with which he was saluted is beyond description. The Press, without a single exception, took the King's side, praising His Majesty's action in most lavish terms; this produced more effect than anything in Norway, where the Left had

counted on the support of the Radical Press in Sweden, not realizing that, when once there was a question of attacks on the Union and the Constitution, all parties were equally prepared to rally round the King. At the time King Oscar came to the throne, the population of Sweden and Norway was amongst the most intemperate of Europe. There was much idling, much brawling, and much begging, and Scandinavia to a man appeared about to go to the dogs. Now, according to the tourist and the Government Returns, the nation has become sober, prosperous, and industrious. These statements may incline slightly to exaggeration, but experience has shown that the matter in hand admits of no other treatment. Again, at the time named, all the philanthropic institutions of the Peninsula were said to be on the verge of bankruptcy. Almshouses and infirmaries, public parks and people's palaces, or their Scandinavian equivalents, threatened to perish of inanition. Now, workmen's waiting-rooms, reading-rooms and lecture-rooms have sprung up all over the country.

Pope Leo and His Lenten Charities.....Warren T. Welch.....Columbus Press

Pope Vincent Joachim Pecci, though full of years—he will be eighty-eight in March—is one of the most progressive and mentally active men of the age. His eighty-eight years sit so lightly upon him that he is foremost in mental resource and invention, and many of the brilliant acts of the Church come directly from his brain; acts that are not strictly churchly, yet are nevertheless for the spiritual good of the people.

It is coming on Lent now, and each year as the season approaches, the good Pope's thoughts are full of his people. His sympathies are with the very poor—those who would be good if they could, and whose goodness means to them self-denial such as they are often not bodily fit to bear. As every good church-going person knows, there are days when the Pope's people must abstain from food. Meat is often prohibited during the Lenten season, yet to go without it means much to certain classes of the Pope's people who cannot purchase substitutes. To guard against a too great abstinence the good father has this year gone into a bit of commercial enterprise, which, while it may not be a great pecuniary success, will be enormously profitable on the spiritual side of the balance sheet of the heavenly ledger.

In Commachio, Italy, there is a section in which lie broad lagoons. For several years past the Pope has owned a portion of these lagoons and has kept the waters well stocked with eels and fish of all kinds. This season he has increased his possessions in Commachio and has become the owner of a great number of small lakes which afford a highly profitable supply of fish food. During Lent the Holy Father will cause these fish to be distributed among the poor of Italy—such as need them—and will allow others to go and fish in his waters, and, as a large supply of fish will still remain, these will be sold and the proceeds turned over to the Pope.

There are many interesting stories current this season of the manner in which the Pope conducts his lagoons, or fish farms. The method is something like this. Each lagoon is divided into sections by the islands that dot these lovely stretches of water

and each section has its laborers. The workmen or farmhands are placed upon these islands to live and do their work. They fish in their own portions of the water and ship their catches to certain depots, where the fish are sent to their further destination. It is said that the eels from these lagoons are specially valuable, as they are brought in from the Adriatic in large numbers, and fattened. In Commachio there is an enormous kitchen belonging to the Pope. Here the fish are cooked by the ton and distributed to the poor, or sold to those who can buy them. The best of chefs handle the finny produce, and though it is considered a charity to buy the fish at Commachio, the purchasers thereof are in no way cheated. They get their full money's worth. This is only one of the many practical ways in which Pope Leo benefits his people. It is said that he is interested in certain branches of manufacture; and that there is scarcely a trade in which he is not influential in a moneyed way, putting the vast funds at his disposal to every possible good use.

Each season of the Pope has its own industry, and at this time, when there comes the enormous demand for fish throughout Italy, his lagoons are filled with the swimming beauties and his laborers stand ready to pull in their nets like the disciples of old, and find them filled to breaking.

Andrew Carnegie at Home.....New York Times

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has one hobby—it is libraries. He has founded six free libraries in this country and in Scotland, and the library in his New York house, No. 5 West Fifty-first Street, is the most spacious and luxuriously-appointed room in the establishment. It occupies the entire front of the second story, or, more properly, three rooms in one form the library. As a rule, Mr. Carnegie enters his library every morning at ten o'clock and remains until one o'clock, engaged in writing, studying or reading. After luncheon he takes a short stroll in the park, or a drive, to return again to his books for several hours longer; his secretary is always in attendance. The reversed crown, which forms so conspicuous a feature of his coat of arms, is emblazoned upon his library wall, high up between the two front windows. The cap of liberty surmounts the reversed crown, which forms the crest; upon the escutcheon are a weaver's shuttle and a shoemaker's knife; the supporters are the American and Scotch flags, with the legend beneath, "Death to Privilege." The whole is a worthy exponent of Mr. Carnegie's democratic ideas.

The mammoth table standing in the center of the room looks very business-like, and is covered with various literary impedimenta. Of course there are books and books, and they reach from the floor to the ceiling and cover three sides of the room, as well as encroach upon the fourth side, which, with its fireplace, is the bright spot in the library. On either side of the mantel are numerous shelves, where are stored away precious mementos and pleasing reminders of interesting occasions—trowels, for example, of which Mr. Carnegie has a collection. A cherished souvenir is the small oak and silver casket in which the freedom of the city of Edinburgh was presented to Mr. Carnegie on the occasion of his gift of a quarter of a million dollars to found the

Edinburgh library. A silver plate bears the inscription: "This box is made of oak from the house of Sir Thomas Hope, King's Advocate, of Scotland, 1625-46, who ably upheld the cause of civil and religious liberty in covenant times. Presented by the Corporation of Edinburgh with the Burgess ticket conferring the freedom of the city on Andrew Carnegie, Esquire, U. S. A., 8th July, 1887." Silver lions, unicorns, and thistles in relief form the decorations of this pretty little casket.

While Scotch heather is Mr. Carnegie's favorite flower, the thistle holds a large share of his affections, and appears conspicuously in the decorations of his library; upon the ceiling are painted clusters of thistles, while one easy chair which invites you in a painted legend to "Rest awhile" is also resplendent in painted thistles. The plaid of Clan Carnegie—dull blues and greens with a thread of yellow—appears here and there for sofa-pillow coverings.

When he wishes relaxation of another kind, he turns to the musical tubes, an odd instrument for making melody, which he picked up when travelling through the Orient. It is an interesting affair because so unique, consisting of eight metal tubes of graduated lengths, hung from a rather high, brass frame; the performer makes music by playing on these tubes with a little felt-covered mallet. The music of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," Mr. Carnegie has had arranged for the musical tubes, as well as the music of Ye Banks and Braes, Auld Lang Syne, My Nut Brown Maiden, Scenes That Are Brightest, and Ring o' Bells and Peal o' Gongs. Any of these tunes Mr. Carnegie can play with a good deal of dash and spirit—although he seldom attempts to render them vocally—at least when he has an audience.

Mr. Carnegie, as is well known, is devoted to music and a most munificent patron of the art. One of his friends, and one of whom he is very fond, is Mr. Walter Damrosch, and an interesting picture in the library—in the corner devoted to the muse of music—is a photograph of Mr. Damrosch, upon the margin of which he has written, in pencil, a few bars of that sentimental air from *The Bohemian Girl*, "Then You'll Remember Me." Standing guard over this musical corner are bronze busts of Wagner and Beethoven, two favorite composers of Mr. Carnegie's. His favorite poet is Burns, of whose works he has some choice editions; Shakespeare, too, one sees in editions of various kinds and descriptions. The *Waverley* novels are resplendent in the finest of bindings, and Thackeray blooms afresh in blue and gold. Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies* is a favorite of Mr. Carnegie's, a book which he reads and re-reads. One set of shelves is given up to encyclopædias and works on botany, in which study Mr. Carnegie is intensely interested.

Mommsen the Historian.....*London Telegraph*

Christian Matthias Theodor Mommsen is not only a learned man—a German "Gelehrter"—he is one of the most well-read men of the age. When, at the age of sixty, he lost his whole library through fire in his residence at Charlottenburg, many of his friends feared that the blow would be too much for him. Not a bit of it! After a brief space of time he re-

covered his good spirits, his great energy of character helping him over every obstacle, and more than ever he seemed to embody the words of Goethe, "When a man is old he must do more than when he is young." As professor he is not so popular as writer of "causeur." He does not possess the melodious voice for which his father was famous, nor that eloquence which captivates the young. His writings run smooth as a limpid stream; a student must be gifted with great interest for his subject to take much pleasure in Mommsen's oral teaching.

So much has always been heard of the severity and sharpness of Mommsen's speeches that it was with an inward quaking, and with somewhat the feeling of the child who is not quite sure whether his mother or a bogey is behind the curtain, that I began my acquaintance with the great scholar who had just attained his eightieth year. I had often seen him in the tramcar with one volume of Tauchnitz in his hand and another sticking out of his pocket, and had observed the sarcastic, grim smile, though whether at or with the author I shall not venture to guess. He never appeared to be conscious of the gaze of other passengers, but would sit immovable, only now and again raising a hand to push aside a lock of hair blown across his face by the sudden opening of the door. But I never had met him to speak to, and my courage was not heightened by the envious looks of the rest of the company when I found myself sitting near him. After all it was not at all alarming. He did not say, like Professor Joachim, on whose first words a young lady was waiting with strained eyes and bated breath, "Fresh herrings are my favorite food"; but, if I remember rightly, laid a wager with a gentleman opposite him that he was attributing a quotation to the wrong man, in which it is hardly necessary to say that he was perfectly right.

Mommsen is not at all a gourmand, but as a fine taste, even in the matter of food, is always to be appreciated, I may say that he is rather a gourmet, and is not oblivious of the food he is eating. I remember his telling me once that he had not enjoyed his evening because he had so much difficulty in suppressing his desire to tell the lady of the house what a mistake she made in not giving her guests the leaves of the artichokes as well as the fronds. I rather think that the enjoyment of a dinner or criticism of it, when he is out, is part of the thoroughness of Mommsen's character, for I have noticed that at home he eats very plainly and would, indeed, sometimes not eat at all if his family were not always on the lookout and coaxed him to do so; but if he is out to dine he pays attention to the business on hand. At the first dinner at which I met him he asked me several things about modern English writings, and I noticed that he was a great admirer of Byron; in fact, I believe he opened the conversation with a quotation from *Don Juan*, and asked me for the context. Subsequent conversations with him have put me into a state of astonishment; his reading is so vast and his memory the most wonderful. He not only remembers the things read in his youth, or quite lately, but all things, from whatever time he seems capable of pointing his memory, as it were, at anything which has come across the path of his brain.

TUBAL CAIN SIMS INVOKES THE AID OF THE LAW*

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

[Tubal Cain Sims, a Tennessee mountaineer, fearing the possible elopement of his daughter, Euphemia, with a young stranger, who has been under his roof for some weeks, and whom he suspects of wrong-doing, has ridden to the county town to invoke the aid of the sheriff, Enott Blake. Reaching the jail, he has "hailed" repeatedly, after the manner of his mountain home, without eliciting any response other than the barking of the savage watchdog in the yard, and the appearance at the barred windows of faces, first startled, then amused.]

Tubal Cain glared at the men at the windows. They had little to laugh at, doubtless, but why should they so gratuitously laugh at him? A tide of abashed mortification carried the blood to his head. His stanch self-respect had heretofore precluded the suspicion that he was ever the object of ridicule, and now his pride revolted at his plight; but since he could not get at his mockers and inflict condign punishment, naught remained but to manfully persist in his course as if they were not. He dismounted, threw the reins over a hitching-post, advanced through the gate of the narrow yard, his pistol in his hand for fear of the formidable dog, and ascended the steps with a resolute tread. He dealt a resounding double knock with the butt end of his shooting-iron, crying as he did so upon Enott Blake as a "dad-burned buzzard," to unlock the door or he would break it down. Suddenly it opened, and by the force of his expectant blow he fell forward into the hall; then it closed behind him with a bang that shook the house.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed an irate voice. "Jeemes, take his weepin'."

And albeit Tubal Sims stoutly held on to it, a scientific crack on the knuckles administered by a dapper light-haired young man caused the stiff old fingers to relax and yield the pistol to the custody of the law.

Tubal Sims confronted a tall, spare, vigorous man about forty-five years of age, with iron-gray hair worn with a certain straight lank effect and parted far on the side, a florid complexion and a bright yellowish-gray eye which delivered the kind of glance popularly held to resemble an eagle's. His look was very intent as he gazed in the twilight of the grimy hall at Tubal Cain Sims, who began to feel a quiver at the lack of recognition it expressed. To be sure, Tubal Sims knew that he had no acquaintance with the man, but somehow he had not counted on this total unresponsiveness to his claim upon the officer.

"I hev voted fur you uns fur sher'ff nine time out'n ten," he said, with the rancor of reproach for benefits conferred unworthily.

He stood with a very large majority of the enlightened citizens of the county. Enott Blake had been but recently re-elected, but if his canvass were to be made anew it is barely possible that he would have fancied he might have weathered it without the support of this ancient adherent. His

office was of the sort which is not compatible with any show of personal favor, and he resented the reminder of political services as an imputation.

"Well, ye have got a sheriff that knows what attempted housebreaking is," he said severely. "And unless ye can show a good reason for tryin' to break into that door, ye'll find ye have a sheriff that will take a power o' pains ye don't break out again soon."

Tubal Cain's face, all windblown and red with the sun, and rugged with hard grooved wrinkles, and nervous with the untoward complications of achieving an audience with the man he had ridden so far to see, was shattered from the congruity of his gravity into a sort of fragmentary laughter out of keeping with the light of anxiety in his eyes.

"Did ye ever hear of a man tryin' ter break inter a jail?" he demanded.

"I caught you doin' it to the best of your ability," returned the literal-minded sheriff.

Tubal Cain would have felt as if he were dreaming had it not been for sundry recollections of stories of the matter-of-fact tendencies of the officer which were far from reassuring. He felt that he could hardly have faced the situation had not the dapper round-visaged young deputy, whose blond hair curled like a baby's in tendrils on his red freckled forehead, glanced up at him with a jocose wink as he proceeded to draw the cartridges from the mountaineer's shooting-iron; the triumph of capture was still in his eye, while he lounged carelessly over the banisters of the staircase to evade the responsibility and labor of standing upright.

"Own up, daddy," he cavalierly admonished the elder. "Tell what you were aimin' to do. To rescue prisoners"—his superior snorted at the very word—"or rob us of our vally'bles?" The sheriff turned upon the deputy with a stare of inquiry as if wondering what these might be; then, vaguely apprehending the banter, said severely:

"Cuttin' jokes about your bizness, Jeemes, so constant, makes me 'feared it's a leetle bit too confin' for such a gay bird as you. Bar-keepin' in a saloon would fit your build better 'n the sort o' bar-keepin' we do here, I'm thinkin'."

Enott Blake might be laughed at on occasion, but he had a trick of making other men as serious as himself when he sought to play upon their foibles. The blond deputy's countenance showed that it had another and deeper tinge of red in its capacity; he came to the perpendicular suddenly as, without lifting his eyes, he continued to revolve the cylinder of the pistol and to draw the cartridges seriatim. He was but newly appointed, and zealous of the favor of his superior.

"I dunno how I could bear up, though," he said, with apology in the cadence of his voice, "if I didn't crack a joke wunst in a while, considering I'm just broke into harness."

"That's a fact," admitted the martial elder, visibly and solemnly placated. "Do you know what we were doin' while you yelled, an' capered, an' cut up them monkeyshines in front of the jail?" he de-

*A selected reading from *The Juggler*, by Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publishers; cloth, 12mo, \$1.25.

manded sternly, turning to Tubal Cain Sims. "We were cuttin' a man down that tried to hang himself."

"Suicidin'," put in the deputy, as if making a nice distinction between this voluntary suspension and the legal execution.

"An' we were bringin' the man to himself agin. Now, sir, what do you want, anyhow?"

"Ter git out—that's all; ter git out o' hyar!" exclaimed Tubal Sims, sickened with a ghastly horror of the presentment of the scene they had left, the walls that harbored it, the roof that sheltered it. Oh, for the free, pure mountain air, the wild untrodden lengths of the mountain wilderness, fresh with the sun and the dew, and the vigor of natural growths, and the sweet scent of woodland ways! As he cast up his eyes to the high window above the staircase he could have cried out aloud to see the bars, and he gazed at the door in a desperation that started the drops on his brow and brought the blood to his face, as if the intensity of his emotion had been some strong physical effort.

"What did you get in here for, then?" demanded the sheriff. "Most folks have to be fetched."

Tubal Cain Sims' heart failed him. Could it be possible that he had ever designed a fate like this for the man who had slept under his roof? He could not realize it. He refused to credit his cherished scheme; he felt that if once away from the paralyzing sight of the place, invention would rouse itself anew. Some other device would serve to rid the Cove of the man, and to frustrate his elopement with Euphemia. Tubal Sims was sure he could compass a new plan if once more he were free in the clear and open air.

The eagle eye of the sheriff marked the alert turning of Sims' head toward the door. "What did you come here for, then?" he again demanded.

With hot eyes glancing hither and thither like a wild thing's in a trap, Tubal Sims replied, with the inspiration of the moment, "I wanted ter view the man I hev voted fur so often an' so constant."

Now, the sheriff, like many other great men in their several places, had his vanity, and it is not hard to convince one who has been before the public eye that he fills that orb to the exclusion of any less worthy object. That Tubal Cain Sims should have journeyed fully thirty-five miles from the mountains to contemplate the resplendent dignity of the sheriff in his oft-resumed incumbency seemed possibly no disproportionate tribute to Enott Blake's estimate of his own merits. But this view, however flattering, was hardly compatible with the lordly manner in which the old mountaineer had beaten upon the door of the jail, and the imperative tones with which he had summoned forth the servant of the public who owed his high estate to the suffrages of him aided by the likes of him.

"No, no, my friend," he said, with a kindling of his keen eye which expressed a degree of ferocity, "you can't come it that-a-way on me. I'm a mighty fine man, I know, but folks ain't got to sech a pass yet as to break into jail for a glimpse of me. You don't get out of that door"—he nodded his head at it—"till you give me a reasonable reason for your extraordinary conduc'."

Tubal Cain Sims was silent. His hard old lips suddenly shut fast. His eyes gleamed with a dogged light. He would not speak, had he no will to speak, and the officer should see which could hold out the longest at this game. He remembered how often he had hearkened to the complaints of the preternatural quality of his obstinacy with which Jane Ann Sims had beguiled the conjugal way since, a quarter of a century ago, they had left the doorstep of Parson Greenought's house man and wife. Surely, if it had time and again vanquished Jane Ann Sims, how could the sheriff, a mere man, abide it? He had not, however, reckoned on certain means of compulsion which were not within the power of the doughty contestant for domestic supremacy.

There was no visible communication between the older officer, and the deputy when the young man said appealingly, "Ye won't need handcuffs, Mr. Blake? Leastwise, not till after we come from the justice's."

"Handcuffs!" screeched Tubal Sims, as violently cast out from the stronghold of his obstinate silence as if he had been hurtled thence by a catapult. "Ye hev got no right to handcuff me! I kem hyar of my own free will an' accord. I ain't no prisoner. Open that thar door," he continued, lowering his voice to a tone of command and turning majestically to the sheriff, "open that door, or I'll hev the law of ye."

"Not till I have had the law of you," replied the imperturbable functionary. "But, Jeemes"—he turned with a disaffected aside to his young colleague—"what d' ye go namin' irons for? 'Tain't polite to talk 'bout ironin' a man old enough to be your father!"

The deputy looked about in vague despair. He had but sought the effect upon the imagination of the mention of shackles, and indeed his words had potently affected the fancy of the only man in the room who possessed that illusive pictorial faculty. The stanch old mountaineer was all a-tremble. What would Jane Ann Sims think of this? He might have known that this journeying abroad in secret and without her advice would result disastrously! What indeed would Jane Ann Sims think of this?

"Open that door!" he vociferated. "Ye hev got no right ter detain ME!"

"What for not?" demanded the sheriff sternly. "What d'ye call this fixin'?" He opposed to Tubal Cain Sims' nose, with the trifling intervenient space of an inch, his own pistol.

"Shootin'-iron!" sputtered Tubal, squinting fearfully at it.

"Worn in defiance o' the law and to the terror o' the people," said the sheriff frowningly. "I have got to be indicted myself or arrest you on that charge. And I reckon you know you ain't got no right to carry concealed weapons."

"Ain't got no right ter w'ar a shootin'-iron!" exclaimed Tubal Sims, his eyes starting out of his head.

"Agin the law," said the deputy airily.

"Agin the law!" echoed Tubal Sims, his back against the wall, and his eyes turning first to one then to the other of his companions. "Lord! Lord! I never knowed afore how fur the flat-woods war

ahint the mountings! How air ye goin' ter pertec' yerself agin yer neighbor 'thout no shootin'-iron?" he asked cogently.

"By the law," said both officers in unison.

"Thar ain't no law in the mountings, thank Gawd!" cried Tubal Sims.

"There is law here," declared the sheriff, "and a plenty of it to go round."

"Thank Gawd!" echoed the pious deputy.

"Come, old man!" said the sheriff, "come in here an' set down an' sorter straighten out, an' tell me what in hell ailed ye to come bangin' on the jail door with a weepin' called a shootin'-iron till you git yourself arrested for crim'nal offense. Surely, surely, you have got *some* reason in you."

He flung open a door close at hand, and Tubal Cain Sims, his knees trembling under him, so great was the nervous reaction in his metamorphosis from the masterful accuser to the despairing accused, was ushered into a room which seemed to him dark despite the glare of sunlight that fell broadside half across the bare floor from two tall windows—a gaunt and haggard apartment suggestive of the intention of the building of which it was a part. These windows were not grated, but the fleckings of moving clouds barred the sunlight on the floor, and the mutter of thunder came renewed to the ear. The dust lay thick on the table in the centre of the room. A lounge covered with a startlingly gay quilt was in one corner, where Tubal Cain presumed the sheriff, in moments of fatigue which might be supposed to overpower even his stiff military figure in the deep midnight, slept with one eye open. A desk in the jamb by the fireplace held several bulky books, a large inkstand, a bag of fine-cut tobacco, a coarse glass tumbler, which had nothing in it but a rank smell of a strong grade of corn whisky, and a pipe half full of dead ashes, which the sheriff had hastily laid aside when summoned to the scene of the horrors perpetrated by a forlorn human being in the desperation of the fear of still greater horrors to come.

Tubal Cain Sims' mind, unaccustomed to morbid influences, could not detach itself from the idea. Despite his absorptions on his own account, he followed as an independent train of thought futile speculations as to where in the building this man might be—close at hand, and he felt a nervous thrill at the possible propinquity, or in some remote cell and out of hearing; what had he guiltily done, or was he falsely accused? Had he been really resuscitated, or had the potentialities of life merely flickered up like the spurious quickening of a failing candle before the moment of extinction, and was he even now, while the officers lingered here, dead again, and this time beyond recall; or would he not, left to his own devices, once more attempt his life? The old mountaineer could not forbear. He turned to the sheriff with an excited eye.

"Ain't ye 'feared he'll hang hisself ag'in?" he said huskily.

The officer stared. "Who?" he inquired, with knitted brow, as if he had forgotten the occurrence absolutely; then with renewing recollection, "You can bet your life he won't."

"Why not?" asked Sims, the clatter of his boots on the bare floor silent as he stopped short.

The deputy gave a fleeing laugh, ending in a "ki-yi" of the extremity of derision. He had flung himself into a chair, and, with his elbows on the table, looked up with a scornful grin at Tubal Cain Sims, who seemed to entertain solicitude as to the capacities for management and discipline of Enott Blake, famous as the veriest martinet of a drill-sergeant years before he ever saw the inside of Kildeer County jail.

This absurd officiousness, however, met with more leniency from the sheriff. Whether it was that, from his steady diet of commendation, his vanity could afford to dispense with such poor crumbs as Tubal Cain Sims might have it in his power to offer, or whether he was desirous of the emollient effects of indulgence to loosen his visitor's tongue, he apparently took no heed of this breach of the proprieties.

"He's all right now. You needn't have no anxiety 'bout him," he said, as if it were a matter of course to be brought to book in this way.

"He can't hurt himself nor any one else now," echoed the deputy, taking his cue.

Sims turned from one to the other inquiringly.

"Got him in a cage," said the sheriff grimly.

For one moment Tubal Cain Sims silently cursed his curiosity that had elicited this fact for his knowledge and provision for future nightmares. It was of the order of things that sets the natural impulses of humanity and sympathy adverse to all the necessities of law and justice. He stared at the two officers, as if they were monsters. Perhaps only his weapon, empty in the deputy's pistol-pocket, persuaded his apparent acquiescence.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, "that's powerful tur'ble, powerful tur'ble!"

The sheriff was no mind reader. He deemed that the allusion applied to the unjudicial hanging.

"Not so very," he said, seating himself in a splint-bottomed chair, and elevating his boots to the topmost bar of the rusty fireless grate. "'Tain't nigh so bad as havin' 'em fire the jail," he added gloomily. "They have played that joke on me five times. All this part o' the buildin' is new. Burnt span down the last time we had a fire."

"Take a chair, sir; take a chair," said the conformable deputy, perceiving that politeness had come to be the order of the day.

Tubal Sims, almost paralyzed by the number and character of the new impressions crowded upon his unaccustomed old brain, still stood staring from one to the other, his sunburned, grooved, lank-jawed face showing a sharp contrast with his shock of tow hair, which, having been yellow and growing partially gray, seemed to have reverted to the lighter tint that it had affected when he came into the world. His hat was perched on the back of his head, and now and then he reached up to readjust it there. His creased boots moved slowly forward with the jeans-clothed continuations above them. He doubtfully seized on the back of a chair, and, still gazing from one to the other of his companions, deposited himself with exaggerated caution on the stanch wooden seat as if he half expected it to collapse beneath him.

"Now," said the sheriff smoothly, "you are a sensible man, I know, an' I wish you well."

"How 'bout that thar pistol?" said Tubal Cain Sims, instantly presuming upon this expression of amity.

"I didn't make that law," said Enott Blake testily. "But I'm here to enforce it, and you'll find that I know my duty an' will do it."

Tubal Sims relapsed into his friendless despair. And once more the deputy essayed a new device.

He turned his round, red, freckled, good-natured face full upon the visitor across the table, and, pushing back his black hat from the blond tendrils that overhung his forehead like an overgrown infant's, he said, fixing a grave blue eye upon Tubal Sims: "You came here to tell us about some crime you've s'picioned."

The sheriff plucked up his faculties as if an inspiration had smitten him. "You were going to give us the names an' fac's as far as you knew or they had developed," he followed hard on the heels of the pioneering deputy.

"You caved after you got here, 'cause you wished the man no harm, and the sight o' the jail sorter staggered you," pursued the subordinate.

"But you had some personal motive," interjected the sheriff, suddenly solicitous for the verisimilitude of the sketch of the interior workings of Tubal Cain's astounded intellect. "It has to be a mighty plain, open case, with no s'picion 'bout it, when information ain't got some personal motive—justifiable, maybe, and without direct malice, but personal motive."

Tubal Cain Sims' head turned from one to the other with a pivotal action which was less suggestive of muscles than of machinery. His eyes were starting from beneath his shaggy, overhanging eyebrows. His lower jaw had dropped. Thus dangled before him, his own identity was as recognizable to him as to their divination. If he had had time to think, there might have seemed something uncanny in this facile meddling with the secrets of his inner consciousness, hardly so plain to his own prognosis as in their exposition, but moment by moment he was hurried on.

"Your personal motive in giving this information," continued the deputy, "is because you are afraid of the man."

"Not for myse'f," blurted out Tubal Sims. "Before Gawd, I'll swear, not for myse'f." He was all unaware of an impending disclosure of the facts that he had resolved to hide, since the horrors of the jail, the true, visible presentment of the abstract idea of imprisonment, had burst upon his shuddering realization. He had forgotten his caution. His obstinate reticence relaxed. All the manhood within him roused to the alarm of the possibility that these officers should impute to him fear of any man for his own sake. He lifted a trembling, stiffened old hand with a deprecatory gesture. "Jes' one—jes' one darter!" He lowered his voice in expostulation.

"One daughter!" echoed the sheriff in surprise.

"An' this hyar man wants to marry her, an' she is willin' ter marry him, an'—an' he spoke of runnin' away."

The sheriff's countenance changed. His face took on a perplexed and keenly inquisitive expression as he bent his brow as to a worthy mystery.

"You know a man can't be arrested for runnin' away with a young woman an' marryin' her," he expostulated. "You ain't such a fool as to think you can take the law to him to prevent that."

Tubal Cain Sims had perceived sub-acutely the acumen of both the officers, and was emulous of demonstrating his own intellectual gifts. The word "fool" is a lash that stings, and smarting he protested:

"The law would purvent it mighty quick by not waitin' fur him, ef he hed commit crimes."

"What'd he ever do?" demanded the sheriff incredulously. And the deputy sat very still and silent.

"I ain't keerin' ter know whut he done!" he as-servated, led on by the non-compliant look of the other. "I know he done somewhut; an' Phemie ain't goin' ter be 'lowed ter marry no evildoer an' crim'nal agin the law."

The pause that ensued was unbroken, while the thunder rolled anew, and the dashing of the water of the surly black creek at the foot of the hill came to their ears. The sunshine on the floor faded out suddenly and all at once, and the murky gray light was devoid of any lingering shimmer. If the deputy breathed, he did not hear the heaving of his own chest, so still he was.

The sheriff, having allowed in vain a goodly margin for continuance, went on abruptly: "That's the way you fellows, with no sense of the obligations of the law, carry on. You have got no information to give. You have got some personal motive, an' that's the way to get an officer into trouble—false arrests an' charges of stirrin' up strife an' such like—an' it's personal motive always. I'll bet this man o' yourn ain't committed no crime," and he turned his calm gray eyes on Tubal Cain Sims, seated in the midst of his consciousness of a fool errand to the great county town. Mortified pride surged to his face in a scarlet flood, and vehement argument rose to his lips.

"Why can't he sleep quiet nights in his bed, then?" he retorted. "Why do he holler out so pitiful, fit ter split yer heart, in his sleep: 'What can I do? For his life—his life—his life! Oh, what can I do—for his life—his life—his life!'"

The wind came surging against the windows with a sudden burst of fury, and the sashes rattled. As the gust passed to the different angles of the house, the sound of other shaking casements came from the rooms above and across the hall, dulled with the distance, till a single remote vibration of glass and wood told that even in the furthest cells the inmates of this drear place might share the gloomy influences of the storm, though fair weather meant little to them, and naught the sweet o' the year. A yellow flash, swift and sinister, illumined the dull, gray room, that reverted instantly into gloom, and, as if the lightning were resolved into rain, the windows received a fusillade of hurtling drops, and then their dusty, cobwebbed panes were streaked with coursing rivulets mingling together here and there as they ran.

The sheriff sat silently awaiting further disclosures, his eyes on the window, his guarded thoughts elsewhere. "The same words every night?" he asked at last.

"The same words every night," repeated Tubal Cain reluctantly, as if making an admission.

"Oh, you can't arrest a man for talking in his sleep," put in the deputy, with the air of flouting the whole revelation as a triviality; and he yawned with much verisimilitude, showing a very red mouth inside and two rows of stanch white teeth.

"I ain't sech a fool ez that, Mr. Dep'ty," snarled Tubal Sims raucously; "but puttin' sech ez that tergether with a pale face an' blue circles round the eyes in the mornin', o' the stronges', finest-built, heartiest young rooster I ever seen in my life—he could fling you or the sher'ff from hyar clean acrost that creek—an' layin' on the ruver bank day arter day fishin' with no bait on his hook—a layin' thar, with his hat over his eyes, day arter day, an' his eyes looked ez tormented ez—ez a deer I shot wunst ez couldn't git up ter run an' couldn't hurry up an' die in time, an' jes' laid thar an' watched me an' the dogs come up. An' this man's eyes looked jes' like that deer's—an' I never let the dogs worry him, but jes' whipped out my knife an' cut his throat."

After silently eyeing the rain still turbulently dashing against the windows, the sheriff said reflectively, "Don't ye think, Mr.—Mr.— I disremember your name?"

"Sims—Tubal Cain Sims," replied the owner of that appellation.

"Oh, yes; Mr. Sims. Don't you think the feller's jest a leetle lazy? There's no law against laziness, thought it needs legislation, being a deal more like the tap-root of evil than what money is—though I don't set up my views against the Good Book."

"'Pears like 'twarn't laziness, which may be a sin, but makes men fat, an' ez long ez the pot holds out ter bile, happy. This man warn't happy nor fat, an' looked like the devils hed thar home with him."

"Where did he come from, and what's his name?"

"He 'lowed, one day, from Happy Valley; but he didn't know whar Happy Valley war. An' he talks like a town man, an' reads a power, an' tells tales ez Phemie says air out o' books; an' he gin a show—"

"A show?" the sheriff interrupted.

"A juggling show," pursued Tubal Sims, in higher feather since they no longer dissimulated their absorption in these details. "He calls hisse'f a juggler, though his name is John Leonard."

"What's he live on?" demanded the sheriff.

"The money he made at his show. He 'lowed ter gin more shows, but the church folks gin it out ez he war in league with Satan, an' threatened to dump him in the ruver, so he quit jugglin'—"

"What sort of lookin' man is he?" interrupted the sheriff. He cast a glance at the deputy, who unobtrusively began to busy himself with pen, ink and paper, and was presently scribbling briskly as Tubal Cain Sims sought to describe the stranger.

"He looks some like a mountain feller now," he said. "He paid my wife ter make him some clothes; but shucks," his eye kindling with the glow of discursive reminiscence, "the clothes he kem thar in war a sight fur the jay-birds—leetle pants ez kem down no furdern that, an' long stockin's like a gal's, an' no mo' 'shamed of 'em 'n I am o' my coat-

collar; a striped black-an'-red coat he hed on, an' long, p'inted reddish shoes." He paused to laugh, while a glance of fiery excitement and significance shot from the eyes of one officer into those of the other.

Far better than Tubal Sims they knew how to place the wearer of this sophisticated costume. For although their bailiwick was the compass of the county, their official duties carried them occasionally to neighboring cities and their suburbs; and while rolling so rapidly was not conducive to gathering moss for personal embellishment, it afforded opportunity for observation not altogether thrown away. This man was out of place—a wanderer, evidently; but whether a fugitive from justice remained to be proved.

And while Tubal Cain Sims talked convulsively on, hardly realizing whither his reminiscences led, the expert penman was quietly noting down all the personal traits of poor Lucien Royce—his height, his weight, his size, the color of his hair and eyes, the quality of his complexion, the method of his enunciation, and the polish of his manner—all in the due and accepted form of advertisement for criminals, minus the alluring sum offered for their apprehension by the Governor of the State.

Tubal Cain Sims did not note the cessation of the scraping of the pen, but the sheriff did, and it was within a few moments that he said: "Well, Mr. Sims, this offers no ground for arrestin' the man. But I'll give you a piece of advice, don't let him know of your errand here, or he'll take French leave of you and take the girl with him. I can't arrest him for you—but, as I have some business up that way, I may come over soon an' look after him myself. Say nothin', though, about that, or you'll lose your daughter. Say nothin' to nobody, and I'll see you before long." Then suddenly leaving the subject, with a briskening style he turned to the deputy: "Jeemes, take Mr. Sims before a magistrate—Squair Purdy, I'd recommend—on a charge of carrying weepens with the intent o' goin' armed. Let him know, though, Mr. Sims, 'twas in ignorance of the law, and a-travelin'. Remind him that the code says the statute is to be liberally construed. And remember that Jeemes can't swear that old army pistol was concealed on no account. I don't b'lieve Jeemes kin make out a case agin ye. Squair Purdy is mighty lenient."

"Ain't you uns goin'?" quavered Mr. Sims, distrustful the tender mercies of the facetious James.

"No, sir," replied the sheriff, now far away in the contemplation of other matters. "Jeemes, go to the telephone and ring up the cap'n in Knoxville. I want to speak with him."

It only seemed a great babbling of a little bell in the grim twilight of the hall of the jail as the deputy piloted Tubal Cain Sims out of the door which had so obdurately closed on him. And how should his ignorance conceive that within three minutes the chief of police in Knoxville was listening to the description of poor Lucien Royce, given by the sheriff of Kildeer County, and trying for his life to reconcile its dissimilarities with the physical traits of various missing malefactors sadly wanted by the police in divers localities?

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*The March Frosts.....Evelleen Stein.....One Way to the Woods**

The little leaves that tip the trees
 With palest greenery everywhere,
 O bitter nights, that blight and freeze,
 And hurtling winds, and icy air,
 Forbear! Forbear!
 Have you no tenderness for these,
 Nor any care?

No pity for the buds that break
 And fringe the maples, rosy red,
 The starting apple-sprays, that make
 A silver fretwork overhead?
 When these are dead,
 How shall the April for their sake
 Be comforted?

Oh, all my heart is full of pain!
 The hurt they feel is hurt to me!
 The helpless little leaves! I fain
 Would cherish them so tenderly,
 It might not be
 Such cruel grief should fall again
 On any tree!

I would that I could gently fold
 Against my breast, for sheltering,
 Each tiniest bud the peach-boughs hold,
 And every gracious burgeoning
 Of everything;
 So fondling them, through frost and cold,
 Until the spring!

A 'Nine Days' Wonder.....Lillian E. Knapp.....Independent

All day he lay with solemn eyes,
 Set in a tiny, wrinkled face;
 Or slept and dreamed of Paradise,
 So late his dwelling-place.

The world, a monster show, moved by,
 New forms, strange faces every hour;
 Sometimes the pageant made him cry,
 And then he knew his power.

Nine days the wonder of the world
 Went on before his solemn eyes;
 Then, like a leaf the wind has whirled,
 He drifted back to Paradise.

Homesick.....Clinton Scollard.....Chap-Book

Here, within Winter's white domain,
 I am as one who has no place,
 For all the diverse ways contain
 No fair familiar face.

My old-time comrades—bees and birds,
 The little leaves that love the sun,
 With their companionable words,
 Alas, I hear not one!

Not one!—and to my aching heart,
 As through this spectral realm I roam,
 Comes the inexorable smart—
 The wander-cry for home.

O Summer, hearken, I implore,
 You with the eyes benign and mild;
 To your caressing arms once more
 Take back your homesick child!

Night in the City.....Charles G. D. Roberts.....Criterion

To Her, when life was little worth,
 When hope a tide run low,
 Between dim shores of emptiness,
 Almost forgot to flow—

*Copeland & Day.

Faint with the city's fume and stress
 I came at night to Her;
 Her cool white fingers on my face—
 How wonderful they were!

More dear they were to fevered lids
 Than lilies cooled in dew;
 They touched my lips with tenderness
 Till life was born anew.

The city's clamor died in calm,
 And once again I heard
 The moon-white woodland stillnesses
 Enchanted by a bird;

The wash of far-remembered waves;
 The sigh of lapsing streams;
 And one old garden's lilac leaves
 Conferring in their dreams.

A breath from childish daisy fields
 Came back to me again,
 Here in the city's weary miles
 Of city-wearied men.

Waiting....Lucius Harwood Foote...On the Heights (Royercoft Printing Shop)

I hear his footstep on the stair,
 My heart responds with quickened beat,
 As to my ear the sound-waves bear
 The eager accent of his feet.

Oh heart! my heart, canst thou gainsay
 The hope that echoes in his tread;
 He comes to woo and win to-day,
 To-morrow he may come to wed.

*When Youth Is Gone.....Albion Fellows Bacon.....Songs Ysamer**

How can we know when youth is gone—
 When age has surely come at last?
 There is no marked meridian
 Through which we sail, and feel when past

A keener air our faces strike,
 A chillier current swifter run;
 They meet and glide like tide with tide,
 Our youth and age, when youth is done.

A Dream Day.....Catherine Rush.....Omaha Bee

Let us go forth to the old wood
 Where oaks the storms of years have stood,
 Their russet trunks with moss o'erlaid,
 The whitethorn blossoming in the shade.
 We'll steal from time a truant day,
 As winsome as the early May,
 Mature as summer's fruitful prime
 And golden as the autumn time.

Let us go forth—and thou and I
 Shall greet the morn, ere yet the sky
 Is mellowed from its transient hue
 Into a fairer deepening blue.
 Why, in these later years, it seems
 The springtide lost its best loved dreams
 Through darker moods, but just to-day
 The birds will sing their old-time lay.

Let us go forth! Illusions bring
 A peace the seraphs may not sing;
 On, on, into the summer noon.
 And reach the prime—perhaps too soon
 There shall we find the fern-wreathed brook
 And thou wilt read thy favored book—
 A summer rest for thee and me,
 Just as of yore 'twas wont to be.

*L. C. Page & Company.

Let us go forth when day is done,
And early sinks the autumn sun;
Through fields where unbound wheat doth lie,
Where poppies droop and swallows fly.
And in the forest deep's grown sear
(For the sake of years that have been dear),
Thou'lt say, as in that autumn past,
Thou lov'st but me, the first—the last.

"I Journeyed South to Meet the Spring".....Robert Underwood Johnson*

I journeyed South to meet the Spring,
To feel the soft tide's gentle rise
That to my heart again should bring,
Foretold by many a whispering wing,
The old, the new, the sweet surprise.

For once, the wonder was not new—
And yet it wore a newer grace:
For all its innocence of hue,
Its warmth and bloom and dream and dew,
I had but left—in Helen's face.

The Wind in the Evergreens.....S. E. Kiser.....Cleveland Leader

When the drifted snow has hidden
Roads and fences from the sight,
And the moon floats through the heavens
Like a frozen thing, at night,
Flooding all the frigid stretches with a ghostly, bluish
light,

I like to lie and conjure
Up old half-forgotten scenes,
As the savage wind goes howling
Through the sighing evergreens.

There's a cottage I remember,
With an orchard in the rear;
There's a winding pathway leading
To a spring that bubbles near—

Ah, the dipper that I drank from bears the rust of many
a year!—

There's a peach tree near the window
Of the room where oft I lay
In the long ago, and listened
To the wild wind howl away.

When a range of snowy mountains
Stretch along the winding lane;
When the gently sloping meadow
Has become an icy plain,
What a joy it is to snuggle under quilts and counterpane,
And hear the peach tree creaking,
At the corner where it leans,
While the wind goes madly shrieking
Through the mourning evergreens.

When the ruminating cattle
Stand in bedding to their knees;
When the sheep are warmly sheltered,
When the horses are at ease,
And the kittens in the kitchen are as happy as you please—
When father's work is ended,
And mother sits and sews,
There's a wondrous mystic music
In the angry wind that blows.

Ah, the rambling little sheepfold's
Weatherbeaten, so they say;
The horses are no longer
Munching at the fragrant hay—
Beneath the old-style kitchen stove no happy kittens
play . . .

And, out behind the village church,
A mossy gravestone leans
Above two mounds o'er which the wind
Sighs through the evergreens.

*Songs of Liberty and Other Poems, The Century Co.

The Child Alone.....Rosamund Marriott Watson.....Scribner's Magazine

They say the night has fallen chill—
But I know naught of mist or rain,
Only of two small hands that still
Beat on the darkness all in vain.

They say the wind blows high and wild
Down the long valleys to the sea;
But I can only hear the Child,
Who weeps in darkness, wanting me.

Beyond the footfalls in the street,
Above the voices of the bay,
I hear the sound of little feet,
Two little stumbling feet astray.

Oh, loud the autumn wind makes moan,
The desolate wind about my door.
And a little child goes all alone
Who never was alone before.

Song.....Francis W. Bourdillon.....Minuscule

The storm is dying with the day,
And crimson fringes fret the gray;
The shifting clouds show lakes of blue,
And in the West the sun looks through.

Listen, through all the woods is plain
The music of melodious rain,
And from the oak the blackbird's psalm
Hushes the weeping woods to calm.

O Nature, whom thy children trust,
Mother of myriads, it is just!
My grief has had thy tears awhile,
Smile now for others who can smile!

My Mother.....Mary Augusta Mason.....With the Seasons*

Some one I love comes back to me
With every gentle face I see—
Beneath each wave of soft gray hair
I see my own dear mother there;
With every kindly glance and word
It seems as if I must have heard
Her speak, and felt her tender gaze
With all the love of olden days.
Then I am moved to take her hand,
And tell her now I understand
How tired she grew beneath the strain
Of feeling every loved one's pain;
No further burdens could she bear,
The promise of that land more fair
Alone could tempt her from her child;
And now if I could keep her here,
No sacrifice would be too dear.

No tempered winds for her too mild;
Then I would smooth and kiss her face
And by her side take my old place
And sob my years and cares away.
I think if I could feel her touch
Once more, it would not matter much
How sunny or how dark the day;
The tears I have so long repressed
Would lose their ache upon her breast.

I love each mother that I see
That brings my own so near to me;
For thought I never more may frame
Upon my lips that hallowed name
To any one who will draw me near
And answer me with warm caress—
As long as there are mothers here,
No child can be quite motherless.

*A. D. F. Randolph Company.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Anti-Semitism in Russia.....Arnold White.....Contemporary Review

In 1891 the late Baron de Hirsch founded the Jewish Colonization Association, which, before his death, was already endowed by him with some two millions sterling. As his agent it fell to my lot to visit Russia on several occasions for the purpose of arranging with the government the terms and conditions on which the association should be allowed to carry on its operations. In the course of these visits an opportunity was gained for studying the Jewish question in all parts of the Empire wherever the Hebrew population was settled. No Englishman—although a mere paid agent, as I was—could pass through such experiences without acquiring a profound and lasting interest in the Jewish question, and feeling a keen desire to do anything to help the Russian Jews. . . . It was under these circumstances that I resolved to revisit Russia on my own account with the object of discovering at first hand the present attitude of the government towards the Jewish subjects of the young Tsar, and of trying to shed further light upon a question that seems insoluble, unless either the Jews are exterminated or the Russian nation is destroyed. . . .

The condition of the Jews of the Pale, as shown by the evidence of my own eyes, and more recently by the documentary evidence I took with me to Russia, might seem at first sight to justify the charge of barbarity. . . . It must not be supposed, however, that because the condition of the Jews in Russia is deplorable, the Russians have no case of their own to support an anti-Semitic policy and to justify its results. When in St. Petersburg I had long interviews both with M. Pobedonostzeff and with the Minister of the Interior, M. Goremykine, and I was more than ever impressed with the hopeless nature of the problem confronting the Tsar's ministers. It is easy for irresponsible writers like myself to be sorry for the poor Jews, and still easier to condemn offhand Russian methods of dealing with the Jewish difficulty. Few critics of Russian statesmanship, however, have ever put themselves in the place of those they condemn. Let us look at the facts through Russian spectacles. Russia inherited the Jewish question when she absorbed her share of Poland. Whether that act was wise or foolish, it was not the act of this generation. The Polish Jews are so prolific a race that even the marvelous growth of population among the Orthodox, as revealed by the late census, is greatly exceeded by the rate at which the Jews of the Empire are increasing. Russian statesmen, moreover administer for the Tsar an Empire, the inhabitants of which are not developed in civilization. Not to put too fine a point upon it, 80,000,000 Russians have no more education than the horses they attach to their wooden ploughs. These people, if ignorant, are faithful, industrious, and devoted to their Tsar and their country. The Jews, on the other hand—I am giving the Russian view—are not faithful. They detest Russian people, and feed on them as parasites exist upon a living host. The Jews, again, dislike manual labor; and, so long as they

can act as middlemen, or exploit the vices of the peasantry by pandering to their baser passions they will not voluntarily engage in manual labor. It is no answer to this charge to plead that confinement in Ghettos for nigh 2,000 years has eliminated from Jewish blood the taste for open air and for hard work. Statesmen have to deal with what exists, not to speculate on what might have been if something had happened which, as a matter of fact, never did happen. The problem thus presented to Russian statesmen is not so simple as it looks to Western philanthropists. The incontestable intellectual superiority, temperance, and assiduity of the Russian Jew are such that if all careers were thrown open to him a decade would not elapse before he had Judaized the whole Russian administration. What Russian ministry in its senses could permit their country to commit suicide by handing over its control and management to the small Jewish minority? Yet no less than this is involved in the antidotes of education and equality so glibly prescribed by Western writers who criticise the Russian political system. It may be that Russia ought to grant equality and education to her Jews. It is certain that she will do nothing of the kind; and that it is not barbarity, but the instinct of self-preservation, that dictates a policy by which the Jews must be kept ignorant, pent up in the Pale, and treated as potential insurrectionaries. More than this, I am not at all clear that if the circumstances were the same—an ignorant and credulous population, and 6,000,000 of Jews to live on them—that Ministers of France or England would act very differently from M. Goremykine. Certainly the Russian nation supports the Russian Minister in pursuing the anti-Semitic line of policy; and the rich Western Jews tacitly sanctioned this policy when they guaranteed the last loan of £16,000,000 without insisting on conditions as to the treatment of their poorer brethren in Eastern Europe.

If it be impossible to accord equality or education to the Jews, their extermination is equally impracticable at the end of the nineteenth century. Moreover, whatever may be said by careless or interested observers, the Russians are as kindly a people as the English. Persecution of the Jews for its own sake strikes them as futile. Connivance in Jew-baiting is not only punishable, but is severely punished, as a good many of those who were concerned in the pillage of the Schpola Jews in April last have learned to their dismay. Since equality and extermination are alternatives equally impracticable, and colonization does not even absorb the natural increase in the Jewish population, the problem to Russian eyes is hopelessly insoluble. Possibly the facts of the case are not so fully known in Russian administrative spheres as is generally believed; and perhaps an Anglo-Indian or Egyptian administrator might successfully deal with the Jewish question on different lines. Of this I am convinced: there is no desire or intention to treat the Jews more hardly than circumstances demand; but upon two things the Government are firm. They will not permit the Jews as a body to

come into contact with the bulk of the Russian people, and they will not sign their own death warrants by permitting more Jews to cultivate their intellects than are required as dentists, architects, doctors, and a few other useful professions. Outside the four corners of those conditions the welfare of the Jewish population is the object of genuine concern.

The plain English of the situation is this: Centuries of repression have wrought extensive changes in the moral characteristics of the Jews in Eastern Europe. Among them are individuals of high character; but sordid cares, habitual want, and hopelessness have blunted the better senses of the majority, as would be the case with any of us. We in England can see this for ourselves in the magistrates' courts of East London, where recent arrivals among the Russian Jews arrange their quarrels, and display the unlovable characteristics which, on the question of the Jews, range the Russian people by the side of their rulers. Spiritual assassination is the price the Jews have paid for their part in the greatest tragedy of all history, and the moral defects imparted to Russian Hebrews are too conspicuous for practical statesmanship to ignore. Accordingly, while the Russian Empire now comprises 8,644,100 English square miles, the Jews are compulsorily herded in fifteen provinces of the western border. No such compliment of fear was ever paid by one branch of the human race to another. A Jew may not farm or become a miller, a fisherman, or a gardener. The traditions of the day when Israel was an agricultural theocracy are dim. In Russia the leasing or purchase of land by Jews is forbidden. Since the numbers of the Muscovite Hebrews are largely increasing, notwithstanding the contrary opinion expressed by M. Soubotin, it is clear that a tragedy is brewing in the cities of the Pale. Already the distress in such places as Homel and Berdicheff is appalling. It is increasing. Sooner or later Europe will be startled by a catastrophe. The Jewish problem in Russia and Roumania is one that concerns every nation in Europe, and its solution cannot always be relegated to the future. These is reason to believe that the Russian Government welcomes light thrown on the dark enigma from whatever quarter it may come, and would further any serious efforts to remove the Jews to other lands. Zionist proposals of a professional pessimist and of a theorist whose experience of practical colonization does not invest his opinions with weight, cannot be at present included among the practical measures of relief. Combination among the great Jewish capitalists of Europe and America for the benefit of their co-religionists, without compulsion from outside, is in the last degree unlikely. They are too rich, too comfortable, and too busy to solve the knotty problem for themselves, and since they have let slip the golden opportunity offered by Russian financial necessities, it is not likely that they will voluntarily associate to grapple with the question in a far more difficult form, unless public opinion is too strong for them.

Only one thing remains. An international conference on the Jewish question, convoked for the purpose of aiding both Russia and her Hebrew

population, would focus European and American opinion, and both reveal the enormous difficulties of the situation and the impossibility of leaving it alone. The greatest man of the century, in the zenith of his fame, foresaw, with the prophetic insight of supreme genius, that the settlement of the Jewish question was only second in importance to the predominance of France. On the 9th of February, 1807, Napoleon convened a Jewish Sanhedrin. It met under the presidency of Rabbi David Sintzheim, of Strasbourg, with a Piedmontese rabbi and an Italian ex-legislator as first and second assessors. Napoleon's downfall unfortunately dated from the convocation of his sanhedrin, but he had not failed to note that the intellectual aristocracy of the human race waxed mighty and multiplied notwithstanding persecution, and that their influence in the countries in which they settled was out of all proportion to their numbers. For three-quarters of a century the Jewish question slumbered, until Bismarck had settled German unity, and by his anti-Semitic policy raised this Jewish question once more to the front rank. The question of the Jews became the burning question of the day. Since 1880 it has been one that admits of no half-measures by individual nations. Were England to take the lead in issuing an invitation to the Great Powers to send representatives to a European conference, the path would lie open to an understanding with Russia on the one matter which affects her interests and her reputation even more than the settlement of the Pacific question or the development of her Turkish policy. Such a conference would pour a fierce light on the strength and resources of the Jewish community, and would inspire them with an adequate sense of their irresistible power if they chose to exert it. They would see the dawn of Jewish regeneration, of which Isaiah prophesied and Napoleon dreamed.

Unless the spectre of anti-Semitism raised by Bismarck be laid by international agreement, revolution in the near or distant future seems to be unavoidable. It is for England to take the lead.

The Inventor of the Springfield Rifle.....Macon Telegraph

Few people know that the inventor of the famous Springfield rifle and the first breech-loading cannon lies buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, Macon, Ga., yet such is the case, as official record will prove.

Hiram H. Herrington was perhaps the greatest inventor of guns the world has ever known, as nearly all of those now in use in this and foreign countries, either cannon or small firearms, are only improvements on his ideas; and had he been less of a patriot and more of a money lover, those of his family now alive would be rolling in wealth. But he cared little for money, and nothing for fame. His great mind was devoted to the advancement of the higher mechanics, mainly for his own gratification at being able to serve his country. The archives at Washington alone can tell of Mr. Herrington's skill as an inventor and mechanic, and it seems strange that historians have overlooked a man of such great genius, and especially one who had done so much for the good of his country. Many people are to-day reaping the rich rewards

of this man's work, while others are enjoying the honor of his inventions.

Mr. Herrington was born at Springfield, Mass., in 1818, and died suddenly while at work in his shop at Macon, August 26, 1887. When four years of age he moved with his parents to Harper's Ferry. At the age of thirteen he entered the United States Armory, located at Harper's Ferry, as an apprentice, and after serving his time made and invented the first and original twist drill machine. This machine attracted widespread attention, and was soon in general use, although the inventor received little if any benefit from it, except that it brought him promotion, and he was soon made master mechanic and draughtsman. While holding this important position he was ordered by ex-Governor Floyd, who was at that time Secretary of War, to make from his own plans the first breech-loading cannon in this country. The Secretary had examined Mr. Herrington's plans and models, and decided that they were practical and valuable. It was in this gun that the firing-pin, or plunger, now in use in nearly all the small arms, was first employed, and gunmaking was at once practically revolutionized. This was adopted by the United States Government, and in 1866 or 1867 the Government entered extensively into the manufacture of the present breech-loading muskets and rifles, which it has kept up with improvements ever since. After this first gun had been put to a severe test and found to be all that was expected of it, Mr. Herrington received orders from the Secretary of War to manufacture a breech-loading brass cannon out of an old field-piece that was sent from Washington. The design and principles of this gun were the same as are now used by the Government in the manufacture of all large and small cannon.

In addition to the guns mentioned, Mr. Herrington made many valuable designs for the Government, notably the muzzle-loading minie musket, which every soldier in the late war knew as the Springfield rifle. This gun was first invented and built at Harper's Ferry by Mr. Herrington, but the Government, recognizing its value, had duplicate drafts made and sent to Springfield, Mass., where the guns were manufactured in much larger numbers; and after the armory at Harper's Ferry was abandoned, the manufacture of the guns was continued at Springfield, which gave them their name; but the official records will show that Mr. Herrington was the inventor and first manufacturer of them. Even drafts of all the tools, etc., used in manufacturing the gun, were sent to Springfield.

When the war between the States came on, Mr. Herrington cast his fortunes with the South and resigned his very lucrative position with the United States Government, although strongly urged to remain. Had he consented to remain he could have commanded any salary he might have named, as his worth to either side was absolutely incalculable.

The Confederate States Government first sent him to Fayetteville, N. C., where he established and built an arsenal and started the manufacture of the minie muskets for the use of the Southern soldiers. When this arsenal was in good working order he was transferred by the Ordnance Department to Macon, and arrived here in 1863. Here

he was made master mechanic and draughtsman in the manufacture of machinery and tools for making small arms, and was thus engaged when the war closed.

Chinese Censors.....Blackwood's

It has been wittily remarked that under the Censorate in China every official, and even the Emperor himself, is "in the presence of a chronic day of judgment." This aptly describes the effect of a system which is one of the many institutions which differentiate China from the rest of the world. Its conception is so strange that we look with curiosity for some authentic record of its working; and in the pages of the Peking Gazette, through which the utterances of the censors are alone made public, we find ample and strange materials by which we are able to judge of the functions and the practice of these guardians of the public morals. Their practice, it is true, is not always to be admired, but the first thing that strikes the reader of their memorials to the throne is the extreme boldness of their utterances. From the highest to the lowest, from the Emperor down to the meanest policeman, all come under their lash, and surprise is naturally excited that in so corrupt an officialdom as that of China, men should be found brave enough to hold up the faults and shortcomings of superior officers, in whose hands rests the power of making life a dismal burden to all who come under their ban.

Like most institutions in China, the censorate is consecrated by tradition, and has been handed down from time immemorial as an outcome of the wisdom of the ancient sages. Certainly at the time when David reigned in Jerusalem the system was in full force, and through all the changes and chances of the dynastic revolutions which have supervened it has been preserved as a sacred heritage. As at present constituted, the office of censors at Peking consists of two presidents, one a Manchu and one a Chinese, the provincial viceroys and six resident vice-presidents, with whom are associated the provincial governors. Besides these there are twenty-four supervising censors whose duty it is to revise the decisions of the six Boards of Government. These all have their headquarters at Peking, while fifty-six detached censors are distributed over the eighteen provinces of the empire, whose duty it is to roam over the country scenting out abuses, and a still further number are employed as superintendents of police for the five divisions of the city and suburbs of Peking.

According to the statutes of the empire, the censors are intrusted with "the duty of supervising the manners and customs of the people, of investigating all public offices within and without the capital, of discriminating between the good and bad administration of business, and between the depravity and uprightness of the mandarins." To this it is added that "each should take the lead in uttering his sentiments and reproofs, so that the mandarins may be spurred on to greater diligence in the discharge of their duties, and that the Government of the empire might be rendered secure." These powers, it will be admitted, are sufficient to cover every species of faultfinding, and it is to the credit of the Chinese Government that so long as the censors

do not obviously trump up cases, and so long as they conduct themselves with decorum and without arrogance, they find the protection necessary to secure them against the consequences of their denunciations. Even when their claims for protection clash with the interests of superior officials, they are allowed full latitude to make the charges which they esteem it their duty to bring forward; and although their recommendations are not in all cases adopted, their representations, as a rule, are given effect to, if not directly, yet with equal certainty, by means of the circuitous contrivances common to Chinese official administration.

That the duties of the censors are multifarious the above extracts from the imperial statutes show; and that the powers confided to them are freely employed is proved by the pages of the Peking Gazette, where we find that with perfect impartiality the highest dignitaries as well as the meanest subjects of the crown are alike denounced.

That the censors do good work by exposing abuses cannot be denied. In the flood of iniquity that overflows the land they are powerless to do more than expose here and there some few of the evils which afflict the people of that distressful country. When one reads of such a case as the following, which, affecting as it does the officials of the Board of Punishments, is of obvious importance, it is gratifying to know that there exists a body of men who, though they may only bring to light one case of oppression and wrong in a thousand, are yet capable of serving the ends of justice and mercy to that degree. The president of the Board of Punishments reported to the Emperor that a woman had committed suicide by cutting her throat while being examined as a witness in the judgment hall of the board. Nothing further would have been said to the matter had not Censor Hsi memorialized the throne, stating "that the woman, whose evidence was of a very damaging character, was forced to make away with herself by her judges, who had been bribed to act thus by an influential family implicated in the matter." The edict published in response ordered a strict investigation to be made into the circumstances of the case. The unsatisfactory part of such investigations is, that if the accused be either sufficiently wealthy to satisfy the avarice of the commissioners, or sufficiently well connected to make those officials shrink from bringing in a true bill against him, he is apt to escape all punishment, or at worst to be removed to another post. The censorate is unquestionably and unfortunately a feeble instrument; but it is better than nothing, and until an honest system of administration is introduced into the country we may well be thankful that it exists.

The Legend of the Dipper.....New York Dispatch

There is a pretty story which tells how the seven stars came to form the dipper.

Once in a country far away the people were dying of thirst. There had been no rain for months. The rivers and springs and brooks had all dried up. The plants and flowers had withered and dried. The birds were so hoarse they could not sing. The whole land was sad and mournful. One night after the stars had come out, a little girl with a tin dipper

in her hand crept quietly out of a house and went into a wood near by. Kneeling down under a tree, she folded her hands and prayed that God would send rain, if it were only enough to fill her little dipper. She prayed so long that at last she fell asleep. When she awoke she was overjoyed to find her dipper full of clear, cool water.

Remembering that her dear mother was ill and dying of thirst, she did not even wait to moisten her parched lips, but taking up her dipper she hurried home. In her haste she stumbled, and, alas! dropped her precious cup. Just then she felt something move in the grass beside her. It was a little dog, who, like herself, had almost fainted for want of water. She lifted her dipper, and what was her surprise to find that not a drop had been spilled. Pouring out a few drops on her hand she held it out for the dog to lick. He did so, and seemed much revived, but as she poured out the water the tin dipper had changed to one of beautiful silver. Reaching home as soon as possible she handed the water to the servant to give it to her mother.

"Oh," said her mother, "I will not take it. I shall not live, anyhow. You are younger and stronger than I."

As she gave the servant the dipper it changed into shining gold. The servant was just about to give each person in the house a spoonful of the precious water when she saw a stranger at the door. He looked sad and weary and she handed him the dipper of water. He took it, saying:

"Blessed is he that gives a cup of cold water in His Name."

A radiance shone all about him and immediately the golden dipper became studded with seven sparkling diamonds. Then it burst forth into a fountain, which supplied the thirsty land with water. The seven diamonds rose higher until they reached the sky, and there changed into bright stars, forming the "Great Dipper," telling the story of an unselfish act.

Facts About Human Life.....Great Thoughts

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. To 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100, six reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in 600 lives to eighty years. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these, 33,033,033 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute, or one every second. The married are longer-lived than the single, and above all those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor, previous to fifty years of age, than men have, but fewer afterward. The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to 1,000 individuals. Those born in the spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day; also deaths. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

The Mexican Hacienda.....A Microcosmic Community.....Modern Mexico

The lands of Mexico are held in large tracts, which represents the old grants of the viceroys to the soldiery and nobility of the country. This system of land ownership in a measure resembles the feudal system of Europe. The great haciendas embrace miles of territory and thousands of acres of fertile land. Some of them have as many inhabitants as a city. The feudal lord in the days of chivalry was hardly more a prince than is the Mexican hacendado of to-day. Until the days of railroads, the means of communication between the haciendas and the surrounding country and cities was by stage or horseback, and the interchange of commodities was effected by means of pack trains. These difficulties discouraged trade and stimulated the production on the land of everything required by its owner and attachés. The Mexican hacienda is a world within itself. Cotton, wool, sugar, coffee, wheat, corn, beans, oranges, lemons, bananas, pineapples, figs, guavas, chicas, granaditas, capulines, anonas, camotes, chirimoyas, zapotes, mameyes, tunas and mangos, tobacco, and all the vegetables of the temperate zone, grow in the valley, on the hillside, or on the mesa. As a rule, the principal house is commodious and elegant, the hospitality lavish, and the owner and his family educated, refined, and representing the wealth, influence and culture of the country. Improved transportation methods and the general development of the republic have made the business of these estates a very profitable one. The haciendas of the Laguna district supply with cotton the factories of the adjacent towns, and send their food products to the mining region of Durango; while those of the Bajío ship their wheat, corn, beans and chile all over the republic.

*Korea and the Koreans...Isabella Bird Bishop...Korea and Her Neighbors**

[In the prefatory note by Sir Walter C. Hillier, K. C. M. G., late British Consul-General for Korea, this reference to the value of Mrs. Bishop's work is made: "Those who, like myself, have known Korea from its first opening to foreign intercourse, will thoroughly appreciate the closeness of Mrs. Bishop's observation, the accuracy of her facts, and the correctness of her inferences. The facilities enjoyed by her have been exceptional. She has been honored by the confidence and friendship of the King and the late Queen in a degree that has never before been accorded to any foreign traveler, and has had access to valuable sources of information placed at her disposal by the foreign community of Seoul, official, missionary and mercantile."]

In the winter of 1894, when I was about to sail for Korea (to which some people erroneously give the name of "The Korea"), many interested friends hazarded guesses at its position—the equator, the Mediterranean, and the Black Sea being among them, a hazy notion that it is in the Greek Archipelago cropping up frequently. It was curious that not one of these educated, and, in some cases, intelligent people came within 2,000 miles of its actual latitude and longitude.

In truth, there is something about this peninsula

which has repelled investigation, and until lately, when the establishment of a monthly periodical, carefully edited, *The Korean Repository*, has stimulated research, the one authority of which all writers, with and without acknowledgement, have availed themselves, is the Introduction to Père Dallet's *Histoire de l'Eglise de Koree*, a valuable treatise, many parts of which, however, are now obsolete.

If in this volume I present facts so elementary as to provoke the scornful comment, "Every school-boy knows that," I venture to remind my critics that the larger number of possible readers were educated when Korea was little more than "a geographical expression," and had not the advantages of the modern schoolboy, whose "up-to-date" geographical text-books have been written since the treaties of 1883 opened the Hermit Nation to the world; and I will ask the minority to be patient with what may be to them "twice-told tales" for the sake of the majority, specially in this introduction, which is intended to give something of lucidity to the chapters which follow.

The first notice of Korea is by Khordadbeh, an Arab geographer of the ninth century, A. D., in his *Book of Roads and Provinces*, quoted by Baron Richofen in his work on China, p. 575. Legends of the aboriginal inhabitants of the peninsula are too mythical to be noticed here, but it is certain that it was inhabited when Kit-ze or Ki-ja, who will be referred to later, introduced the elements of Chinese civilization in the twelfth century, B. C. Naturally, that conquest and subsequent immigrations from Manchuria have left some traces on the Koreans, but they are strikingly dissimilar from both their nearest neighbors, the Chinese and the Japanese, and there is a remarkable variety of physiognomy among them, all the more noticeable because of the uniformity of costume. The difficulty of identifying people which besets and worries the stranger in Japan and China does not exist in Korea. It is true that the obliquity of the Mongolian eye is always present, as well as a trace of bronze in the skin, but the complexion varies from a swarthy olive to a very light brunette.

There are straight and aquiline noses, as well as broad and snub noses with distended nostrils; and though the hair is dark, much of it is so distinctly a russet brown as to require the frequent application of lampblack and oil to bring it to a fashionable black, while in texture it varies from wiriness to silkiness. Some men have full moustaches and large goatees, on the faces of others a few carefully tended hairs, as in China, do duty for both, while many have full, strong beards. The mouth is either the wide, full-lipped, gaping cavity constantly seen among the lower orders, or a small though full feature, or thin-lipped and refined, as is seen continually among patricians.

The eyes, though dark, vary from dark brown to hazel; the cheek bones are high, the brow, so far as fashion allows it to be seen, is frequently lofty and intellectual; and the ears are small and well set on. The usual expression is cheerful, with a dash of

*Fleming H. Revell Co., N. Y., publishers. Cloth, \$2.00.

puzzlement. The physiognomy indicates, in its best aspect, quick intelligence, rather than force or strength of will. The Koreans are certainly a handsome race.

The physique is good. The average height of the men is five feet four and a half inches, that of the women cannot be ascertained, and is disproportionately less, while their figureless figures, the faults of which are exaggerated by the ugliest dress on earth, are squat and broad. The hands and feet of both sexes and all classes are very small, white, and exquisitely formed, and the tapering, almond-shaped finger-nails are carefully attended to. The men are very strong, and as porters carry heavy weights, a load of 100 pounds being regarded as a moderate one. They walk remarkably well, whether it be the studied swing of the patrician or the short, firm stride of the plebeian when on business. The families are large and healthy. If the government estimate of the number of houses is correct, the population, taking a fair average, is from twelve to thirteen millions, females being in the minority.

Mentally the Koreans are liberally endowed, specially with that gift known in Scotland as "glee at the uptake." The foreign teachers bear willing testimony to their mental adroitness and quickness of perception, and their talent for the rapid acquisition of languages, which they speak more fluently and with a far better accent than either the Chinese or Japanese. They have the Oriental vices of suspicion, cunning, and untruthfulness, and trust between man and man is unknown. Women are secluded, and occupy a very inferior position.

The geography of Korea, or Ch'ao Hsien ("Morning Calm," or "Fresh Morning"), is simple. It is a definite peninsula to the northeast of China, measuring roughly 600 miles from north to south and 135 miles from east to west. The coast line is about 1,740 miles. It lies between 34° 17' N. to 43° N. latitude and 124° 38' E. to 130° 33' E. longitude. and has an estimated area of upwards of 80,000 square miles, being somewhat smaller than Great Britain. Bounded on the north and west by the Tu-men and Am-nok, or Yalu, rivers, which divide it from the Russian and Chinese empires, and by the Yellow Sea, its eastern and southern limit is the Sea of Japan, a "silver streak," which has not been its salvation. Its northern frontier is only conterminous with that of Russia for eleven miles.

Both boundary rivers rise in Paik-tu San, the "White-Headed Mountain," from which runs southwards a great mountain range, throwing off numerous lateral spurs, itself a rugged spine which divides the kingdom into two parts, the eastern division being a comparatively narrow strip between the range and the Sea of Japan, difficult of access, but extremely fertile; while the western section is composed of rugged hills and innumerable rich valleys and slopes, well watered and admirably suited for agriculture. Craters of volcanoes, long since passed into repose, lava beds, and other signs of volcanic action, are constantly met with.

The lakes are few and very small, and not many of the streams are navigable for more than a few miles from the sea, the exceptions being the noble Am-nok, the Tai-döng, the Nak-tong, the Mok-po, and the Han, which last, rising in Kang-wön Do,

30 miles from the Sea of Japan, after cutting the country nearly in half, falls into the sea at Chemulpo on the west coast, and, in spite of many and dangerous rapids, is a valuable highway for commerce for over 170 miles.

Owing to the configuration of the peninsula there are few good harbors, but those which exist are open all the winter. The finest are Fusen and Won-san, on Broughton Bay. Chemulpo, which, as the port of Seoul, takes the first place, can hardly be called a harbor at all, the "outer harbor," where large vessels and ships of war lie, being nothing better than a roadstead, and the "inner harbor," close to the town, in the fierce tideway of the estuary of the Han, is only available for five or six vessels of small tonnage at a time. The east coast is steep and rocky, the water deep, and the tide rises and falls from one to two feet only. On the southwest and west coasts the tide rises and falls from twenty-six to thirty-eight feet.

Off the latter coast there is a remarkable archipelago. Some of the islands are bold masses of arid rock, the resort of sea-fowl; others are arable and inhabited, while the actual coast fringes off into innumerable islets, some of which are immersed by the spring tides. In the channels scoured among these by the tremendous rush of the tide, navigation is oftentimes dangerous. Great mud-banks, specially near the mouths of the rivers, render parts of the coastline dubious.

Korea is decidedly a mountainous country, and has few plains deserving the name. In the north there are mountain groups with definite centres, the most remarkable being Pain-tu San, which attains an altitude of over 8,000 feet, and is regarded as sacred. Farther south these settle into a definite range, following the coast-line at a moderate distance, and throwing out so many ranges and spurs to the west as to break up northern and central Korea into a congeries of corrugated and precipitous hills, either denuded or covered with "chapparal," and narrow, steep-sided valleys, each furnished with a stony stream. The great axial range, which includes the "Diamond Mountain," a region containing exquisite mountain and sylvan scenery, falls away as it descends towards the southern coast, disintegrating in places into small and often infertile plains.

The geological formation is fairly simple. Mesozoic rocks occur in Hwang-hai Do, but granite and metamorphic rocks largely predominate. Northeast of Seoul are great fields of lava, and lava and volcanic rocks are of common occurrence in the north.

The climate is undoubtedly one of the finest and healthiest in the world. Foreigners are not afflicted by any climatic maladies, and European children can be safely brought up in every part of the peninsula. July, August, and sometimes the first half of September, are hot and rainy, but the heat is so tempered by sea breezes that exercise is always possible. For nine months of the year the skies are generally bright, and a Korean winter is absolutely superb, with its still atmosphere, its bright, blue, unclouded sky, its extreme dryness without asperity, and its crisp, frosty nights. From the middle of September till the end of June, there are neither

extremes of heat nor cold to guard against. The summer mean temperature at Seoul is about 75° Fahrenheit, that of the winter about 33°; the average rainfall 36.03 inches in the year, and the average of the rainy season 21.86 inches. July is the wettest month, and December the driest. The result of the abundant rainfall, distributed fairly through the necessitous months of the year, is that irrigation is necessary only for the rice crop.

The fauna of Korea is considerable, and includes tigers and leopards in great numbers, bears, antelopes, at least seven species of deer, foxes, beavers, otters, badgers, tiger-cats, pigs, several species of marten, a sable (not of much value, however), and striped squirrels. Among birds there are black eagles, found even near Seoul, harriers, peregrines (largely used for hawking), pheasants, swans, geese, spectacled and common teal, mallards, mandarin ducks, turkey buzzards, (very shy), white and pink ibis, sparrow-hawks, kestrels, imperial cranes, egrets, herons, curlews, night-jars, redshanks, buntings, magpies (common and blue), orioles, wood-larks, thrushes, redstarts, crows, pigeons, doves, rooks, warblers, wagtails, cuckoos, halcyon and bright blue kingfishers, jays, snipes, nut-hatches, gray shrikes, pheasants, hawks, and kites. But until more careful observations have been made it is impossible to say which of the smaller birds actually breed in Korea, and which make it only a halting-place in the annual migrations.

The denudation of the hills in the neighborhood of Seoul, the coasts, the treaty ports, and the main roads, is impressive, and helps to give a very unfavorable idea of the country. It is to the dead alone that the preservation of anything deserving the name of timber in much of southern Korea is owing. But in the mountains of the northern and eastern provinces, and specially among those which enclose the sources of the Tu-men, the Am-nok, the Tai-döng, and the Han, there are very considerable forests, on which up to this time the wood cutter has made little apparent impression, though a good deal of timber is annually rafted down these rivers.

Among the indigenous trees are the *Abies excelsa*, *Abies microsperma*, *Pinus sinensis*, *Pinus pinea*, three species of oak, the lime, ash, birch, five species of maple, the *Acanthopanax ricinifolia*, *Rhus semipinnata*, *Elæagnus*, juniper, mountain ash, hazel, *Thuja Orientalis*, (?), willow, *Sophora Japonica* (?), hornbeam, plum, peach, *Euonymus alatus*, etc. The flora is extensive and interesting, but, with the exception of the azalea and rhododendron, it lacks brilliancy of color. There are several varieties of showy clematis, and the millefleur rose smothers even large trees, but the climber "par excellence" of Korea is the *Ampelopsis Veitchi*. The economic plants are few, and, with the exception of the *Panax quinquefolia* (ginseng), the wild roots of which are worth \$15 per ounce, are of no commercial value.

The mineral wealth of Korea is a vexed question. Probably between the view of the country as an El Dorado and the scepticism as to the existence of underground treasure at all, the mean lies. Gold is little used for personal ornaments or in the arts, yet the Korean declares that the dust of his country is gold, and the unquestionable authority of a customs' report states that gold dust to the amount

of \$1,360,279 was exported in 1896, and that it is probable that the quantity which left the country undeclared was at least as much again. Silver and galena are found, copper is fairly plentiful, and the country is rich in undeveloped iron and coal mines, the coal being of excellent quality. The gold-bearing quartz has never been touched, but an American company, having obtained a concession, has introduced machinery, and has gone to work in the province of Phyöng-an.

The manufactures are unimportant. The best productions are paper of several qualities made from the *Brousonettia Papyrifera*, among which is an oiled paper, like vellum in appearance, and so tough that a man can be raised from the ground on a sheet of it, lifted at the four corners, fine grass mats, and split bamboo blinds.

The arts are "nil."

Korea, or Ch'ao Hsien, has been ruled by kings of the present dynasty since 1392. The monarchy is hereditary, and though some modifications in a constitutional direction were made during the recent period of Japanese ascendancy, the sovereign is still practically absolute, his edicts, as in China, constituting law. The suzerainty of China, recognized since very remote days, was personally renounced by the king at the altar of the Spirits of the Land in January, 1895, and the complete independence of Korea was acknowledged by China in the treaty of peace signed at Shimonoseki in May of the same year. There is a Council of State composed of a chancellor, five councillors, six ministers, and a chief secretary. The decree of September, 1896, which constitutes this body, announces the king's absolutism in plain terms in the preamble.

There are nine ministers—the Prime Minister, Minister of the Royal Household, of Finance, of Home Affairs, Foreign Affairs, War, Justice, Agriculture, and Education, but the royal will (or whim) overrides their individual or collective decisions.

The Korean army consists of 4,800 men in Seoul, drilled by Russians, and 1,200 in the provinces; the navy, of two small merchant steamers.

Korea is divided into thirteen provinces and 360 magisterial districts.

The revenue, which is amply sufficient for all legitimate expenses, is derived from customs' duties, under the able and honest management of officers lent by the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs; a land tax of \$6 on every fertile "kyel" (a fertile "kyel" being estimated at about 6 1-3 acres), and \$5 on every mountain "kyel"; a household tax of 60 cents per house, houses in the capital enjoying immunity; and a heavy excise duty of \$16 per "cattie" on manufactured ginseng.

Up to 1876 Korea successfully preserved her isolation, and repelled with violence any attempt to encroach upon it. In that year Japan forced a treaty upon her, and in 1882 China followed with "Trade and Frontier Regulations." The United States negotiated a treaty in 1882, Great Britain and Germany in 1884, Russia and Italy in 1886, and Austria in 1892, in all which, though under Chinese suzerainty, Korea was treated with as an independent state. By these treaties, Seoul and the ports of Chemulpo (Jenchuan), Fusan, and Won-san (Gensan) were opened to foreign commerce, and this

year (1897) Mok-po and Chinnam-po have been added to the list.

After the treaties were signed, a swarm of foreign representatives settled down upon the capital, where three of them are housed in handsome and conspicuous foreign buildings. The British Minister at Peking is accredited also to the Korean Court, and Britain has a resident Consul-General. Japan, Russia, and America are represented by Ministers, France by a *Chargé d' Affaires*, and Germany by a Consul. China, which has been tardy in entering upon diplomatic relations with Korea since the war, placed her subjects under the protection of the British Consul-General.

Until recently, the coinage of Korea consisted of debased copper "cash," 500 to the dollar, a great check on business transactions; but a new fractional coinage, of which the unit is a 20-cent piece, has been put into circulation, along with 5-cent nickel, 5-"cash" copper, and 1-"cash" brass pieces. The fine Japanese "yen" or dollar is now current everywhere. The Dai Ichi Gingo and Fifty-eight Banks of Japan afford banking facilities in Seoul and the open ports.

In the treaty ports of Fusan, Won-san, and Chemulpo, there were in January, 1897, 11,318 foreign residents and 266 foreign business firms. The Japanese residents numbered 10,711, and their firms 230. The great majority of the American and French residents are missionaries, and the most conspicuous objects in Seoul are the Roman Cathedral and the American Methodist Episcopal Church. The number of British subjects in Korea in January, 1897, was sixty-five, and an agency of a British firm in Nagasaki has recently been opened at Chemulpo. The approximate number of Chinese in Korea at the same time was 2,500, divided chiefly between Seoul and Chemulpo. There is a newly-instituted postal system for the interior, with postage stamps of four denominations, and a telegraph system, Seoul being now in communication with all parts of the world.

The roads are infamous, and even the main roads are rarely more than rough bridle tracks. Goods are carried everywhere on the backs of men, bulls, and ponies, but a railroad from Chemulpo to Seoul, constructed by an American concessionaire, is actually to be opened shortly.

The language of Korea is mixed. The educated classes introduce Chinese as much as possible into their conversation, and all the literature of any account is in that language, but it is of an archaic form, the Chinese of 1,000 years ago, and differs completely in pronunciation from Chinese as now spoken in China. "En-mun," the Korean script, is utterly despised by the educated, whose sole education is in the Chinese classics. Korean has the distinction of being the only language of Eastern Asia, which possesses an alphabet. Only women, children, and the uneducated used the "En-mun" till January, 1895, when a new departure was made by the official Gazette, which for several hundred years had been written in Chinese, appearing in a mixture of Chinese characters and "En-mun," a resemblance to the Japanese mode of writing, in which the Chinese characters which play the chief part are connected by "kana" syllables.

A further innovation was that the King's oath of Independence and Reform was promulgated in Chinese, pure "En-mun," and the mixed script, and now the latter is regularly employed as the language of ordinances, official documents, and the Gazette; royal rescripts, as a rule, and despatches to the foreign representatives still adhering to the old form.

This recognition of the Korean language by means of the official use of the mixed, and in some cases of the pure script, the abolition of the Chinese literary examinations as the test of the fitness of candidates for office, the use of the "vulgar" script exclusively in the Independent, the new Korean newspaper, the prominence given to Korean by the large body of foreign missionaries, and the slow creation of scientific text-books and a literature in "En-mun," are tending not only to strengthen Korean national feeling, but to bring the "masses," who can mostly read their own script, into contact with Western science and forms of thought.

There is no national religion. Confucianism is the official cult, and the teachings of Confucius are the rule of Korean morality. Buddhism, once powerful, but "disestablished" three centuries ago, is to be met with chiefly in mountainous districts, and far from the main roads. Spirit-worship, a species of "shamanism," prevails all over the kingdom, and holds the uneducated masses and the women of all classes in complete bondage.

Christian missions, chiefly carried on by Americans, are beginning to produce both direct and indirect effects.

Ten years before the opening of Korea to foreigners, the Korean king, in writing to his suzerain, the Emperor of China, said, "The educated men observe and practice the teachings of Confucius and Wen Wang," and this fact is the key to anything like a correct estimate of Korea. Chinese influence in government, law, education, etiquette, social relations, and morals is predominant. In all these respects Korea is but a feeble reflection of her powerful neighbor; and though since the war the Koreans have ceased to look to China for assistance, their sympathies are with her, and they turn to her for noble ideals, cherished traditions, and moral teachings. Their literature, superstitions, system of education, ancestral worship, culture, and modes of thinking are Chinese. Society is organized on Confucian models and the rights of parents over children, and of elder over younger brothers, are as fully recognized as in China.

It is into this archaic condition of things, this unspeakable grooviness, this irredeemable, unreformed Orientalism, this parody of China without the robustness of race which helps to hold China together, that the ferment of the Western leaven has fallen, and this feeblest of independent kingdoms, rudely shaken out of her sleep of centuries, half frightened and wholly dazed, finds herself confronted with an array of powerful, ambitious, aggressive, and not always over-scrupulous powers, bent, it may be, on overreaching her and each other, forcing her into new paths, ringing with rude hands the knell of time-honored custom, clamoring for concessions, and bewildering her with reforms, suggestions, and panaceas, of which she sees neither the meaning nor the necessity.

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Silk From the Spider's Web....M. Cachot's Discovery.....National Recorder

A scientific discovery of great interest to the world is that silk of an exceptionally fine quality can be made from the web of an ordinary spider. For years science has looked with longing eyes at the fine silky web that seemed to have no other use in the domestic economy than to enmesh any unfortunate fly that happened to come within trapping distance of the spider's lurking place. It was known that the web had a silky texture and might serve some useful purpose in manufacturing industries, but how, first of all, to get the spider to give it up in sufficient quantities to make it worth while, and how, secondly, to wind so fine a thread without breaking or hopelessly entangling it, were the problems that scientists despaired of ever being able to solve.

There was a strong incentive for some one to solve it, however, for the manufacturers of Great Britain had clubbed together to offer a standing reward of \$10,000 to the man who could invent some way of turning a spider's web to profitable manufacturing account. In spite of the reward and the prospective fortune from the solution of the puzzle, no one could make anything of it, until a Frenchman named Cachot, who had for many years been studying the question, hit upon a way by means of which both difficulties could be overcome. Now spiders' web silk is an assured fact, and the industry will probably be a thriving one in the near future, provided the spiders do not take to the woods under this new form of brigandage.

M. Cachot discovered that the only thing necessary to make the spider assist in the robbery of its own web was to get the thread properly started in the right direction. The spider will always good-naturedly unwind himself as long as the pulling power that draws the web from him keeps up the strain. M. Cachot designed a machine containing diminutive bobbins, kept constantly revolving by a delicate running gear. By means of this machine he solved the great problem of how to wind the thread. All former efforts to wind the web had been made after the spider had spun it in the way they had wound the silk of the silkworm. But the spider's web being much finer than that of the silkworm, every attempt to wind it had resulted only in a hopeless tangle, the breaking of the thread, and finally in exhausting the patience of the experimenter. M. Cachot proposed to let the spider do the winding.

He caught the end of the web while it was still attached to the body of the spider, and fastened it firmly to the bobbin. Then the machine was gently put in motion. The spider finding his web reeling away from him, apparently of its own volition, naturally pulled in the opposite direction to get away. This was the crucial point of the experiment. If the spider pulled with sufficient force to break the thread the experiment would, of course, be a failure. To M. Cachot's great delight he found that the spider seemed to enjoy the process, and did not pull harder than was necessary to keep the web moving. The tiny thread continued to wind off

on the bobbin until the spider had been completely deprived of its web. Then another spider, and still another were treated in the same way, until enough thread had been wound off to fill the bobbin, when a new one was put on the machine and the process repeated. When a sufficient quantity of the web had been collected to make a thorough test of its fitness for manufacturing purposes the thread was woven into fabric. It was found to be the finest quality of silk, and experts to whom it was submitted declared it to possess a particularly high market value.

M. Cachot claimed and received the reward from the British manufacturers and has exhibited the new fabric in many of the large manufacturing cities of England and the Continent, where it has excited the liveliest interest.

M. Cachot has arranged to begin the manufacture of spiders' web silk on a large scale, and has taken a factory in Paris for the purpose. Here he will keep his spiders and will work them at regular hours. When a spider is used up he will be fed and petted back to condition again, while another will take his place on the bobbin. An expert who knows all about the habits of the insect will be placed in charge of the spider department of the factory, and it will be his business to see that they are properly cared for, fed and housed, and provided with everything that puts a spider in good humor with himself and all the world.

M. Cachot has advertised for spiders, and will purchase as many as are brought to him, thus giving the world an entirely new industry, in addition to that of the spiders' silk—the industry of spider catching. If the supply exceeds the demand M. Cachot says he will study the different varieties of insect life with a view to finding out which produces the finest quality of silk, and will gradually weed out those that are not blessed with a fine web. He will also experiment with various diets to ascertain whether or not it is possible to train the spider to give forth a web that is an improvement on the ordinary product. He declares that he is only on the edge of his discoveries in the spider web industry, and intends to continue his experiments until he has secured a quality of silk that will eclipse anything that has hitherto been turned out from any looms in the world.

So that at last a better way has been found for the housewife than the crushing out of the life of a spider by means of a broom handle. If she can catch the insect there is money to be made by the sale of it to the web weaver.

St. Christopher's Salt Industry...Lewis H. Percival...U. S. Consular Reports

St. Christopher, a British possession in the West Indies, though essentially a sugar-producing island, possesses also means for the manufacture of salt. The two articles require, however, weather as different as day and night for their production. During the last three years rain has fallen in copious showers, which, while tending to produce an abundant harvest of sugar cane, has completely put a stop to the salt industry.

The southeastern extremity of St. Christopher, in striking contrast with the other parts of the island, is extremely dry and barren, and here is situated the plantation known as the "Salt Pond Estate," covering an area of about 2,400 acres. Formerly, sugar cane was cultivated to a considerable extent, as the abandoned works mutely testify, but this industry has long since ceased to exist. Salt is now the only article that makes the property of value, and it is obtained from a pond at least three hundred acres in extent. In form it is oval, and the water around the shores averages from three to five inches in depth, while in the centre it is about two feet. The bottom is covered by soft, black mud, upon which the crystallization takes place. At a distance of three hundred yards there is a smaller pond, which is used as a reservoir for the preparation of brine, and the western shore of which is contiguous to the sea.

The process is as follows: From the sea to the reservoir there is a canal, with a floodgate through which sea water is let in until a sufficient quantity is obtained. The floodgate is then closed and evaporation by solar heat takes place. From a density of about 3 degrees, the ordinary saline strength of sea water, the evaporation continues until 16 or 18 degrees is reached, which is tested by means of a hydrometer. The brine thus formed is transferred through another canal from the reservoir to the salt pond, where the evaporation continues until the density is 25 degrees. At this point the salt can no longer be held in solution, and its deposit on the mud below commences. Should the surface of the water be unruffled by the wind, the process can be seen to perfection. The salt, looking like grease floating on the water, gradually breaks away and trickles to the bottom, where it looks like thin, watery milk. This deposit goes on from day to day until crystals are perceptible, and these increase in size until considered mature, the sides of the top squares of the grain averaging from three-quarters of an inch to two inches in length.

The harvesting now begins. The laborers provided with wicker baskets made in the shape of a basin, and holding half a bushel, enter the pond, break the layer or crust of salt, varying from three-quarters of an inch to two inches in thickness, and by means of their hands lift large flakes, which are thrown into the baskets. When full, the baskets are moved in the water in such a manner as to leave the salt thoroughly cleansed from mud or any particle of dirt, and to cause the flakes to break into grains. This accomplished, the salt is thrown into large flat-bottomed punts, holding each about thirty barrels. When the punts are laden, they are forced by means of poles through the shallow water and soft mud until they are as near the delivery point as they can be got. The salt is then taken in trays and tubs, on the laborers' heads, to the pile, where it is measured in barrels, the piles containing from 30,000 to 50,000 barrels.

The laborers are paid from six to eight cents per barrel for the salt delivered in the pile, and thus an expert can earn from 75 cents to \$1 per day.

The salt is of superior quality and very heavy, averaging eighty-seven pounds to the bushel. It is well adapted in its natural state—i. e., while the

grains are coarse—to the packing of beef and pork, and when crushed or ground, to the preservation of codfish, etc.

Formerly shipments were made to the United States, but during the last years, owing to unfavorable weather, the manufacture of the article has been impossible.

The property is owned by a baronet in England, who, it is said, from a combination of favorable circumstances once earned \$20,000 during one year.

The pond is capable of producing, in favorable weather, about 300,000 bushels.

The Utilization of Wastes.....N. W. Perry.....Cassier's Magazine

Perhaps there is no stronger evidence of the advance of civilization than the increasing tendency manifesting itself in almost all directions toward the utilization of waste products.

The immediate incentive to this, of course, is the simple incentive which lies behind all commercial projects—the desire for the emoluments of trade; but it is the increasing ability to turn to commercial account those products which before were worse than a mere waste, in that their disposal was a source of expense, that is the index of civilization's advance just mentioned.

No better example of this can be cited, perhaps, than the utilization of the waste products in the manufacture of coal gas. Take a single one of these, coal tar, for example, which, by the way, is a very complex and uninviting substance. It has given us one of the best antiseptics known to science in the shape of carbolic acid, one of the most violent explosives used in warfare—pirate of potash; a whole series of colors and dyes, the anilines, rivaling in brilliancy and splendor the colors of the rainbow, and these have not only given rise to new industries of great magnitude, but have revolutionized others of vastly greater extent; many of the most delicious of our so-called fruit flavoring extracts; saccharine, a substance two hundred and thirty times as sweet as the purest cane sugar, and last, but not least, a series of medicinal preparations of the greatest value to suffering humanity, of which antipyrine, antifebrine and sulphonal are names that will be familiar to all.

While this is not a tithe of the blessings which science has succeeded in wresting from that dirty and ill-smelling refuse, coal tar, it may serve, in a way, to indicate how little we can afford to regard anything as useless simply because we have as yet found no way to make use of it, or because it is so ill-smelling and obnoxious as to constitute it a nuisance which the authorities require the producer to abate.

Electrolytic Etching.....London Electrician

A process has been patented in Germany by Herr Josef Rieder, of Thalkirchen, near Munich, by which it is said to be possible to obtain exact reproductions of articles in low relief, such as medals and clichés, in hard steel. The process does not depend on any modification of the well known method of aciertype, which consists in providing a soft metal plate of electrotpe with a hard steel-like face of electro-deposited iron, but produces a replica of the original article in solid steel. The fundamental idea

is simple enough. Plaster of Paris is poured on the article (*e. g.*, a coin), of which a cast is to be taken, so as to form a column several centimeters in height. This is detached from the coin and fitted with an ebonite sleeve, so that the face and the corresponding blank at the opposite end of the short column of plaster are alone exposed. The cast is put face upwards in a vessel containing an electrolyte such as ammonium chloride; the face projects above the level of the liquid, which can only reach the face by absorption through the column of plaster. A piece of steel on which it is desired to etch a reproduction of the coin is placed on the face of the cast, and is made the anode of the cell. The cathode is a wide spiral placed in the liquid in which the plaster column stands. The whole arrangement may be represented diagrammatically thus: On the high parts of the cast the steel plates rest, and at those points a current flows, dissolving the steel and allowing it to settle down into the cast; the process of dissolution proceeds until the whole surface of the steel is in contact with that of the cast; *i. e.*, a relief has been produced through the plaster intaglio, identical with the original relief, or vice versa, as the case may be.

Of course, many working details have to be attended to in order to obtain a satisfactory result. It is found that a high voltage—10 to 15 volts—and a current density of 0.2 to 0.5 ampere per square centimetre are effective, and that the electrolyte is best prepared by electrolytically dissolving an iron anode in a solution of ammonium chloride. Also the constituents of the steel, notably carbon, which are left when the metal is dissolved, must be removed from time to time from the surface of the steel which is being etched. This cleansing must be as often as once every five or ten seconds, when a high-current density is used, and in practice it will be necessary to perform this automatically and to replace the steel on the cast with mathematical accuracy. It has been found possible to etch a steel blank in about the relief of a 20-mark piece in a period of three hours, a time which seems moderate enough.

One of the greatest needs for the development of the process is said to be some material to replace the plaster of Paris, which is too soft and soluble for continuous work. Even as it is, the process presents many possibilities of use, and is likely to be improved and put on a practical manufacturing footing.

The Manufacture of Camel's Hair Shawls.....Textile Mercury

In Bokhara, where the finest and most expensive camel's hair shawls are manufactured, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the under part of his body is growing. Then it is clipped so carefully that not a fibre is lost, and it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn which, is unequalled for softness. It is dyed all manner of beautiful bright colors, and woven in strips eight inches wide of shawl patterns of such exquisite design that, with all our study of art and all our schools of design, we are not able to rival. The strips are then so cunningly sewed together that it is impossible to detect where they are joined. Russia is the principal market to which these beautiful Bokhara creations are sent. From there they find their way all over the world, London, Paris, Vienna and New York being the heaviest importers.

Besides the Oriental shawls, there are the beautiful woven shawls of Paisley, Scotland; the printed shawls of Lyons, and the filmy Llama lace creations, which, unlike the Oriental works of art, are within reach of the moderate purse. While years, and sometimes a lifetime, were and are required for the manufacture of the Bokhara and Hindoo shawls, at Paisley there is a great difference. If the pattern requires months in its designing, the weaving of the most elaborate pattern occupies only a week. The cutting of the threads from the backs of shawls, which was formerly a process requiring the combined labor of two girls an entire day for each shawl, is now done by a French machine in a minute and a half. Few of the grand dames who boast of costly Oriental shawls, rugs and portières, know that these same articles have probably seen service before they came into their possession—that the magnificent shawls in which they wrap themselves have enveloped the women of some harem, and the rugs and portières have draped their luxurious apartments. It is not uncommon to find a telltale darn that confirms this suspicion. There are excellent imitations of India shawls made in France.

The World's Biggest Pump.....Scientific American

In a letter from Houghton, Michigan, to the Chicago Record, the writer describes the Calumet and Hecla pump named the Michigan, which is a truly marvelous piece of mechanism. It can deliver 2,500,000 gallons of water every hour in the twenty-four without being crowded to its limit of capacity, and it will do the work with scarcely as much noise as is made by the operation of an old style sewing machine. Outside the doors of the great building which houses it no sound is heard from within, and, standing beside the monster, upon the brink of the pit connected with the lake from which the water is taken, almost the only sound heard is the noise of the suction, as with every stroke more than a thousand gallons are lifted.

Briefly, it is a triple expansion pumping engine, with a capacity of 60,000,000 gallons, standing nearly fifty feet in height and requiring 1,500 horsepower for its operation. It has been proved by actual tests that the nominal capacity can be easily maintained for an indefinite time without injury or strain, and that pushed to its full capacity the pump could handle approximately 75,000,000 gallons in twenty-four consecutive hours.

The duty of the pump is to furnish water for the great stamp mills of the Calumet and Hecla Company, which has twenty-two steam pumps in continuous operation, daily pulverizing 5,000 tons of conglomerate rock into sand so fine that it can be carried away by a stream of swiftly running water. The pump is housed in a special building near the shore of Torch Lake, and below the mills, and it forces a steady stream of water to the upper portions of the mills, where innumerable small jets play upon the great slime tables and jigs. Here the specific gravity of the fine particles of copper contained in the rock separate the mineral from worthless sand, and the size and force of the streams of water are so nicely regulated as to wash away the sand and yet carry with it the minimum of copper.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

Natural Religion and Dogma.....W. H. Mallock.....Fortnightly Review

Though the progress and conservation of Christianity has been the work of the few—of a moral and intellectual aristocracy—the doctrines which they have proclaimed and defended have spread and endured only because they appealed to and found an instinctive response in the natures of ordinary men. Christianity spread because its doctrines, in their simplest form, acted on ordinary men like a kind of spiritual medicine, which thinkers and theologians analyzed like men of science; but unless ordinary human nature had found the medicine efficacious, not all the thinking and all the philosophizing in the world would have persuaded the masses of mankind to swallow it any more than the physicians of every college in Europe would be able to persuade men to continue taking a pill whose efficacy was practically denied by the evidence of their own constitutions. The use of medicines spreads in proportion as they are found effectual; and the test of their efficacy is the body of the average man. In the same way religious doctrines spread according to the effect produced by them on the average man's soul; and the popular assent given to them is an objective revelation, not so much of human thought as of human nature.

This assent, however, which constitutes a great religion, is not the assent of individuals thinking and feeling in isolation. It acquires its force and vitality through expression, so that each man may know the feelings of others, and compare the workings of his own heart and spirit with the workings of theirs. The response made by one man's soul in isolation, to such doctrines as that of the fatherhood of God, or of Christ's atonement for sin, or Christ's entering into and dwelling in each man through the Eucharist, or of the reality of sin and man's need or redemption from it, either is faint or intermittent; or will be very apt, if it is intense, to seem to the man at times an hallucination peculiar to himself; but as soon as he knows that others have experiences similar to his own, his vague assents will acquire a force, precision, and certainty, just as a man's belief that he had really seen a ghost would acquire precision and certainty if a multitude of other men should inform him that they had seen it also, and if their description of it should agree with his.

Let us take, for example, Christianity, and especially the Christianity of Catholicism. The doctrines of transubstantiation, of the atonement, and of priestly absolution may be true or false, but they have been and still are doctrines believed in by millions. They would never have been believed in, they could have had no intelligible meaning, had the sense of sin, the idea of good, the need of forgiveness, and the desire of reconciliation with goodness, not been previously present in human nature. These doctrines consequently, whether they are revelations from God or no, are at all events revelations of the secret nature of man. Catholic theology, even if we do not believe a word of it, is none the less a magnified projection of the inmost recesses of man's heart upon the clouds; and the

evolution of this theology is the objective counterpart of the subjective evolution of man's moral knowledge of himself. It does not represent, however, the moral development of one individual or of one generation. It represents a moral development which is the slow growth of experience compared and reasoned about, the experiences and reasonings of one age enlarging and clarifying the moral experiences of the next: and the greatest of the great men—even Christ Himself, if He be regarded as simply a human being—has aided in the process, not by merely exhibiting the exceptional beauty and elevation of His own nature, but by showing mankind at large that what in His own nature is realized, exists as a possibility which awaits realization in theirs. He reveals Himself to them in order that He may reveal them to themselves. This view of the matter will, indeed, remain true, even if we accept Christ as the Catholic Church represents Him to us; for the Christian doctrines, even if revealed to man by the Son of God, will none the less be doctrines applicable to man's nature. As such they will be revelations of what that nature is; and the slow process by which the Church consciously grasped and defined them will correspond with the growing knowledge which men acquired of what they themselves are.

I allude here to the Roman Catholic Church more particularly, because this Church alone possesses a perfected machinery by which Christians, as thought and experience developed their consciousness of their spiritual natures, could compare their feelings and opinions, and eliminating the points as to which they differ, could define and register those as to which they were all agreed; and thus, if we exclude the idea of any supernatural revelation to man, Roman Catholicism is, of all religions, the completest and most logical example of what natural religion is. . . . The practical influence of the thinkers, and of the enthusiasts alike, has been due to, and in exact proportion to, the extent to which their philosophies explained, or their moral fervor touched, instincts, feelings, and sympathies which were common to the masses of mankind.

The Mission of Zionism.....Josephine Lazarus.....The American Hebrew

I do not look upon Zionism as a purely Jewish and local question involving merely our own destiny as Jews; but as a world question, of world-wide significance, ethic, sociological, political and religious and destined it may be to change the face of Europe, and the civilized world. It is not merely a desperate effort on the part of the Jews to survive as Jews, to subsist and work out, undisturbed by the world's problems, their own particular problem and scheme of salvation. There are many other places in the world where they could subsist with much more ease than on the barren hills of Judea and work out their problem with more or less satisfaction to themselves. It is quite true that with the return to Palestine the Jews will to a great extent return to their distinctive Judaism, ritualistic, tribal, national perhaps; they will resume their dis-

tinctive traits and habits of worship, their time-cherished customs, and symbolism on the land where these had birth, and where they have a spiritual significance, a suggestion, a potency and validity which they have not elsewhere, because they are in the natural order, the line of historic growth and continuity, and may therefore be a means and a way to further development and growth, more spiritual expression, and a freer salvation. . . .

Zionism is not only a call to Israel *en masse*, as a race, a nation, but to the individual Jew as an individual; it is a call to individual action, individual service for the world, not worldly service, but spiritual loving service to God and men. It is not enough to bear the trade-mark of Judaism, the hall-mark of holiness; each one of us, however small, however great he feels himself, must do his part, make good his claim to be the servant of the Lord. "Lord, send me, thy servant. What can I do to serve?" "I am but a child," says Jeremiah, and yet the Lord sends him. Each of us must feel the personal touch, the personal call of the spirit. Each one of us must be the prophet after his own kind and in his own measure if he would be counted among the faithful. Each one must carry the living fire in his heart, the glowing coals upon his lips. The prophet as has been well defined is the man of initiative; the man who originates, who does not follow, who does not even chiefly reform in the sense of tearing down old forms and substituting new ones, but the man of moral and spiritual incentive and impetus, who builds up a new faith, who plants a new spirit, a new courage, a new life where life threatened to become extinct. No matter how broad our theory of religion may be, how universal and all-embracing our Jewish ideal, so long as we are bound in practice, committed even before we came into the world to tribal allegiance, tribal conformity and uniformity of doctrine and range of spirit, we cannot hope to take our legitimate place among the daring and inspired thinkers of the world. For 2,000 years and more we have lain in our chrysalis, waiting for some magic word to free us, strictly guarding our precious thought from the world's contamination and admixture. The world's thought, the world's evolution has gone over our heads, passed us by as in a dream. Our own religious thought has remained fixed, stationary like those fixed stars, stationary in their orbit and revolving around their own axis, but making no progress in the heavens. "God is One, and Israel is His prophet."

Here and there, scattered individuals, isolated thinkers have stood out from among the ranks and made their impress on the world; illustrious, strange to say, in almost every field of life and art, except religion. And in this our own special gift and genius, Jewish thought has worn no modern guise; it has been dead letter to the world, cut off and arrested in its development. It is no excuse, no explanation to say that we have been in the Ghetto, in captivity, in exile. It was in captivity that our most beautiful Psalms were sung that have been the consolation and inspiration not only of Israel, but of the whole world, and through all time. It was in exile and captivity that our sublimest prophecies were uttered, so that captivity

was led captive and death was swallowed up in victory.

But even in this darkness, even in this silence, what has Israel done to make us believe in its power and its strength? It has done a marvelous, a superhuman, a unique thing in history, proving its capacity for still greater things when it shall again arise and put on its strength. It has been faithful to an Idea, according to its understanding, its grasp, its conception of that Idea; in poverty and fulness of spirit, immortal stress and strain, faithful through life, faithful unto death. Therefore, it is the called, the chosen, the anointed of God, upon whom the holy spirit shall again be poured in abundance, so that each one of us shall be filled, each one shall kindle as to a lighted torch. Like an Æolian harp, swept over by the wind of heaven, the breath of the spirit of God; like the harp of David, the harp of a thousand strings, Israel will vibrate again with celestial melody, as when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. . . .

And yet another word, not to the Jews—but to the Christians, who take a Jew for their leader unto salvation and who fail to follow him; who deny, who distort, who crucify him again, in your own midst, every time that a Jew, "the least of his little ones," is cruelly and despitefully used, persecuted and rejected of men. Strangely intertwined, "grafted as the wild olive upon the natural vine," is Christianity with Judaism; having its roots in Jewish soil, Jewish life and thought; founded by a Jew and spread by Jews, without Judaism Christianity would have never been. And yet, there are men in the Christian pulpit to-day, who say, when they are told of Russian barbarity to Jews: "The Jews have only what they deserve; let them be swept from off the earth." And there are thousands of so-called "Christian" hearts that re-echo the sentiment. Is this then what your Christ died to teach? what he hung upon the cross for? he, who came "not to judge, but to save the world."

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time: Thou shall not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment; but I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council. . . .

"Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee;

"Leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift."

These are Christ's words; ye cannot follow him to God's altar, until ye have laid down this sin against God's people, your brother-man. The Christian as well as the Jewish world is aroused at last. "The question of the Jews is the burning question of the day," says Arnold White; "one that concerns every nation in Europe, and its solution cannot always be relegated to the future. . . . Unless the spectre of Anti-Semitism, raised by Bismarck, be laid by international agreement, revolution in the near or distant future seems to be unavoidable."

What answer then, unless it may be Zionism? the Christians, aiding and abetting the Jews, doing their part in our deliverance.

Taoism.....F. Huberty James.....The Outlook

One of the least known of the religions of China is Taoism. The first great Taoist, Lao-tsz, was born in the city of Pohchow, about 640 B. C. Of his early life little is known. The first records tell of his filling a position as recorder or keeper of the archives at the court of Chow, then held in Loyang, in central China. Lao-tsz was a typical philosopher, calm, reserved, observant, keen. His work brought to his notice a mass of material which stirred his thought and compelled him to meditate on the causes of the wretched condition of his country. There were frequent insurrections, which were usually quenched in blood, and the princes and statesmen seemed to care little so long as they held their own positions, while demagogues were as busy then as now in devising schemes of reform. There is reason to believe that Lao-tsz did his best for his people, but, failing himself and seeing others fail so often, he gave up the task of the reformer, and devoted his attention to philosophy. It is said that he retired from office when eighty-eight years of age, and while in retirement composed his single book, entitled "The Way and Its Characteristics." It is a very small book, containing only about five thousand words, but it is one of the best as well as one of the most obscure books China has ever produced. It is very difficult to explain what Lao-tsz meant by the word "way." One of the best definitions is that of Mr William Davis. He says Tao, the way, indicates the supreme power, but more. It dwells upon no personality; it is the spirit of the universe, the all-acting, supreme force. It is energy without effort. It is nature in repose, containing all forms of activity. It is unpredicated being. It is the "It is" of the Vedanta, the "I Am" of the Bible.

It is very hard to answer the question "Did Lao-tsz believe in God?" The answer must depend upon the definition given to the word God. If we mean the God of ancient Israel, or of the New Testament, or God as understood by most people today, we may safely answer in the negative. Yet it does not follow from this that he had no idea of God whatever, nor can it be inferred that his search for the great Original was in vain. In his intense struggle to express his thoughts, Lao-tsz was often peculiar and obscure. He sometimes blends his conception of the originating cause with its ways of manifestation and action. (We do the same when we use the word Providence for God.) If the knowledge of God is the highest and most precious of all knowledge, then in this particular Lao-tsz was greater than Confucius, for he earnestly sought to increase his knowledge of the great fountain of being, while Confucius was content to transmit what had been taught by his predecessors.

The next greatest name in Taoism is Chwang-tsz, who lived about 330 years B. C. Chwang-tsz was one of the acutest minds ever possessed by China. He took up the labors of his master, Lao-tsz, and added the result of his vigorous investiga-

tions. One of his musings is exceedingly interesting, as furnishing the nearest approach to asserting personality as a predicate of God, which can be found in the whole of the Taoist writings. He says: "The heavens revolve, the earth remains still, the sun and moon move in their respective paths; but who governs them, who manages them, who lives unoccupied in stillness and yet causes all things to move? The thoughtful have speculated much on these things, and failed to find out the secret. The wind rises in the north and drifts between east and west, agitating all things; but who drives it forth and brings it back, and for what reason is it all done? It seems as if there must be a True Ruler, only we cannot get at his personality."

After Lao-tsz and Chwang-tsz none arose like them, and yet among the moral treatises of the later Taoists there are some remarkable passages. . . . Taoistic tracts and commentaries on them are almost innumerable, but only a few of them are worth translating. One of the best is called "Actions and their Recompenses." Its author is unknown, but in all probability it was written in the tenth century. Its style is clear and terse, rendering it attractive to the educated, while it is so simple as to be generally understood by the common people. One passage runs as follows: "Transgressions, great and small, are of several hundred kinds. He who wishes for long life must first attend to strictly avoiding all these sins. He must feel kindly toward his fellow-men, be loyal, filial, and loving. He must pity orphans and compassionate widows, respect the old, and cherish the young. He must stop evil and exalt and display [meaning to publish] what is good; receive insult without returning it, bestow favors without seeking for any return, give to others without afterwards regretting it. He who does this is a good man. Heaven protects him. He may hope to become immortal." This is one of the best existing tracts in China, and it is comforting to know that it has had, if not the largest circulation, at least one of the largest circulations, in the world. For at least eight centuries it has been in constant use all over China.

However much we may regret it, we have to admit that Taoism has for a long time been degenerating, until at last it has become, to a very large extent, a "base and abject superstition, a religion in the worst and lowest sense, a foolish idolatry, supported by a venal priesthood." Nevertheless, under all the superstitious accretions, some vital force has remained in Taoism to withstand decay, or long ago it would have perished. One of the essays sent to the Parliament of Religions was by a Taoist. He sketched the history of Taoism and discussed its leading principles, but was too modest to claim that his own system was perfect, and too reverent toward the faiths of others to disparage their religions. At the close of his paper he says: "O that one would rise to restore our religion, save it from errors, help its weakness, expose untruth with truth, explain the mysteries, and set forth its doctrines clearly!"

A humble and earnest wish for anything good is always a prayer, and we have the consolation that the heart's cry for more light never has been, never can be, in vain.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

Irresponsible Temperaments.....The Outlook

There is perhaps no one factor in the problem of living one's life and doing one's work of greater importance than temperament. When one sees the hosts of people who are practically the creatures and victims of temperament, one is tempted to change the Emersonian adage, "Character is destiny," so as to make it read, "Temperament is destiny."

There are multitudes of people who see nothing clearly and distinctly because they see everything through the mist which rises from some peculiarity of temperament; who cannot look at any question disinterestedly and dispassionately because it touches their feelings or fortunes at some point; who can never, with a decisive sense of reality, see an event or an experience precisely as it occurred, and hold that image in the mind undistorted.

There are hosts of people whose mental processes are vitiated by the influence and action of temperament; who, meaning to be thoroughly truthful, are never to be trusted in any statement of fact; whose very memories, without their knowledge, are at the mercy of their temperaments.

The dramatic temperament especially requires the keenest development of the sense of reality. The tendency to see persons and events in dramatic positions and relations is fatal to absolute veracity unless it is balanced by thorough sanity of mind. The picturesqueness of this temperament, and its skill at making reports of conversations and happenings of all kinds interesting and striking, are delightful gifts, but they bring great perils with them.

The person who has these gifts unconsciously groups the actors in the little drama, shifts the lights and changes the stage for the sake of the effectiveness which is craved, and which becomes, in the end, a stimulant which must be obtained. Such a person is always unconsciously playing a leading part in the drama which she—if this person be a woman, as is often the case—constantly constructs. She is always giving herself the advantage of the moral situation; she is always putting some one else in the wrong. Her feelings envelop the facts; her egoism interprets her own action in its best possible light, and so she gradually constructs a veritable myth—a story which has a basis of fact, but no basis of truth.

One who has seen this process go on, and has noted how memory itself gives back, not what it holds, but what is wanted, so that a lie is fashioned in essential unconsciousness, has trembled to think of the possible perils of such a temperament to its possessor and to others, and has realized the immense importance of making children not only the masters of their wills, but of their temperaments as well.

The worst complications and the most heartbreaking experiences of life have often had their rise in the workings and distortions of an irresponsible temperament. There is no safety save in the ability to

see things that touch us most keenly precisely as they are; it is always better to mortify ourselves than to lie about others.

A Good Word for Egotists.....M. B. Byrde.....Great Thoughts

Unhappy people, they need a good word, for the moralists have been very hard upon them. It will be urged, with justice, that there is a painful necessity to be repressive, and that indulgence to so insidious a complaint as self-love would be a fatal mistake; nevertheless, while human nature remains as it is, self-love will manifest itself, and that, too, under forms meant to sternly and unsparingly push it down.

The Buddhist, contemplative of his own soul, is an egotist of the worst type, though on his way, possibly, to self-effacement of the individual. So, too, the most ascetic of Christians may be so occupied with his spiritual state as to deserve the term, even if it is not fixed upon him. Any one, in fact, who is occupied with himself, from any cause whatsoever, or upon any plea, to the forgetfulness of his neighbor, is an egotist, be he religious or scientific in his absorption, or merely frankly selfish.

But there are egotists and egotists, and even of the second class several divisions. All egotism is not wholly selfish, and some is so bound up with the unselfish virtues that it becomes at best but the defect of a quality, and even at its worst is the spring of waters so pure and pellucid that we can forget the earth that polluted their source.

Of the cold, repellant sort of egotism that sacrifices others to it, Mr. Casaubon, in *Middlemarch*, is a perfect type. In real life there have been many Casaubons, with more or less patient Dorotheas. Milton's daughters, so frequently quoted as undutiful, were the victims of a colossal egotism united to genius, and perhaps deserve a little more charity than is usually given them. Milton's character was sublime, but it was that of a sublime Casaubon. But the former had a message for the world, which justifies what Lowell calls his audacity of self-reliance, and absorption of all things into himself; and so the protracted sittings to which he doomed his daughters, with readings aloud in unknown tongues, seem less reprehensible than poor Dorothea's forced nocturnal performances, when, at least, she grasped the meaning of what she read.

The egotism of Wordsworth was of another type, no more complicated, but more amiable, if less sublime. He took himself seriously, and it proved a good thing for the world that he had that faith in himself with which he sustained his followers through years of waiting for recognition. There is always a ludicrous side to such self-confidence, but it is not wise to dwell upon it. When Dürer calmly observed about one of his own pictures, "It could not be done better," he simply announced a fact; and who was in a better position to announce it than himself? It is the calmness that excites one's risibility; one has tears, not smiles, for the boast of the dying Keats, "I believe I shall be among the English poets."

But our promised "good word" is for another kind of egotism altogether—the egotism of the heart, not of the head. Your true egotist, in this sense, loves himself, but he has no idea of getting everything for himself, to the exclusion of others, for he cannot be happy unless others share his happiness. He is an egotist; for he wants happiness, which is a matter of indifference to the Stoic or the selfless; or he wants what stands for happiness to him, if it be only emotions—likely as not it may be sorrowful emotions, but he is happy in the feeling that he is not alone in these, and it helps him to bear them.

If "Misery loves company," then Misery is an egotist for whom we have a good word, for he does not love that others should be miserable, he only wants the fellow-feeling without which either joy or sorrow is intolerable.

Your kindly egotist is expansive, rather than reserved, but he talks about himself more for others' sake, after all, than his own. Robert Louis Stevenson declared that the only way to get at another was to let him see yourself, and there is sound common-sense in the remark. The egotist loses in dignity, probably, by so much self-revelment, but he gains in love. In life, as in art and literature, it is the egotist, after all, who is beloved. To be selfless is the counsel of perfection, and few attain to it; the next best thing is to love our neighbor as ourselves, and, with all reverence be it said, we have divine sanction for that boundary.

To quote again our "Louis, the well-beloved," "He who loves himself, not in idle vanity, but with a plentitude of knowledge, is the best equipped of all to love his neighbor." Combined with humor, this self-knowledge and yearning for self-revelment has given us, we must all own, our favorite, if not our greatest writers. Who could spare Lamb, that most inveterate gossip, whatever better man was shelved? Who has not a weakness for garrulous Pepys, and for the prince of biographers and hero-worshippers, Bozzy? As for the poets, they are all egotists, of course, for in art egotism is a necessity. Were all mankind selfless, there would never have been a picture painted, a song or tone-poem conceived, a lyric written. All art-utterance is, if genuine, due to the essence of egotism, the yearning for and the necessity of self-expression. We cannot do without art, for we are all egotists, and find in that which appeals to us precisely what we want to express, and can thus do vicariously.

In one branch of literature, at all events, the egotist is supreme, that of letter-writing. "I shall never apologize to you for egotism," wrote Sidney Smith to a correspondent. "I think few men writing to their friends have enough of it." Women may not be more egotistical than men—they are certainly not more selfish—but they generally invest their letters with more of the personal charm that should characterize such exchanges than men, as a rule, succeed in doing. And no one can deny, in either case, that the charm is that of egotism. Mrs. Carlyle, discoursing of the terror by night in her best bedstead, is delightful, where another, eloquent upon an abstract subject, would simply bore one.

The egotist is supposed to be a bore—that is the

heaviest indictment some can bring against him. Someone says it is only bores who can be bored; that saying, though too sweeping, as such perfectly sounding epigrams are apt to be, contains much truth.

To the keen and kindly there is no person more interesting than the one who will, with due modesty, "talk shop"; by "the others," such an one is voted an egotist if not a bore. Yet on what topic, save love (and if one is in love, to talk of it is undoubtedly "talking shop"), can a man or woman converse so feelingly as upon his or her work? Some people are very precise in their limitations of the discourse of others. Has a person traveled? to tell however intelligently of things he has seen, is to raise their irritation. Has he achieved anything? they do not wish to hear of it. "It is our own vanity," shrewdly says Rochefoucauld, "that makes the vanity of others so intolerable to us." That person gets most enjoyment out of life who brings to his intercourse with others a lively interest in all that interests them, and to have this faculty it is all but necessary to have also a dash of that deep-rooted interest in self which we call egotism.

I know of few things more disappointing than to meet a person so modest, or so inexpressive, that he cannot enlighten one upon some point of which one feels he is qualified to speak. In some such cases it is the pride which apes humility that causes our loss.

Like its kindred virtue, altruism, modesty can be reduced to an absurdity. Suppose no one should let another person do anything for him, but should still desire to do every conceivable good for others—manifestly altruism cease to be egotists. So if all men should suddenly cease to be egotists, and be interested solely and entirely in his neighbor's affairs, there would be no affairs to be interested in. Sympathy, that sweetest solace of life, is only possible through our imperfect humanity. To feel *for* another is possible to a selfless being; to feel *with* him, only to the one who, keenly sensitive, can transfer his impressions to the sphere of a neighbor's experience. For sympathy, go to the man or woman who is not too proud to accept it when his or her turn comes for suffering or joy, the only two things, as Goethe says, by which we learn anything at all.

In this pathetic desire for sympathy, which is supposed to be a note of egotism, there is far more of humility than of pride, for it is a recognition of the fact of our common humanity, in its fallen and weak estate. Your colossal egotist of the Miltonic type is beyond sympathy, "his soul is as a star," as poor Byron fondly thought of himself, "and dwells apart." Byron was an egotist, but he was not independent of his fellows, as he conceived himself to be. He was more vain than proud, after all, and as Swift says: "Vanity is rather a mark of humility than of pride." The vain require the approbation of others to seal their own self-approval, and without it their self-esteem flags.

The great danger of egotism of the heart is not of boring, but of being far too interesting to others, and so of getting more than a fair exchange in the barter of sympathy. Even the giving of sympathy

may become a sublimated selfishness, undertaken merely to relieve the burdened sensibilities of the

heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,

rather than a human interest in one's brother man; still more does the craving for sympathy, when indulged too freely, encroach upon the just limits of our rights in others. A stern barrier is set up by nature between souls, beyond which the largest sympathy may not go, and against which the egotist beats in vain.

Nor even the tenderest heart and next our own
Knows half the reason why we smile or sigh,

and in this fact lies three-fourths of the tragedy of life. No two people ever yet succeeded in being all in all to each other, though love, the strongest manifestation of egotism, forever whispers her fond illusion, it is true.

Paradox, then, though it may seem, those we are so fond of dubbing egotists are really seeking to unite themselves in spirit with others rather than to add to their own individuality. That loneliness of heart, that awfully mysterious sense of isolation that chills the spirit in its hour of sorrow, and is its bitterest trial, is not felt by the independent and self-contained, or if felt is smothered. The egotist cries and gropes for the hand of a friend in the darkness, and we love him, even if we call it weakness.

It is merely a good word, then, an indulgent word, that one would wish to give to egotism of the heart. At most, like the onion in Sidney Smith's famous recipe for salad-dressing, it should, in the concoction of a genial character, "scarce suspected, animate the whole." Coleridge speaks of the "alcohol of egotism"—pride which would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. This milder form of self-love may be called the oil of egotism, one drop of which, sparingly poured, lubricates the wheel of social intercourse without clogging it.

To conclude: As Pascal says of this inherent trait, "It is anchored in the heart of man. And those who write against it wish to have the glory of having written well, and those who read it, of having read well. And I, who write this have, perhaps, the same desire (of esteem), and perhaps those who read this." For we are all, each in our own degree, egotists. Happy for ourselves as others if we know it, and while indulgent to the self-esteem of others, strive for "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," which alone "leads life to sovereign power."

Indian Honor.....Washington Post

The story of a man who, on being convicted of a crime and sentenced to imprisonment, was permitted to visit his family in a distant town unattended by a guard, upon his promise to report in person to the prison keeper on a certain day, and who, like Pythias, faithfully kept his pledge, used to be printed in the school readers a generation ago as an example of integrity and an inspiration to manly conduct. But all that has been surpassed in a story from real life, the final incident of which was enacted last Sunday. And the hero of this story

was not a product of Caucasian or Christian civilization, but a Creek Indian, a member of one of the five tribes which call themselves "nations" and reside in the Indian Territory.

Shreds and patches of this strange narrative have appeared from time to time in the press dispatches, but it seems to us well worthy of more prominent mention. The American public has been thoroughly instructed as to all that is bad in the character and habits of the red man, and it is only common fairness to see what is on the other side of the picture.

The story opens early in the past summer, when two young Creek braves, Watka and Deer, met at a dance.

It happened that both of these gallants were suitors for the hand of the same maiden, and she being at the dance, trouble arose between them. There was a short fight, resulting in the death of Deer. For this homicide Watka was tried under the laws of his tribe, was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be shot at a date early in August. In almost any of our State courts the plea of self-defense would be successfully urged in such a case, but Indian justice is the sternest article of the kind that we have in the United States. Immediately on conviction the condemned man was released on parole, as others under the same circumstances had been.

No bond, no surety of any kind, nothing but his pledge to report for execution was required.

How many Americans are there who would keep such a promise?

"All that a man has will he give for his life," that is the rule. But the Creek Indians show exceptions. To them life is less valuable than honor. Watka could kill his rival in love in the heat of passion, but he would not violate his promise to save his life. He married the girl on whose account he had fought and killed Deer, and when the day of execution approached, he made preparations to die. In other words, he made every possible provision for the support of his widow.

But he was not to die at the time first appointed. He was a member of a famous Indian baseball team, and a number of games in which he was needed had been scheduled. For this reason, and for this alone, strange as it may appear in the light of our higher civilization, he was reprieved till the last day of October in order that he might fill his baseball engagements. Last week the games ended, and on Sunday Watka reported to the Creek authorities to pay his debt. A press dispatch thus describes what followed:

"Watka set out alone to the public execution grounds. In due time he arrived. The crowd was waiting. The prisoner assumed his position on bended knees, with arms tied behind and a blindfold over his eyes. The rifle was in the hands of a good marksman; there was a sharp crack and the white spot marked for the heart was discolored with the spurting blood caused by the deadly bullet."

An eloquent writer, predicting the early disappearance of the Indians, says "They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators; let these be faithful to their rude virtues."

ANOTHER PAGE FROM AT THE GATES OF SONG

The early demand for a second edition of the volume of sonnets, *At the Gates of Song*, by Lloyd Mifflin (Estes & Lauriat, Boston), and the cordial critical recognition with which the work has been met both in this country and in England, as well as Current Literature's individual appreciation of the charming quality of this new singer's verse, already exemplified in the two pages devoted to a consideration of *At the Gates of Song*, in our November number, leads us to give still another page to this unusual book.

The following sonnets are, it seems to us, quite as remarkable for purity of diction, tone, imagination and subtle feeling as those previously quoted.

A new volume from Mr. Mifflin's pen, *The Slopes of Helicon, and Other Poems*, will be issued during the month of March.

THE FRONTIER.

O soldier, treading through the long day's heat,
With tattered banner and with drooping crest,
Now as the sun sinks down thy purpled west;
Thou who hast come so far with aching feet,
Thou who must march and never canst retreat,
Art thou not weary of the bootless quest?
Look'st thou not forward to a time of rest?
Sweet will it be—beyond all telling sweet—
After long marches with red danger fraught;
The wakeful bivouac; the assault and flight—
After thy scars of glory; sore distraught;
To camp afar—beyond defeat and fight—
Wrapped in the blanket of a dreamless night,
Out past the pickets and the tents of thought!

FIAT LUX.

Then that dread angel near the awful throne
Leaving the seraphs ranged in flaming tiers,
Winged his dark way through those unpinioned spheres,
And on the void's black beetling edge, alone,
Stood with raised wings and listened for the tone
Of God's command to reach his eager ears,
While Chaos wavered, for she felt her years
Unscattered now in that convulsive zone.
Night trembled. And, as one hath oft beheld
A lamp lit in a vase light up its gloom,
So God's voice lighted him, from heel to plume,
Let there be Light, It said, and Darkness, quelled,
Shrunk noiseless backward in her monstrous womb
Through vasts unwinnowed by the wings of eld!

THE THRESHING FLOOR.

Oft may you see within some barn's wide door,
In winter, underneath the snowy eaves,
The great floor covered thick with summer's sheaves,
And moving horses, tethered four and four,
Tramping in endless circles, o'er and o'er,—
A seeming bootless task, as one believes,
Yet at the end, when day her sickle sheathes,
Behold! the yellow wheat upon the floor.
My soul, be thou contented, and full fain
Though yearning for the boundless prairies sweet,
Trudge round life's circles still, with willing feet;
And from the sheaves of trial and of pain,
By patience strong, and by endurance meet,
Tramp out, ere evening comes, the golden grain!

THE EVENING HOSTS.

Above the battlement and parapet
The warrior squadrons of the setting sun
Hurl in the twilight's face their gonfalon;
From scarlet tower and from minaret,
With purple pomp and plumed violet,
In splendid phalanxes they charge upon
The approaching legions of the evening dun—
Those grim battalions never vanquished yet.
They storm the bastions of the wavering day
Whose crimsoned javelins fall within that host
Unconquered; they in that unequal fray
Make of those glorious troops a holocaust:
Then from the turrets on the ramparts lost
The Twilight cohorts flaunt their flag of gray.

THE FLIGHT.

Upon a cloud among the stars we stood.
The angel raised his hand and looked and said,
"Which world, of all yon starry myriad
Shall we make wing to?" The still solitude
Became a harp whereon his voice and mood
Made spherul music round his haloed head.
I spake—for then I had not long been dead—
"Let me look round upon the vasts, and brood
A moment on these orbs ere I decide....
What is yon lower star that beauteous shines
And with soft splendor now incarnadines
Our wings?—*There* would I go and there abide."
He smiled as one who some child's thought divines:
"That is the world where yesternight you died."

A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER.

Upon this old Daguerreotype appears
Thy face, my Mother, crowned with wondrous hair.
What reconciliation in thine air;
And what a saintly smile, as if thy fears
The Lord had taken from thee, and thy tears!
'Tis my delight to still believe thee fair;
And thou wast loved, I know, for often here,
I saw my Father's eyes, at eighty years,
O'erflow with love when'er we spoke of thee—
We spoke of thee, I said, not he—not he!—
He could not speak! . . . O peace be with thee, then
Madonna-like, thy babe upon thy knee!
My gentle Mother, lost on earth to me,
Shall I not know thee somewhere once again?

MILTON.

His feet were shod with music and had wings
Like Hermes: far upon the peaks of song
His sandals sounded silverly along;
The dull world blossomed into beauteous things
Where'er he trod; and Heliconian springs
Gushed from the rocks he touched; round him a throng
Of fair invisibles, seraphic, strong,
Struck Orphean murmurs out of golden strings;
But he, spreading keen pinions for a white
Immensity of radiance and of peace,
Up-looming to the Empyrean infinite,
Far through ethereal fields, and zenith seas,
High, with strong wing-beats and with eagle ease,
Soared in a solitude of glorious light!

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

Methods and Opinions of a Playwright.....Colorado Springs Telegraph

"What constitutes a financially and popularly successful play?" was a question asked of David Belasco, and he replied:

"First of all, it must be congenial to the sympathies of the human mind, especially as regards the master passion—love. Secondly, it must have strong and novel situations, brought about in natural and simple ways. Thirdly, the plot should not require deep or difficult analysis, by which the audience may be wearied and puzzled with thinking, thereby losing the thread of the story. Fourthly, the language of the characters should be plain, direct, and easy to understand, and the incidents, whether comic or tragic, should drop, in as nearly as possible as they might happen in real life. A perfect play is condensed reality."

"How do you write your plays—do you dictate them or use a pen?"

"Those parts of my plays," responded Mr. Belasco, "which require study, such as reference to science, music or art, I write myself. But when I get to the more human side—when the villain and the heroine and the hero, and perhaps the soubrette, are hard at work making dramatic history, then I prefer to dictate. My thoughts travel fast then—I become the character I am creating, I act the part from beginning to end—I feel every emotion—I swear—I curse—I cry and laugh by turns. And all this time I am dictating as fast as the stenographer can take my words. Of course, I have my spells of work, when I can do more work in three days than I can manage at another time in a month."

Then I made him sit bolt upright by firing the following question at him: "Who, in your opinion, is the best American dramatic writer of serious parts?" After a few moments' thought he regained his composure and replied: "You have asked me a question which would be extremely difficult to answer without hurting somebody's feelings. The accepted leaders of the American drama are all men of education and talent, or they could not be accepted as leaders. They write as experts, not as apprentices, and each has his own peculiar manner of treatment. You cannot make comparison among Bronson Howard, William Gillette, Augustus Thomas, Paul Potter, Franklin Fyles, and various others, including our women playwrights. Writing a play is far more difficult than any one imagines, and the playwright has to master his trade, just as does the shoemaker and the carpenter."

"Wherein do American playwrights differ from English, French and German authors?"

"They differ little from their British brethren, save in being untrammelled by dramatic censorship. The public is their censor, and a sufficiently severe one. The fact that American plays are transferred unaltered to the London stage, and are there received as to the manner born, proves their family likeness. The Germans differ from the Americans by looking less to the events than to the theories—to action than to disquisition—to reality than to idealism; also in treating of political and social

questions in a didactic style, which the American more patient brain would not endure. The American playwright differs from the French in the looseness of construction—restriction in dialogue, especially in the length and diffusiveness of speeches and in the reticence due to the distaste of the public for suggestive allusions foreign to the temper of the American people, which the Puritan element still continues to influence. In my opinion, dramatic writing has gained in simplicity and directness, but lost in purely literary quality. When people want to enjoy fine writing they seek it nowadays in books, not plays."

"What is the best ingredient of a good play?"

"Of the hundred ingredients that go to make up a perfect play ninety-nine are love—stage pictures make the hundredth."

Gabriel Max and His Art.....Clara Ruge.....Art Interchange

"I return to the city in the autumn and will gather different reminiscences about my unworthy person with which you can amuse the dear public."

Thus wrote Gabriel Max to me in an autograph letter, inclosing a photograph, a characteristic likeness, for it shows his physical strength or peasant force permeated by mysticism. His face has a slight touch of irony, and the expression of his countenance is repeated in his art! Not only is there a mystical element in Max's paintings, but this characteristic predominates over every other in his pictures. His creative works are not weakened by this mysticism, because they are strong in drawing and vivid in conception. He is well equipped in technical skill, and is thus able to clothe a mystical idea in forms of lifelike force. While he is a fine draughtsman his coloring is not brilliantly rich, but very harmonious, and his values are exquisitely toned.

Our taste at the end of the nineteenth century seems rather tired of realistic representations. There is a reaction from the flood of imitations of nature that were so popular two decades ago. Before the realistic craze came in, Gabriel Max's glory had dawned. He gained the public attention with his powerful heroines, who ruled lions and tigers with their eyes, and soothed into sensuous quiet those terrible masters of the wilderness. His painting of the head of Christ on the handkerchief of Veronica caused a remarkable sensation. From one position the eyes appear closed; from another point of observation the eyes open to the beholder, looking at him with a soft, plaintive gaze. This masterpiece was achieved in the middle of the seventies. I saw the picture at the Kunstler-haus or Art Union Gallery in Vienna, and I remember still how I dreamed of those wonderful eyes, night after night. Then a crowd of imitators arose and followed the poetic fantasies of Max, with the usual outcome of parrot-like parodies—the admiration for the creative works of the original young painter was brought to a sudden stop. In Germany, at this time, realism in art rose to its height, and those who took their opinions of art from the popular influence smiled while speaking of Max. Nobody de-

nied his masterly qualities, but his pictures were not in accord with the realistic trend of the times. Therefore Gabriel Max ceased to be popular, though he had then and since sincere admirers. At last a different breeze began to blow. Science, with her discoveries of hypnotism, appealed to him and he became deeply interested in spiritualism, and his paintings became the reflex of his emotions in this plane of thought. The Spirit's Greeting ("Geister-grus"), representing a young widow seated at the piano, where she seems to see her husband's hand guiding her while she plays, painted a few years ago, produced an intense sensation and awakened new interest in the artist. The attention attracted was enhanced by the painter's mastery of technical execution. His color is tenderly quiet. He paints without preliminary dead color all over the picture. When the painting is perfectly dry he glazes it over with transparent color. This method he finds suitable for his style of subjects on canvas.

Gabriel Max was born on the twenty-third of August, 1840, in Prague, Bohemia. His father was his first teacher in art. Joseph Max was himself a sculptor descended from many generations of sculptors; so his son Gabriel opened his eyes in a home surrounded by the most natural expressions of form. Young Gabriel was thus prepared to enter the Art Academy of Prague in 1854, when only fourteen years old. For four years he studied there, going thence for some years to the Vienna Academy of Art with Professor Blass. Finally he went to Munich to paint under the direction of Piloty, and exhibited for the first time in 1867, awakening an interest that amounted to sensation. The spiritual phantasies presented were often sombre and sad, yet they woke the imagination of the public.

Among his first paintings were thirteen illustrations of celebrated musical compositions. These were succeeded by a long list of noble works of art among which *The Christian Martyr*,* *The Walpurgis Night*, *Peddler in the Roman Catacombs*, *A Greeting*, *The Child Murderer*, are his most poetically conceived compositions. Owing to their sensational character the scenes of the Roman amphitheatre—*The Lion's Bride*, and *Joan of Arc*—are the most celebrated and popular of his paintings. The many madonnas painted by Max vary from each other, but still more do they differ from the Italian ideal. He places before us on canvas, nervous, sensitive beings, of spiritual expression and of refined beauty. It is said that his sister-in-law serves as model and inspiration for his most refined womanly heads. He can scarcely paint a happy, joyful expression. His woman's head named Joy might better be called Melancholy. It is a deep-toned philosophical joy, more akin to meditation than to the physical outburst of happiness known to more earthly mortals as joy.

That Max can represent grotesque humor is proved by his monkey pictures, where every animal is a caricature of an individual, sometimes of very well-known men. His *Coffee Chat* ("Kaffee-klatsch") expresses the happiness of monkeys engaged in an imitation of deep conversation. They

are criticising their neighbors. This was sent to the Munich exhibition, but as it happened these chattering monkeys had a very striking resemblance to most of the jurors, this likeness caused the painting to be rejected and returned to the artist's studio. The ingenious artist, however, made use of modern reproductive art to reach the masses, and there was soon a great demand for this picturesque criticism of art juries. Max is surprisingly original, and many of the artistic fraternity found innovations unpleasant. He has worked in an entirely novel vein, and has touched the heart of the public. The realistic school has thought him wrong, but picture lovers and those who with Schiller believe that "Hope is man's immemorial hymn," proclaim him an ideal painter—one who is not content with mere technical execution, but the penetrating, poetic artist, half seer and poet.

Origin of Gottschalk's Last Hope.....Christian Advocate

There are certain musical compositions, not generally regarded as classical, that fasten themselves upon the hearts of people, and that are brought to mind occasionally with all the sweet, refreshing influences of the gentle south wind. Such a composition is Gottschalk's *Last Hope*. The story of this piece of music is told by a correspondent of a New York paper as follows:

"I have read somewhere in a French paper that Gottschalk himself loved to play it every night. On being asked the reason, he said it was a heart memory of his, and he called it his evening prayer. . . . It seems that once, when staying at a certain place in Spain, he formed a close friendship with a lady afflicted with an incurable disease. Mourning the absence of a beloved son, the only thing which seemed to comfort her and quiet the restless wish for his return was Gottschalk's playing. One evening, when she was suffering more than usual, and very unhappy, she went up to Gottschalk and exclaimed: 'In pity, dear friend, give me a little melody, "La Dernière Esperance." Tell me, shall I see him once again?' And in response to her passionate wish, Gottschalk then and there composed what the signora called this plaintive and caressing song, one of those aspirations of the soul which seem to ascend to heaven and almost demand an answer according to one's wish.

"The next day Gottschalk went into a neighboring town to give a concert, and on returning, two days later, he heard the bells of the old church tolling. His heart sank with a feeling of foreboding, and putting spurs to his horse he reached the doors of the church in time to look once more on the calm and peaceful face of the signora as she was being carried to her last resting place. And so, in memory of her, he ever loved to play with peculiar feeling the melody with which he had tried to comfort her and give the longing of her heart expression."

The "Mise en Scene".....Percy Fitzgerald.....Gentleman's Magazine

It has long seemed to me that stage scenery has not been treated on any scientific principle. The existing system does not even pretend to such a thing; but no one questions it; it is assumed to be nigh to perfection, and all that is wanted. An artificial standard has been created and accepted. No

*Known also as *The Last Token*. (See page 108.)

one, for instance, pauses to think whether an exquisite garden, which actually dazzles by the blaze of electric light (Medium) in which it is steeped, is like anything in nature. It is like stage nature, the artificial standard to which every playgoer has been brought. Yet if shown to a person introduced for the first time into a theatre, it may be doubted if he would recognize it at all; or for anything but what it is—a number of painted pieces of linen hanging as if from clothes-lines, profiles cut out as it were from cardboard, boxes covered with painted linen, which he is assured are “banks,” and so on. The first principle of true scenic effect is that no power of imitation or simulation, however ingenious, can contrive that a limited area like the stage will exhibit the effect of large spaces, structures, atmospheres, etc. These latter cannot be transferred to such an enclosure, though, of course, a reproduction in miniature and on a very reduced scale may be attempted. It is, in short, an impossibility to simulate or imitate exactly outside nature on the boards. Were it possible to have a whole street or building constructed—an exact copy in scale and size—the result would be that the figures are dwarfed into mites, and it would require hundreds of them to fill the stage at all. The dilemma, in short, is, where the stage is small, the construction is disproportioned to the figure, *i. e.*, a man's head is on a level with the first story of a house; and where it is large and of the proper size there can be no acting, for nothing can be heard or seen. It is plain, therefore, that reproduction will not do, and that in this direction we are on “the wrong tack altogether.” The more gigantic and daring our efforts, the more we shall fail.

The true principle we have long since abandoned, for we once had it. Strange as it may seem, in the last century there were more correct ideas as to the limits of scenery. The notion was to *suggest* rather than to imitate, and to set the imagination in motion, a principle that directs all the efforts of poetry, music and the arts. On the stage it amounted to this: that the spectator shall not actually see with his eyes the scene before him in which the performers are engaged, but shall be *persuaded* that such is the fact. In real life such is really the case. Suppose we find ourselves in some room or open place that is strange to us, and an exciting incident occurs, say a quarrel, a conflict, an accident, the dramatic character of the action will absorb us; we shall take no note of the surrounding details—the decorations, the furniture—save in the most general way. We recall that it was a large room or a small one, that the characters were near the window or the door; but what pictures were on the wall, or whether there were pictures at all, we cannot recall. This is shown again and again in trials and judicial investigations, where a sort of general notion of the scene is retained. The fact is the details are altogether unimportant, and add nothing to the dramatic elements of the situation.

Now this, we may hold, should be the principle of scenery. What is shown should be just so much as to complete the situation; just so much as should be seen at such an exciting moment, and just so much as would indicate generally the character of the scene. This, of course, is a merely negative

principle. Of course, the value of it lies, as Captain Cuttle would say, in the application. But once we have a clear principle, the thing is easier than one would fancy. The stages of sixty or seventy years ago were in possession of the true principle.

... We have since those old days witnessed increased effort after more imposing arrangements as regards scenery, illumination, costumes—even appropriate material—as well as a great straining after historical truth. For real art there is no advantage in all this. All the best dramatic effects in a play would be of more value, and in many cases be more valued, if the play was carried on before one dark background throughout. The audiences are always aware that they are not looking at reality, and need not be made to lose this secret sense. It is evident that we cannot return to the old bare boards, and that, in order to please the audience, we must have—in decoration, dress, and effect—certain accessories holding a position midway between each extreme; but regard for the exigencies of realities must never be obtruded on the stage, and the author who means to deal honorably with art will carefully avoid depending on mere decorative effects for his success.

Ethics of the Encore.....Rupert Hughes.....The Criterion

Some inventor should come to the rescue of the public performer and his ardent retainer, the encore fiend.

At the end of a solo it is embarrassing for the artist to have to thread his way through the maze of an orchestra to the remote door, realizing as he does, that the longer he takes to get there, the less likelihood there is that the vitality of the encore fiend will hold out to bring him all the way back, twice. It is unseemly to take an encore on the first recall, and yet it is unkind to the audience to keep them working overtime. Besides, their patience may not survive. Few things are so exhausting as violent applause long sustained. Some artists, especially the fat ones and the women, who should be arrested on æsthetic grounds for running in public, go off the stage at a lope. But this betrays too much eagerness. Judicious and economical audiences can be seen to slacken up their applause until the soloist is well off the stage, to resume it then with ardor. But this looks mercenary. And the action of some of us, who let others do all the applauding, and only lend a hand at critical moments, is beneath contempt.

Plainly some remedy is needed.

One of the comic papers, *Life*, perhaps, showed a device for enabling toppers to go out between acts without disturbing their neighbors. The seat was to be automatically lowered beneath the floor by pressure on a lever. Something like this might be applied to the encore problem. The artist could bob up serenely at just the right point in the flagging applause, like a timely Jack-in-the-box. Breath would be saved for singers, and the muscular energy of many a triceps conserved. Then, if some one would put in an electric gong at every seat, so that by merely pressing a button one could ring up his enthusiasm in exact quantities without taxing his strength, concert-going would be less operose.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

De Smith and the 'Phone.....Puck

De Smith rang his telephone bell gently.
 "Hullo, Central!" he murmured.
 A patient wait and no answer.
 "Hullo, Central!" a trifle louder.
 No response. Another ring—longer than the first.

"Hullo, Central!"
 De Smith's voice was slightly tinged with exasperation.

Silence still; and the receiver rasped as De Smith's fierce breath struck the transmitter.

"Hullo! hullo! hullo!—great blazes!"

There came no answering voice, and De Smith rang savagely for fifteen minutes by the clock.

"What do you mean by ringing that way?" asked a feminine voice.

"I mean that I won't wait three hours on you; that's what I mean. My time's worth something."

"Didn't wait three hours."

"Know better. Give me five one naught three."

"Six seven two one?"

"Who said anything about six seven two one? I want five one naught three—five——"

"Five one nine three?"

"Naught, naught three."

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling."

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!" returned De Smith, "is Mr. Johnson there?"

"Wait a minute."

De Smith waited ten minutes, and it seemed like ten hours. At last, a ring and an answer.

"Hullo, there!"

"Hullo, Johnson! Say! send over——"

"Who do you want?"

"Johnson, Johnson—ain't your name Johnson?"

"No; my name's Thompson."

"Send Johnson to the 'phone."

"No Johnson here."

"What! Aren't you Brown, Jones & Robinson?"

"No; we're Hngx & Tzwxson."

"Who?"

"Lrptw & Xtwpson."

"Spell it."

"Huh-bler-cl—stuh-a-nd——"

"What's your number?"

"Fifty-one ninety-three."

"Great Caesar's ghost!"

De Smith dropped the receiver and fell back against the door. When he recovered he went at the 'phone again.

"Hullo, Central!"

"Hullo! hullo! hullo! Say, what do you want, anyway?"

"Ring off—I want Central."

"There's—no—Johnson—here."

"I didn't say there was!" howled De Smith; "ring off. Hullo, Central!"

"Who are you?"

De Smith danced a devil's hornpipe around the telephone and then yanked the bell.

"Hullo, Central! Where the old Nick are you? Hullo! Hullo!! Hullo!!!"

"Stop your yellin'! This is Thompson at the 'phone."

"Go to Halifax, Thompson! Will you ring off? I don't want you?"

"What's that? Don't talk so loud—I can't hear you."

"Don't care whether you hear me or not. I'm blamed——"

"Get back from your 'phone."

De Smith gasped, put his receiver in the fork, hung to it with all his strength and rang his bell until he wore out the battery.

"Hullo, Central," he murmured, in a husky whisper.

His eyes were bulging from his head and life seemed a dreary waste.

"Do you want Gext & Pgwson?"

"No," came the strangely mild and husky whisper, "I want Central."

"There's no Johnson here, I tell you."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Poor De Smith. They took him from that telephone to an asylum, and he amuses himself there with an old door knob. He holds it to his ear and is constantly calling for 5103 through the ventilator.

Materfamilias.....Jessie Mansergh.....Cornhill Magazine

Three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, three-quarters suet, eight eggs. I told her to be careful in weighing, but you can never tell. Last year it fell to pieces before it came to table, and spoiled *my* pleasure for the rest of the dinner. Father used to say that nobody's puddings were like ours, but that was when I made my own. I wish I could have made them this year, but I dared not suggest it. They are so flisty nowadays, these fine servants. Maria would have taken offense at once, and it would never have done to be without her just now with a house full of visitors. . . . It felt like old times to-night, and how happy father looked welcoming them all! He will ruin those boys before the holidays are over. It was the same with our own children; if he was obliged to disappoint them, he was miserable for the rest of the day. Such a tender heart as he has! I never knew a man like him. He has never lost patience with me in all these years, and I have been sharp with him many a time—about such little things! . . . When I have fretted about the children going away and leaving us, one by one, I have remembered his faithful love and been comforted. Nothing else could make up for that. I'm only a plain, uninteresting old woman to the rest of the world, but to him I am always best, always the first—and he is more to me than ten sons. But—I want the children! . . . If it is a wet day they must all go into the library so that the table can be laid in good time. If the jellies don't turn out properly, I'll have them served in custard glasses with cream whipped on top. Nothing looks worse than broken jellies; but they ought to be good—real calves' feet, and everything of the best. I never had one of those tablets in *my* house, and I never will! . . . Four children, three

grandchildren, all of them back beneath the old roof, except—oh, my boy! where are you to-night? What are you doing? You can't go to sleep on Christmas eve without remembering the old home, and your mother, Robbie—the old mother who tried to make your Christmases happy years ago! . . . Father doesn't say anything, but there is a look on his face I know well. I wake in the night and hear him sigh. He is getting an old man, and he depended on Rob to help him. He was our first. None of the others were quite the same. . . I remember the Christmas after he was born as if it were yesterday. Eleven months old, and he sat on his high chair like a prince. He had on the white frock that I worked myself, embroidery up to the waist, and down the front of the bodice. William and Ernest wore it, too, and then that red-haired Mary let her iron get too hot, and burned a hole right out. Careless thing! I nearly cried when I saw it. . . . We gave him a Punchinello on the end of a stick, and when he turned it round it played a tune. His little face of astonishment, how sweet it was! How we loved him! . . . If you had died, Rob, it would have been easier; but to know that you are alive and don't care—that's the hard part; it is that that breaks my heart. . . . Poor lad! Poor lad! You are not happy. . . . I know you are not. . . . It's a rough road. . . . I won't give up hope; it is Christmas day to-morrow, perhaps his heart may be softened; perhaps he may meet some kind soul who will speak a word for home and the old folks. . . . God bless them, whoever they may be, and let me see him again before I die. . . . I shouldn't like to die before Rob comes back. His brothers might be harsh with him. William is very bitter. He has always been a dutiful boy himself, and he cannot understand such behavior. . . . How handsome he looked when he arrived to-night, and how prosperous! He must be making a big income, I should say by the way they live; but he was always close, and he is worse than ever since his marriage. . . . Emily must have bought a new traveling cloak! Last year she wore a brown one trimmed with fur. It didn't look shabby to me, but she is so extravagant! Five servants now, and only those two children. No wonder Will is getting gray; it must be a strain on him to provide for such a household. When father and I were young we managed with one servant and laid by money for the children's education; but then, as Emily reminded me, I was brought up in different surroundings from hers. . . . It wasn't nice of her to say that—no! it wasn't nice at all. William would not have been pleased if he had heard her, and it isn't the only time; I could say disagreeable things, too, if I chose. Those poor children are not half warmly enough clothed; it's no wonder they have coughs, and when I was with them I saw many things about the house. . . . Well! well! what does it matter? She makes William happy, and that's the great thing. I am an old woman, surely I can forgive a few thoughtless words from a young thing like that. She'll learn more sense. . . . I wonder if Hannah remembered to put frilled pillow-cases on her bed. I *shall* be annoyed if she has

forgotten, for it is just one of the things Emily would notice. She has all her sheets hem-stitched. . . .

The children are beauties! Eric is the picture of his father at the same age, and what a spirit! He couldn't help breaking the tumbler, poor little man, but it spoils the set. That's eleven of the stars and sixteen of the Grecian border—I must have them made up, for once the sets are broken there's no check upon the servants. . . . Cecil takes after his mother's family. I love them dearly, but it's a good thing children come while one is young—I couldn't stand the racket for long nowadays.

Ernest looks thin. He doesn't get on, poor boy! It would have been wiser if we had given him his own way and let him go abroad, but we did it for the best. . . . Father says we cannot do more than act upon the light of the moment, and that it is useless grieving over what is irretrievable, but I can't help grieving. The poor lad's cuffs were frayed at the wrists. I saw them, and he used to be such a dandy. . . . Amy has had a hard time! No one would think, to look at her now, what a pretty girl she was when they were married. She has no nurse for the baby, and that is the same dress she wore last year, with new trimmings to freshen it up. Velveteen, I should say by the look of it, not velvet. We must give them a check with their Christmas present, but not before the others—they would not like that—just quietly when we are alone. . . . Ernest shall take me in to dinner. I can't help it if Will is offended. I must consider Ernest first. Every one must be especially kind to him this year. He was always a sensitive child.

Minette and Charlie came last, though they live nearest of all. She planned that, the little rogue! I know her tricks. She was not going to arrive in the character of bride without making sure of her audience; and how pretty she was—a perfect picture in those lovely furs. Father says she is exactly what I was as a girl, but my hair was never so golden. Darling! And Charlie adores her. I ought to be thankful for that marriage, for at one time I was afraid it would be young Sinclair, and he is a wild fellow—she would not have been happy. . . . Her house is prettier than any of the others, but I don't know how she will manage. She uses the best things every day, and never draws the blinds for the sun. When I say anything she pulls my cap on one side and asks if I remember Aunt Christian's sofa blanket. They all laugh at me about that, but I can't see the joke. It was far too grand for our room, and the red and green stripes made the furniture look shabby, so I put it aside for one of the children, and now none of them will have it. It can't be soiled, for it is wrapped up in the same paper in which it arrived ten years ago, and it's a beautiful thing—there must be pounds of wool in it, not to mention the silk. . . .

. . . Charlie sits next to Emily. I wonder what she will wear! Something very fine, no doubt. I will say for her that she knows how to dress. I wonder which cap I should put on! The one with the pearl drops is the most becoming, but the lace is not real. I'll wear the new one, and let

her see that my Brussels is as good as hers. As I said to father, it's no use sparing money when you go to buy lace. Have it good, or not at all. I think I'll give Amy the old Honiton. She has brought presents for every one, the kind little thing, though she is so shabby herself. She showed me Nell's to-night. Pink silk covers for her cushions! She is going to sew them on in the morning, and they will be on the couch as a surprise for Nell when she is carried down to dinner. The pink will make her look less pale. My precious lamb! A week ago I thought she would not be able to come down, but she has stayed in bed and taken every care. She knew it would spoil our Christmas if she were not among us. Ah! what am I saying? Last year she walked down; this year she must be carried—next year, perhaps—My baby! The last of them all! I can't face it, I can't let her go! I have nursed her night and day for nineteen years, I should have nothing to do if Nellie were not here. . . . And yet to see her grow more and more helpless; to suffer worse pain! Thank God, the choice is not in my hands. He will help me to bear what comes. . . . She would be well and strong, and she has had nothing but suffering here—never any enjoyment like other girls. . . . There are worse troubles than death—much worse. If I could think of Robbie in heaven! Ah! my boy, where are you to-night? What are you doing? Have you forgotten me, Robbie, altogether? . . . Twelve o'clock striking! Father in Heaven, Thy Son's birthday! Hear a mother's prayer. My children! Remember my children!

The Death of the Bird.....*New Orleans Picayune*

The bird was dead. It lay, a tiny, fluffy, golden heap in the bottom of the cage, and the two little children, whose pet it had been, stood and looked at it in awed silence. It was the first time they had been brought face to face with the great mystery of life and death, and they asked of their elders, as they, in turn, had asked of philosophy and reason, "What, and why is death?" and to neither came there any answer. By and by the little watchers by the bier of the dead bird were made to understand that never again would their tiny friend waken them at daybreak with his joyous song; that he would perch no more on their hands, or crane his head to one side with funny looks of unutterable wisdom; that the gay heart was stilled, and that all that was left was this little heap of yellow feathers, lying mute and still in the bottom of the cage. Then the full sense of desolation and loss swept over them, and they wept as if their poor baby hearts were broken. "We want our Dickie back," they cried passionately; "we don't want him to be dead. Make him alive again." And their elders explained to them the first great lesson of the inevitable submission to fate, and told them that for all man's boasted achievements in science, and for all the wisdom of the centuries there was not one who could breathe back the breath of life into a dead bird. All day the children played about the room with a strange quietness. Other children in the neighborhood came in to play with them, and they, too, went and stood sorrowfully by the cage in which the dead bird lay, and then an older one said

that they must bury it. The nurse improvised a coffin out of a cigar box and some pink cotton, and in this they put poor Dickie, with his still, useless, yellow wings folded tight against his sides, and covered him up with a doll's coverlet because he seemed so cold, and then they formed a mournful and silent little procession that straggled down into the garden. With their toy spades they scooped out a little hollow under a rose bush and put the coffin in it, and then the older boy preached the funeral sermon. "Dear Dickie is dead," he said; "we loved him and we miss him and we've cried for him. We hope he knows we've cried because—because we were so sorry and it was all that we could do." The little orator did not know it, but he had voiced the great heart-cry of all who mourn when mortality can follow immortality no longer and love can only send after its dead the tribute of its tears. Then the children knelt and with quavering, shrill voices repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep," and it seemed to an old and world-worn man who watched them from an upper window, that tired humanity could ask no sweeter prayer to be said above it, when it laid down for the last long, dreamless sleep. After a while the neighbor children went off home and the two little bereft owners climbed up to the nursery where the gilded cage hung empty and tenantless in the window, and they reached futile little arms up toward it and wept because there was no sleepy chirp to answer to their good night. By and by another yellow songster will be installed in the gilded pleasure house, but it can never be the same. They have loved and lost and have taken the first step on the road of knowledge where the thorns grow among the roses.

Weighing the Baby.....*Pearson's Weekly*

The story is of a young and devoted father. The baby was his first, and he wanted to weigh it.

"It's a bumper!" he exclaimed. "Where are the scales?"

The domestic hunted up an old fashioned pair, and the proud young father assumed charge of the operation.

"I'll try it at eight pounds," he said, sliding the weight along the beam at that figure.

"It won't do. She weighs ever so much more than that."

He slid the weight along several notches farther.

"By George!" he said. "She weighs more than 10 pounds—11—12—13—14! Is it possible?"

He set the baby and the scales down and rested himself a moment.

"Biggest baby I ever saw," he panted, resuming the weighing process. "Fifteen and a half—16! This thing won't weigh her. See, sixteen is the last notch, and she jerks it up like a feather! Go and get a big pair of scales at some neighbor's. I'll bet a tanner that she weighs over twenty pounds. Millie," he shouted, rushing into the next room, "she's the biggest baby in this country—weighs over sixteen pounds!"

"What did you weigh her on?" inquired the young mother.

"On the old scales in the kitchen."

"The figures on those are only ounces," she replied quietly. "Bring me the baby, John."

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

A Scotch Night.....Glenrowan Australian

If you chance to strike a gathering of half-a-dozen friends
Where the drink is Highland whisky or some chosen "Border Blends,"
And the room is full of "speirin'," and the "grupp'in' of brown han's,"
And the talk is all of "tartans" and of "plaidies," and of "clans,"
You can take things douce and easy, you can judge you're going right,
For you've had the luck to stumble on a "wee Scotch night."

When you're pitchforked in among them in a sweeping sort of way,
As "anither mon an' brither" from the Tweed or from the Tay,
When you're taken by the oxter and you're coup'd into a chair
While some one slips a whusky in your tumbler unaware,
Then the present seems less dismal and the future fair and bricht,
For you've struck earth's grandest treasure in a "guid Scots nicht."

When you hear a short name shouted and the same name shouted back,
Till you think in the confusion that they've all been christened "Mac,"
When you see a red beard flashing in the corner by the fire,
And a giant on the sofa who is six-foot three, or higher,
Before you've guessed the color and before you've gaug'd the height,
You'll have jumped at the conclusion it's a "braw Scotch night."

When the red man in the corner puts his strong voice to the proof
As he gives the "Hundred Pipers," and the chorus lifts the roof,
When a chiel sings "Annie Laurie" with its tender, sweet refrain,
Till the tears are on their eyelids and—the drink comes round again,
When they chant the stirring war-songs that would make the coward fight,
Then you're fairly in the middle of a "wee Scotch night."

When the plot begins to thicken and the band begins to play,
When every tin-pot chieftain has a word or two to say,
When they'd sell a Queensland station for a sprig of native heath,
Where there's one "Mac" on the table and a couple underneath,
When half of them are sleeping and the whole of them are tight,
You will know that you're assisting at a (hic) Scotch night.

When the last big bottle's empty and the dawn creeps gray and cold,
And the last clan tartan's folded, and the last big lie is told,
When they totter down the footpath in a brave unbroken line,
To the peril of the passers, and the tune of "Auld Lang Syne,"
You can tell the folk at breakfast as they watch the fearsome sight,
They have only been assisting at a "braw Scot's nicht."

The Field Hand's Song.....Frank L. Stanton.....Atlanta Constitution

De parson wear a Number Twelve,
(Shout, mo'ners, shout!)
En when de devil git him
He'll stomp de fire out!

Oh, dat fire!
Hot ez hot kin be;
Parson, when you gits dar,
Stomp it out for me!

De parson wear a Number Twelve.
(Sinner, what yo' doom?)
De devil say: "You go away—
You take up too much room!"

Oh, dat fire!
Hot ez hot kin be;
Parson, when you gits dar,
Stomp it out for me!

Paths of Glory.....Washington Star

It's mighty difficult, jes' now, fur any one ter frame
A clear idea of what exackly goes ter make up fame.
I seen a feller's pictur; 'twasn' sech a handsome face!
But they'd marked it "advertisement," an' it had the lead-
ing place.
They'd wrote up his biography ez careful ez they could;
They even stopped ter name the dose of stuff that done
him good!

'Twas no wonder that his features wore a self-approvin'
laugh,
Like he felt his future greatness when they took his phor-
tygraph.

There was another, way down in a corner of the page,
Where this man claimed yer notice ez a hero of the age.
I purty nearly missed it, 'cause my eyesight's rather dim,
An' I wusn't lookin' out for no big people 'ceptin' him.
I could hardly trust my senses when I come ter scan it
close,
An' discovered twis a bigger man than him ez tuck the
dose,
An' the more I thought about it all, the more it hurt my
pride
Ter find it was the President—an' jes' a column wide!

So now I tell my boy ter go ahead and not despair;
Tho' he may not see success, it's waitin' fur 'im there
In the growin,' generous future, which is full of hope-
fulness

Fur them ez is content to use the talents they possess.
An' ef he finds he ain't got eddication ez he should,
I tell 'im ter keep heart ez long ez his digestion's good.
Ez a scholar an' a statesman, tho' his mark he never
makes,
He may still, perhaps, be famous for the medicine he
takes.

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

Failure of Modern Education.....J. R. Mahaffy.....Nineteenth Century

If we compare the classes who have had means and leisure for generations, and therefore careful schooling, with those who have had nothing, I do not know that there is a corresponding contrast in their morals. Either, therefore, education has far less influence than we imagine in making people good and happy, or else our systems of education are at fault, and are producing no effects commensurate with the efforts we employ; or else both alternatives are to be accepted, and that upon the whole is my opinion.

Let me cite but one other, much larger, field of evidence, which points in the same direction. What effect has the last thirty years' educating of the English people produced in disseminating higher and purer literary taste among us? Not very long ago one of the leading magazines gave us the evidence of the booksellers—evidence perfectly clear and unsuspecting—regarding the sale of books to the English reader. The exact figures I have lost, but I am quite certain of the general result. There was, together with a great increase in the quantity of reading, a distinct decline in the reading of the English classics—a decline in the quality of our reading. The great masters, poets, philosophers, historians, even novelists, are set aside for the trivial, the sensational, the affected, the ephemeral. Is it indeed a progress in culture that our reading masses discard Scott for Stevenson, Miss Austen for Marie Corelli, the Quarterly for the Strand Magazine, the Times for the Telegraph? Is it better to worship a man whose matter is so great that we are careless of his style, than to worship a man whose style is so perfect that we are careless of his matter? Is a writer who has very little to say to be lauded to the skies because he says it exceedingly well?

I can anticipate the rejoinders which have started up already in the minds of many of you. First, you may urge for the general public that the wide diffusion of reading is a great and growing happiness for the masses; and, secondly, that the education of the classes has been wonderfully reformed by the improvement of text-books, the multiplication of subjects, and the introduction of examination tests to give rewards to real merit.

As regards the diffusion of reading, a very few words will suffice. I am quite ready to allow that the diffusion of reading tends to increase the happiness of the masses. But I am not at all sure that it is the sort of happiness which makes them permanently contented, or which makes them morally better or sounder. It may be asserted that the ploughboy who, when he comes home from his work, has the Police News to amuse him, is happier for the moment than he who cannot read. The same may be said of the servant girl who carries off her mistress's copy of the Sorrows of Satan, to read at night in bed when her work is over. But is this enjoyment a proper sort of happiness? Is there any good in multiplying reading clubs through the country unless we have some guarantee that the quality of what the masses read is not likely to

poison their minds? Is it not a common experience that at such clubs the good and solid books are neglected for the shilling romance of horrid crimes or the lowest specimens of our not only free but licentious press? It may well be doubted, for example, whether the antipathy which a large body of Irishmen feel towards England could live and last were it not for the continual and malicious falsehoods which are served up to them in the papers which they read. This is likewise the case with the American outbursts of apparent hatred towards this country. In France, too, the same feeling is created by a lying press, which threatens to be an active cause of war in the future history of Europe. Are not these grave limitations to the doctrine that we are certain to raise and improve the masses by the mere diffusion of the habit of reading? I may compare it to the theory of many pious Protestants, that, provided you can make any unbeliever, any sinner, any savage read the Bible, he is safe to extract from it the religion which these Protestants profess.

Education in Hawaii.....Henry Schuler Townsend.....Forum

The education of the people is not a new undertaking in the Hawaiian Islands. The historian says that the first printing in Hawaii was done January 7, 1822; and he adds that it was work on a school-book. It is related that, when the missionaries persuaded the king and chiefs to undertake to learn to read and write, "the king directed two or three of his more intelligent subjects to try this matter, and see if it were safe, in which case he himself and others of rank would follow." The results of the experiment seem to have been satisfactory, for we read that "all the leading chiefs, including the king, now eagerly applied themselves to learn the arts of reading and writing, and soon began to use them in business correspondence.

"Before the end of 1824, two thousand people had learned to read, and a peculiar system of schooling was spreading rapidly over the Islands. Each chief sent the most proficient scholars in his retinue to his different lands to act as teachers, with orders to his tenants to attend school. The eagerness of the people to acquire the new and wonderful arts of reading and writing was intense; and at length almost the whole population went to school." Here was a public-school system established in feudal Hawaii while Pestalozzi was still trying his experiment at Yverdon,—a decade before that educational revival in New England with which the name of Horace Mann is forever linked, and some years before the surveyor, sent to lay out a town-site under the protection of Fort Dearborn, found only a score of inhabitants where now stands the great city of Chicago. This school system, though crude, was full of life and effectiveness. Many years later, children were sent from San Francisco to Honolulu in order that they might have better educational advantages than those furnished at the city by the Golden Gate; and indeed one governor of California looks back to his alma mater at Honolulu.

The first written constitution and laws of the

Hawaiian Islands were promulgated in 1840; and among them was a law providing for a school wherever "parents having fifteen or more children suitable to attend school live close together." From that time to the present, education has held the attention of legislative and executive bodies. And thus the present educational system has grown up. The legislature of 1896 passed an act amending and consolidating the school laws of the country.

. . . As a rule, every village and hamlet where a dozen children of school age can be assembled has its school open during ten months in each year.

. . . The compulsory-education law requires that children between the ages of six and fifteen attend school during the entire school year. . . As regards the nationalities of teachers, an unpublished report of the Minister of Public Instruction, shows that of a total of 483 teachers, there are 64 Hawaiians; 63 Part Hawaiian; 226 American; 76 British; 8 German; 5 French; 6 Scandinavian; 13 Portuguese; 12 Chinese; and 10 of other nationalities.

In 1896, a Summer School for Teachers was established; and it has now held two very successful sessions. . . A Normal and Training School has been organized, and is attended by nearly fifty students. Though not yet fully equipped, it is doing very valuable work. It takes the product of the common schools and makes it a teaching-force for these common schools themselves.

It is noteworthy that the English language is practically the only language used as a means of communication or instruction in the Hawaiian schools; yet English is the mother-tongue of but five per cent of the pupils. . . But conditions are rapidly changing. The English language is coming into use as a means of communication among the graduates of the public schools, many of whom have no other language in common. Thus, it is creeping into the homes of the people.

Industrial education was popular in Hawaii long before it became so in America; and the problem of introducing more of it into the common schools is one of the living educational issues. The Kamehameha Schools (founded and endowed by "the last of the Kamehamehas," the Princess Pauahi, wife of Hon. C. R. Bishop, now of San Francisco) are devoted conspicuously to manual training and industrial education. These schools, be it said in passing, have an endowment and equipment sufficient to render famous any city in America of the size of Honolulu, similarly endowed. And they have a teaching-force worthy of the opportunities they offer. A regular public high-school is in process of organization at Honolulu; the greater number of departments being already in working order. The endowed institution known as Oahu College has long offered preparation for any college in America; and many of its graduates have entered leading American colleges on an advanced standing.

Francis Parker's Educational Work... Anna DeKoven... Illustrated American

One of the most signal influences in modern education is that which resides in the personality of Francis Parker. For nearly half a century he has been teaching in the common schools of this country—first along the old lines of primitive pedagogy

which expressed itself in the "three R's," and for the last twenty years in an ever-developing experience and practice of the new philosophy of teaching derived from the German philosophers.

With a temperament strongly opposed to formalism, Colonel Parker, in the early years of his teaching, before the war, followed the old ideas for lack of knowledge and experience of the new ones—but after the war was over and he was again free to follow his chosen profession, he went to Germany and there studied with the enthusiasm of deep conviction and a natural agreement of temperament the philosophy of the great German theorists in pedagogy. He saturated himself with the spirit of Herbart, Pestalozzi and Froebel. Rousseau and Comenius were his inspiration, and he came back to America knowing as well as feeling what he had to do.

The history of Colonel Parker's experiments in putting into practice the theories of these great thinkers in education is one of extreme interest. For fifteen years he worked in the public schools of Quincy, Illinois, each year approaching nearer to his great ideals. In 1881, after an intermediate service as superintendent of schools in Boston, he accepted the management of the Cook County Normal School, at Chicago, feeling that there he would be at what he termed the "storm center" of the country. Fifteen years of splendid work in this school were followed by the triumphant consolidation of the Cook County with the Illinois Normal School, thus giving to Colonel Parker the instruction of the 500 or more Illinois teachers who yearly emerge into active work in the public schools. This event enormously increases the sphere of Colonel Parker's influence and justifies his principles and his methods in a manner most complimentary and satisfying.

What are these principles? What is this new education? Is Colonel Parker alone in this work of reform?

The principles are: First, to liberate the child's activity by a natural and philosophical appeal to the inherent tastes and ability of his nature; secondly, to do this in as rapid and economical and agreeable a manner as possible.

A symmetrical development of mind and body is in itself moral and uplifting—this was the axiom of Herbart. "Things that must be done must be learned by doing them"—this was the sensible theorem laid down by Comenius. Froebel in the kindergarten showed how the art of doing could be learned in earliest infancy. Froebel told how to do it; but in this country Colonel Parker has externalized the theories of Froebel.

I visited Colonel Parker's school while in a condition of absolute ignorance as to the extent and import of his work. I went there as a novice, and I received one of the most thrilling impressions of my life. I saw a conquering army with flying banners. I was witness to the complete and, to me, startling, success of the new revolution—that of education. I saw children governed by interest instead of compulsion. I saw bright eyes and happy faces as on a summer's holiday. I saw occupation being what it should always be—joy-bringing and healthful. I saw little children learning to read and

spell while hardly knowing it—naturally and by observation, I saw children, hardly larger, drawing and painting with the naïveté of youth and the imagination and often the technique of artists. I was astonished and delighted, and I saw—what the teachers of America see and are working for—the solution of national problems in this new development in common school education. An exercise in a class of six-year-old children elucidated the theory in its embryo to my inexperienced mind.

"How far," asked the teacher, "does George have to go to get to school?" George was one of the children; he knew, they all knew, just how far he had to walk to reach the school. It was a matter of daily observation, and they answered it as the sentence was written on the blackboard, George himself being called up to draw the direction of the street he had to pass in his journey. "How long does it take George to get to school?" was the next sentence, which was illustrated on the blackboard by the simple drawing of a clock, the hands marking the time of George's now famous and deeply interesting journey. There was no rule against whispering and no rule against lolling or twisting in their chairs; but no rules were necessary, for they were all vitally interested and attentive, and without conscious effort they were learning reading, spelling, writing, time, distance, direction and drawing.

Here, I said, is philosophy, contained in the simplest of exercises. The arousing of the original, intrinsic thought, the gaining of attention thereby, and the correlation of subject and economy of time.

These principles are carried out in the higher grades and in every branch of study by Colonel Parker's very remarkable corps of teachers, who co-operate with him in the evolution of better courses of study and methods of instruction. Professor Jackman, who teaches science, is an educator of peculiar inventiveness and efficiency. He takes his pupils out of doors to study geography, geology, botany, and under him they lay out gardens, learning the growth of vegetables and flowers, and what they see they paint in water colors with a freedom and an imagination both delightful and surprising.

Physical training is carefully attended to, with singing and dancing. Essays in literature are illustrated with drawings from the imagination, and the arts help each other with a sisterly aid truly and symbolically Greek.

The exercises in manual training are also adapted to aid the study of literature, botany and arithmetic, as when the children fashion Hiawatha's canoe and wigwam and make and measure their drawing boards and the implements for the work in the garden.

The last development in this great educational reform is the introduction of self-government among the children.

The school is the ideal community, and each pupil should realize that he is a citizen. This experiment is working out with large and increasing success. Helpfulness—responsibility—these great moral principles are being developed.

With the enormous foreign population our coun-

try must assimilate and develop into citizens of the republic, it is of vast importance that these ideas should be taught. In their successful inculcation by the teachers in our common schools lies the future happiness of our country.

Colonel Parker is not alone in this engaging work. Professor Dewey's psychology is digging deep foundations. Mr. Stanley Clark is making a philosophy of child study, and there are many more, fully alive to the modern development of pedagogy, its requirements and its possibilities.

But to Colonel Parker belongs the honor of the pioneer, and to him, with his generosity, his belligerent, warlike temperament, belongs the title of reformer of the American common school.

He was the first to see that in the great American democracy could be worked out the theories which the German philosophers could not put in practice under a monarchy. The amount of success which he already beholds must be deeply encouraging and inspiring.

He has shown the way, and an army are walking in his footsteps.

Yale's Travelling Letter, A Famous Class Document, St. Louis Post-Dispatch

A remarkable letter recently reached John A. Dana at Worcester, Mass. It is not the first time Mr. Dana has received this letter. Once a year for fifty-three years it has come to him. This letter the postmaster calls the "Flying Dutchman of the Mails." For fifty-three years it has traveled and has never been lost, although in those fifty odd years it has traveled fully 500,000 miles. This letter has crossed the continent 150 times. It is estimated that \$1,500 in postage has been paid on this missive, and if the cost of stationery on which it has been written were added fully \$2,000 has been expended on it. This letter, like the "Flying Dutchman," never grows old. Indeed, it renews its youth each year, but every year its stopping places are fewer and fewer, and the time must come when there will be none to send it on its further journeying. For this is the class letter of the class of '44 Yale. When the class of '44 was graduated from Yale, its members agreed that each year a certain one of them should write a letter. He should tell in it all about himself, what he was doing, what were his hopes, his prospects, his ambitions. He should tell, too, all he knew of those who had been his classmates. Then he should send the letter to the son of Yale '44 who lived nearest to him. This man should add to this strange circular letter the news about himself and send it on. And so the letter should ceaselessly pass along, and so it has passed along. Men of Yale '44 have grown old and died, the resting places of the class letter have become fewer and farther between, but the letter duly arrived here.

As he had done for years, John A. Dana tore off the letter he wrote last year, read with pleasure, now with pain, the information that had been gathered in a twelvemonth, wrote a new letter, tacked it to the others and mailed the letter to Abner Rice at Lee, in Massachusetts.

And so the letter goes.

One hundred and four men were graduated from Yale in the class of '44. Of these forty are alive.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN *

—A little girl who is the happy possessor of a doll and a cat was asked which of these two friends she loved the better. The answer was not forthcoming directly. She reflected for at least thirty seconds; then she said, with an air of great seriousness: "I am afraid I like Tabby better than Jane, but I must beg of you not to mention it to Jane; it would make her sad."

—Visitor.—Well, Johnny, I suppose your father thinks the twins are something wonderful. Johnny.—Yes, but (in a confidential whisper) I could lick 'em both, easy.

—Little Bessie lived in the suburbs of a city where hardly a day passed that an agent or canvasser for some article didn't call at the house. One day her father called her into her mother's room and showed her a little baby brother that had just arrived. "Where did he come from?" asked Bessie. "The doctor brought him," was the reply. "Why," she exclaimed, "I didn't know he was the agent for babies!"

—"Mamma," said a certain little man, "when you go to town, buy me a whistle; and let it be a religious whistle, so that I can play with it on Sunday!"

—"Which of you children," asked the teacher, "can tell me in what part of your body your heart is situated?" A modest little maid held up her hand. "Well, Mary, where is your heart?" "In the north central part, miss."

—"It may interest you children," said a returned missionary, who was addressing a Sunday school, "if I tell you of an adventure I once had in India. While going through a jungle I came face to face with a lion. There was no chance of retreat, and I had nothing to defend myself with. I stood perfectly still, and looked the fierce beast steadily in the eye." "Which eye?" asked a breathless little boy.

—A little girl of five years, on being shown a photograph of English choir boys with their surplices on, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! look at all these gentlemen waiting to be shaved!"

—Willie.—Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he? Annie.—Yes. Willie.—Where is the other one? Annie.—Hush; it's in heaven.

—A child who had been told that "to excavate" meant "to hollow out," was asked to form a sentence as an example of its use. "The baby excavates when it is hurt," said he.

—"Now, Kobbie," said mamma, just before company sat down to dinner, "remember, you must not ask for more pie." Robbie didn't; but he finished his first piece with much promptness, took a long breath, and addressed himself very audibly to the guest at his right. "Ain't that dandy pie?" he asked.

—Tired Child.—Mamma, how much did you put in the collection box? Mother.—A quarter, my dear. Why? Tired Child (yawning).—Well, this preacher gives an awful lot for the money.

—A little boy whose new-born sister set up a tremendous cry on getting her bath, exclaimed: "Well, I don't wonder they sent you down here, if you made such a noise as that in heaven!"

—Teacher.—Why should we keep Washington's Birthday more than mine? "'Cos he never told a lie."

—Ethel.—Wonder why Good Friday is called Good Friday? Freddy.—Why, you s'prise me—it's named after Robinson Crusoe's faithful servant, of course.

—Teacher.—Of course, you understand the difference between liking and loving? Pupil.—Yes, marm; I like my father and mother, but I love pie.

—They were two little children, and they were painting pictures in their school books. One youngster finished a cow in blue, and then remembered never to have seen a blue cow. "Never mind," encouragingly said the other, "we will say the cow is cold."

—It was the first time Stewart had seen any very small chickens, and he did not understand that the smooth patches on the sides were wings. When one of the chicks tried to spread his wings Stewart cried: "See, he's opening his pockets and there isn't anything in them."

—Little Willie.—Papa, is it more blessed to give than to receive? Papa.—That's what the Bible tells us, and the Bible must be right. Little Willie.—Then I ought to get a credit mark for giving Eddie Warner the measles, oughtn't I?

—One day a class was asked to explain the meaning of "B. C." and "A. D." It was a stickler for awhile, but one lad finally figured it out. His little hand shot up, and he arose with decision written on his earnest face as he said: "B. C. means before Christ, and A. D. after He died."

—Ted was invited out to tea with his mother one day, and among other delicacies a saucer of orange gelatine was set before him. It was a new dish to the little fellow, and he eyed it disparagingly a minute, then said, very politely, "If you please, 'um, thank you. I rather guess you can have it back—it keeps wagging so."

—Dorothy has a baby brother who has recently been ill with the coming through of his first teeth. The baldness of baby's head has caused Dorothy great anxiety. She stood at the mother's knee one day gently patting the little head. "Be careful, Dorothy," said the mother. "You know poor little brother is sick. He is cutting his teeth." Dorothy patted the bald head reflectively. "Mamma," she said, "is it going to make him sick when he cuts his hair?"

A little Pennsylvanian was sitting on the floor playing with his blocks. Presently he looked up at his mother and asked: "Ma, can God see everything?" "Everything, Harry." He turned to his blocks again, but evidently did not drop the subject from his thoughts, for he soon asked: "Can he see the back of his own neck?"†

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

† Contributed to Current Literature.

CHILD VERSE

Their Colors.....Ethel Parton.....St. Nicholas

They perched in a row on the garden gate,
Little lads two and one little maid,
Bobby and Benny and serious Kate,
Thoughtfully watching a rainbow fade.

"Which of the colors do you like best?"
Serious Kate in the silence said.
Bob's round eyes followed from east to west
The marvellous arch, and he answered, "Red;

"Because it's the brightest. Which do you?"
Kate considered; but Ben replied,
"Blue's the prettiest—I like blue;
And mother says it's the best, beside.

"The sea and the sky are both of 'em blue,
And the prettiest flowers, and the baby's eyes;
So she likes it best, and I like it, too—
And it's better than red," says Ben the wise.

But then spoke Kate with a long, long stare—
A puzzled stare—at the fading bow:
"The color I like best isn't there—
My color is eatable brown, you know."

"Your color is *what?*" cried Bobby and Ben,
Forgetting the claims of blue and red,
And "eatable brown," said Kate again,
"Like m'llasses candy and gingerbread,—

"And fried potatoes, and buckwheat cakes,
And maple sugar and chocolate creams,
And the crispy cookies that gran'ma makes,
And buns, and crullers. It almost seems

"As if goodies were *always* brown," said she—
Kate with the soulful eyes and sweet,
"And that's why I like it the best, you see—
Because it's the color that's nice to eat!"

One little maiden and little lads two
Solemnly all from the gate climbed down;
Forgotten the claims of the red and the blue,—
They raided the pantry for eatable brown.

Yankee Doodle.....Birch Arnold.....Chicago Chronicle

Yankee Doodle! down the street
The band comes tripping fine, sir,
The leader's cheeks are red as fire,
His eyes with glee ashine, sir.
He wears a cap of paper gilt,
His tunic is of blue, sir,
You can not find a man of five
With eyes that are as true, sir!

Yankee Doodle, Doodle, Doo,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
I lift my skirts and trip it too
In any step comes handy!

Yankee Doodle plays the horn,
And my! he makes it ring, sir!
The very dogs espouse his cause
And set themselves to sing, sir!
The drum is beaten on behind,
All by a man of three, sir,
And many a league you'll go to find
A finer man than he, sir!

Yankee Doodle, Doodle, Doo.
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Bring your pocket-books to view,
And get your pennies handy!

Miss Yellow Hair supports the flag,
In rather shaky way, sir,
But you'll forget it when you see
Her smiles and dimples play, sir!

Your heart will match the beaten drum
And throb a pit-a-pat, sir,
And then 'twill jump right out your breast,
And at her feet lay flat, sir!

Yankee Doodle, Doodle Doo,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Her heart and smiles and dimples, too,
Are won by sticks o' candy!

Yankee Doodle! what a band
Of beauty, brawn and brain, sir,
I long to go again to war,
And lead the valorous train, sir!
Such bravery as they display,
Such music as they make, sir,
Would make old age forget his stick
And give his toe a shake, sir!

Yankee Doodle, Doodle Doo,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Forget your age and trip it, too,
With anything comes handy!

A Little Girl.....Laurence Alma-Tadema.....Realms of Unknown Kings

If no one ever marries me—
And I don't see why they should,
For nurse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good—

If no one ever marries me,
I shan't mind very much;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,
And a little rabbit-hutch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb quite clean and tame,
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old—
At twenty-eight or nine—
I shall buy a little orphan girl,
And bring her up as mine.

Cradle Song.....L. A. Craighan.....Overland Monthly

Over the hill the new moon drifts,
The pine to the sky her dark form lifts,
Down in the creek the shadow shifts,
And the dove is sadly wailing.

Hushaby, baby, O hushaby!
Life will bring thee tear and sigh;
Sorrows come and pleasures fly,—
O hushaby, hushaby!

Away with doubt and away with fear!
The star of day in heaven rides clear,
Morning brings to the waiting ear
The lark's gay song a-trailing.

Lullaby, baby, O lullaby!
The day star fades when day is nigh,
Shadows pass and sorrows die,
O lullaby, lullaby!

Robin.....Clinton Scollard.....A Boy's Book of Rhyme

If I were Robin I just know
I'd not stand there and shiver so,
I'd spread my wings and soar on high,
And southward would I swiftly fly;
For in the happy South, I'm told,
There's neither snow nor bitter cold.
There would I find a spreading tree,
And, oh, how merry I would be!
What cheery songs I would repeat,
And what delicious fruits I'd eat!
See! Robin's off. Perhaps he heard.
How nice it is to be a bird!

THE RECLAMATION OF A LITTLE BROTHER *

BY CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON

[Joshua and Emeline Hillis, a worthy country couple, have taken into their household a little city waif, whose neglected life and frequent arrests for petty offenses had caused him to be regarded as incorrigible by the police, and had all but brought him to prison, when a humane judge suspended sentence, and gave him over to the society, from whence the Hillises obtained him. At the time of this reading some weeks after little James had become a member of the Hillis' household, Joshua has gone to an adjoining town for the purpose of purchasing sheep.]

Joshua, before starting, had removed a large, old-fashioned silver watch with chain attached, from his waistcoat pocket, and hung it on a nail in the sitting room, where it ticked out the minutes just three-quarters of an hour behind time. This watch kept ticking in little James' ear wherever he went. He longed to take it down and examine it, and it ticked on just as loudly when he went out to the barn as it did in the sitting room. After a while he concluded that he might just as well take it down, as Emeline was busily engaged in the milk-house. Mounting a chair, he gently lifted the chain from the nail, and held the shining thing in his hand for a second—and the next found it in his pocket. There was no use staying in the house with the watch in his pocket. To examine it thoroughly he would have to go out of doors. . . . When he had reached the woods and sat down on the fallen trunk of a tree, the watch was ticking something quite different.

"Hock it—hock it—why don't you hock it?" was its refrain in your Little Brother's ear.

"Why doesn't Joshua hock it?" queried James impatiently.

After awhile he became convinced that Joshua didn't hock it because he didn't know how. Your Little Brother turned it over in his hands meditatively.

"I could buy him something nice if I'd hock it—a pair of driving gloves; he'd like them better than the watch. He doesn't care for the watch.

"Yes; I must hock it," whispered little James to himself, slipping the watch gently into his pocket.

"Joshua wants his driving gloves. It's not a good watch. Joshua says it doesn't keep good time." It was indeed a very bad watch, for it kept on repeating its wicked advice in his ear, even from the distance of his trousers' pocket.

He started off slowly in the direction of North Elk Village, but quickened his pace—now taking the road and again the field—when he saw that he was likely to meet some one who might recognize him as "Emeline's boy."

There were but three stores in the village—a drug store, that served as a post office; a small millinery establishment, and a larger general store, in which a great variety of merchandise was displayed, with a very limited choice of each kind of ware.

Finally, after a thoughtful study of the three gayly trimmed hats that adorned the milliner's window, James entered the general store, where he discovered Mr. Marsh, the proprietor, sitting behind the counter engrossed in a newspaper.

The little boy slid forward sideways, relieved to find himself the only customer in the store. He paused in front of Mr. Marsh, who surveyed him good naturedly over the rim of his spectacles.

"Well, my little man, what can I do for you?" he inquired, with a wintry smile, intended to restore the confidence of a youthful customer in whose pocket a bashful coin was doubtless burning the inevitable hole.

"I got this—what kin yer gimme for it?" gasped your Little Brother in a husky stage whisper, producing the watch and laying it on the counter. The words came forth glibly enough from long habit, but the painful embarrassment of the moment was new. Never before had he experienced such nervousness! Mr. Marsh was an elderly man, and his hearing was not acute. He failed to catch the meaning of your Little Brother's words, but he looked at the watch and chain with great surprise.

"Why, isn't this Joshua Hillis' watch and ain't you his boy?" he asked, looking sharply through his spectacles at his small customer.

"Yes, sir," answered James, seized with sudden trembling, and terrified at the prompt recognition of both the watch and himself. "It ain't a-goin' right—Joshua wants to have it fixed so it'll keep good time." This was true enough, as Joshua had complained of the watch and intended to have it mended.

"He didn't send you down here with it, did he?" questioned the storekeeper, suspiciously. "Joshua knows there ain't no watchmaker nearer than Millersport."

"Emeline wants it mended," answered your Little Brother, his usual inventiveness coming to the rescue. "But I guess she'll have to wait till he gets home—I'll tell her," and he seized the watch and hastily returned it to his pocket. The storekeeper followed the boy to the door. . . .

"I didn't mean no harm," muttered the child to himself. "They don't know nothin' 'bout hockin' up here. They thinks I meant to steal Joshua's watch. I wouldn't steal nothin' of Joshua's, he's too good to me. I only meant to hock it."

It was quite late in the afternoon when he reached the foot of the steep hill on which lay the Hillis farm. His ear caught the distant bleat of a lamb in distress. He sprang over the fence and followed the cry some distance through the stony field. At last he discerned a thin, forlorn, little lamb securely fastened between the barbed wires of a low fence, and making frantic efforts to escape.

Your Little Brother's heart beat quickly with indignation and pity, as he hastened to release the frightened animal. He discovered that it was badly cut and bleeding about the neck, and that its front right leg was lacerated and swollen so that it could not walk.

* A selected reading from *Your Little Brother James*, by Caroline H. Pemberton. Reprinted from the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, by the Recorder Book Press, Stamford, N. Y.

"If Joshua could see it, he'd have it indoors, and me and Emeline feedin' it on bread and milk till it got well," he thought, as he sat down with the lamb in his arms beside the stone fence that outlined the pasture on the hill-top.

The remembrance of the watch in his pocket stole over him just then with acute dismay. He was both hungry and cold, as he had eaten nothing since breakfast, and the chilly October air of the mountains made him shiver and long for the fire-light and comfort of the Hillis kitchen, but it was impossible to return to the house. His only hope of shelter for the night was to steal inside the barn after milking, and after all the chores had been completed by the faithful Emeline, and there he might rest with the lamb in his arms until morning. After that he would go away—he did not know where—but go he must beyond all possibility of discovery by those whom he had robbed. He hugged the lamb close to his heart, and the tears stole down his cheeks. Never more would he sleep in that little, white bed with the picture of the devout Samuel greeting his eyes at daybreak!

Suddenly, a familiar sound broke on his ear. It was the bark of the impetuous and over-zealous Rover, doubtless engaged in driving the cows homeward for milking. Then Joshua must be home! If he could only explain that he had not meant to steal the watch, but to exchange it for driving gloves!

To face Joshua then, however, was a physical and moral impossibility. It was now almost dark, and he could still hear Rover's barking, which seemed to be coming nearer. The dog suddenly bounded forward and sprang joyfully upon little James, who shook him off desperately, clinging with all his might to the struggling lamb. Rover turned and barked with fresh zeal, and James beheld a moving light in the distance. It was the gleam of Joshua's lantern, and he was rapidly ascending the hill. Rover continued to bark, and your Little Brother laid himself on the ground, and hugged the lamb to his breast. Joshua came forward and turned the glare of the lantern on the prostrate figure.

"You ain't to stay out here in the cold, Jamie. What's this you've got?"

"It's a lamb that's hurt," murmured your Little Brother, holding up the wounded animal. Joshua took it in his strong arms and carried it gently down the hill. James took the lantern, and without any further explanation they went together to the house, from which a bright light was now streaming. Emeline opened the door with an exclamation of relief, and the boy entered the kitchen, and sat down on a stool near the stove.

Joshua meanwhile took the wounded lamb to the barn, where the mother was bewailing its loss.

Emeline disappeared into the cupboard, wiping her eyes, and returned with a well-filled plate and a glass of milk, which she laid on the table.

"There's your supper," she said coldly and sadly. "You've no need to go hungry to bed. I want you to sit down and eat your supper, Jamie." Your Little Brother obeyed and drew a chair towards the table, but the food choked him: he could not eat.

"I've been looking for you all day, Jamie, and Joshua, he's been doing the same since he got back

with the sheep. It was good of you to take up the poor little lamb. I always said you had a good heart; but why didn't you think of us, who was beginning to love you as our own child, and me not able to bear you out of my sight unless you happen to be with Joshua? How could you disgrace us so? To think that we should harbor a little boy who'd act the part of a thief!" Emeline's voice broke, and little James sat speechless and choking with unfamiliar and inexpressible emotions. Not the prison cell, nor the penal discipline of the reformatory, nor any of the well-meant efforts of Sunday School teachers and philanthropists had ever caused the strange, passionate anguish that now filled that little breast. His eyes were burning, and his ears ringing. He rose from the table, and groped for his hat, which was hanging on a peg within reach, and Emeline heard him say, between heavy sobs:—

"I ain't like you uns; I'm going back to the city to find my mother. I tell yer—I ain't like you uns," and he struggled to free himself from the sudden clasp of her arms. Emeline drew him gently to a large arm-chair, in which she seated herself, while she held him close within an encircling arm—he was not hard to hold, for after all, he was but a little child of nine.

"We'd begun to love you as if you was our own little boy," she whispered. "You didn't mean to rob us, did you? Where did you leave the watch? Tell me before Joshua comes in."

"It's here," returned the child, drawing it out of his pocket and laying it in her lap. "It aint hurt any; will Joshua send me away when he comes in? You tell him I was only goin' to hock it," and laying his head in Emeline's lap he shut his eyes in shame and dread of facing Joshua, and continued to cry silently.

Poor Emeline looked pale and exhausted when Joshua returned from the barn. She restored the watch to its place on the wall, and called Joshua's attention to it. He made no comment, but sat down before the stove to warm his hands and feet.

"He ain't touched his supper, Emmy," said Joshua, after a silence of a few minutes, during which he had stared at the child and then at the table. "He'd better eat, for it's after his bedtime."

Thus encouraged, James sat down timidly and dutifully, and ate what he could of the bread and milk, which no longer choked him. Every now and then he looked up shyly at Joshua, who surveyed him with an air of great perplexity.

"I presume he's sorry for what he's done, Joshua," said Emeline, gently, "and he wants you to forgive him."

"I don't bear any malice so far as the watch is concerned," began Joshua slowly; "but I'm thinking, Emeline, that maybe we'd better not talk any more about this matter to-night. The child's tired out, and so are you. We can think it over to-morrow, and if James's a mind to stay with us, he'll agree never to do an action of this kind again. The watch is back in its place, and our boy is back with us, and we're glad it's no worse. I presume he'd better be getting to bed now. I'll see him undressed, Emmy, while you clear away the dishes." He took a small lamp from the mantel and lighted it, while your Little Brother gazed at him with his soul in

his eyes. Never was there a man as strong and gentle as Joshua!

In a very few minutes he was snugly tucked in his little feather-bed, and Joshua heard him say the prayer that Emeline had taught him. When he had finished, with his hand on Joshua's arm, he said:—

"Listen—"

"I'll hear it," returned Joshua; "but it's getting late for little boys."

"Do you know what makes me so bad, Joshua?" The child paused and looked anxiously into the face of his care-taker.

"You won't like me no more, Joshua, when I'm done tellin' you this; but I ain't goin' to keep nothin' back from you uns. I ain't got no father like other boys; I ain't had nothin' but a mother all along. I can't never be good or go to Heaven like other boys, because—because of her"—his voice sank to a whisper and Joshua had to bend his head still lower—"The boys in the Reform School (where I got put, you know, Joshua, for running away) they said it's in the Bible that boys what has mothers like her can't never be saved or inherit the kingdom of Heaven—all the boys there say so. There's more there like me, and the Bible says they can't never inherit the kingdom of Heaven. Did you uns know I was that kind of a boy?"

The little white-robed figure sat with head bowed and hands clasped, as if cowering beneath the mantle of parental shame; but an angel carved in marble, and shedding marble tears over a fallen world, could not have seemed more radiantly pure than did your Little Brother at that moment to Joshua. To his deep and tender nature, the Divine compassion once so freely bestowed on an erring woman could do no less than illumine the brow of her forsaken child with a tragic, holy innocence.

But in this heart-breaking acceptance on the part of your Little Brother of eternal condemnation for sins not his own, Joshua read an explanation of the child's mysteriously complex character—and surely that blighting consciousness of inherited evil might be removed ere it did further damage!

He laid his large hand gently on the boy's head.

"Probably your beginning in life ain't been as regular as we'd like to have it—not the same as if you'd belonged always to Emeline and me, which is what we would have chosen if we'd been consulted—but it is just as true as Gospel, Jamie, that the Lord made you and sent you to us to take the place of him we lost. There ain't any use going back of that, and I don't allow as you have any right to ask for more than one pair of parents, which is all the law requires, and that's Emeline and me. Why, if you had another father and mother to claim you, where'd we come in? We want you for our own boy, and we ain't goin' shares with anyone, not if you turned out to be the President's son. The Lord gave you to us, and He told Emeline and me to be father and mother to you, and we're going to have you all to ourselves, and give you our own name, and have you baptized in the church yonder."

"Will it be just the same as if I was your own boy, Joshua? Just exactly the same?" asked you, Little Brother, looking up with shining eyes.

"Just the same, exactly," repeated Joshua, firmly; "there ain't any particle of difference."

"Then maybe I kin git to Heaven—do you think that, too, Joshua?"

"If you love and fear God, and mind what the Good Book says," answered Joshua, never forgetful of his simple theology; "and there isn't anything in that Book about what you mentioned. Not a word. Emeline and me read our Bible every night and we know chapters of it by heart, so don't you tell that to anybody again—not even to Emeline—for it ain't true. There's free grace for all, Jamie, if we love God and serve Him. You've heard the minister say that Sundays. I presume you're goin' to get grace some day soon, ain't you, and be like the rest of us folks who's trying to follow the heavenly way? You ain't too young to come out in meetin', Jamie—not a bit—and it would please Emeline wonderful to see you-rise up and speak out firm for the Lord some day. Then you'll be our little boy always, who'll never lie, nor steal, nor swear, won't you?"

Little James nodded for answer, and his face became radiant and then thoughtful as he raised his eyes to Joshua's.

"But I kin have a new necktie, Joshua, when I come out before meetin', just for that Sunday, Joshua? And one o' them white shirts with collars to 'em, all done up stiff? I won't swear, nor steal, nor tell lies, nor do nothin' wrong, Joshua, after this—I've most forgot all them bad words already that I used to know. She taught them to me, 'cause she said 'em herself. She hadn't ought to act so, had she, when I was her only little boy? She won't go to Heaven, will she, Joshua? I presume they won't want her there. I presume she can't git there, 'cause shedon'tknow nothin' about grace, and I hope nobody won't tell her, don't you, Joshua?"

"That ain't a Christian spirit to show to your poor mother," said Joshua, reprovingly. "If you get grace you must pray for all poor souls that has missed the light, and your mother first of all."

"Maybe she's dead now, anyways," answered little James, hopefully. "I ain't heard tell of her for many a day afore I come here. She can't git grace after she's dead, can she, Joshua? I'll pray for her if you say so, but I don't think prayin' 'll do her any good. She's awful bad, Joshua."

"With God all things is possible, Jamie; you leave her sins to God, and say your prayers for her nights, and tell Him that you forgive her as you hope to be forgiven, Jamie."

"I'll forgive her and I'll pray for her nights, Joshua, but I don't want to see her ag'in—never—not even up in Heaven."

"When she gets there she'll be changed, I presume," said Joshua, softly, "and she'll wear a crown o' glory, and be beautiful and bright, and you won't be ashamed to meet her up there, where all sins is forgiven and all sorrow is wiped away. Good-night, Jamie."

He took the lamp and made his way down the narrow staircase, leaving your Little Brother to dream of neckties, grace and forgiveness of sins, all mingled together in a new and beautiful theology, in which the face of Joshua, tender and glorified, shone upon him as the face of his Father in Heaven, and brought peace and joy and comfort to his little heart, whenever he awoke in the night to whisper a prayer of forgiveness for the sins of his poor mother.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

Interesting Facts About Weeds.....Robert Blight, for Current Literature

Weeds! What is a weed? The etymologists do not help us much. They simply tell us that the word comes from the Anglo-Saxon "weod," and that the root of the word is unknown. A learned scientist once defined "dirt" as matter in the wrong place. We may adapt this and say that a weed is a plant in the wrong place. Beautiful as is the wild rose, it is truly a weed when it invades the raspberry patch, although it is in the company of a near relative. Few flowers are prettier than the ox-eye daisy and the black-eyed Susan, and a bunch of either will readily command a few cents when offered to the denizen of the city, whose memories of childhood's days are recalled by the wildlings. But when they take possession of the clover field, the hay meadow and the pasture, the farmer regards them as weeds. The thorn-apple, or jimson weed, would be looked upon as a treasure in England and Central Europe, but here, as its popular name indicates, it receives little favor. A bulletin of the U. S. Department of Agriculture gives a "Table of one hundred Weeds," and while common parlance will agree with the application of the derogatory name to many plants in the list, there are some at which the gatherer of bouquets of wild flowers will stand aghast. We will but mention a few in addition to those given above: Broom-rape, with its flesh-colored flowers and bracts, and absence of leaves testifying to a parasitic habit of growth; corn-cockle, with its brilliant, rose-purple flowers, faintly streaked, and its projecting sepals forming rays to the wheel; dandelion, which would be thought a gem if we had to hunt in the mountains of Japan for it; milkweed, one of the most curiously shaped flowers of our flora; morning glory, well worthy of its name, as we gaze down the marvelously colored tube turned towards the sun; moth mullein, holding aloft its loose raceme of yellow or purple-streaked white blossoms; orange hawkweed, or ladies' paint brush, deep enough in color to make even a careless observer pause; passion-flower, placed here in spite of its purple and flesh-colored crown; sunflower, beloved of an almost extinct sect of aesthetes; and toad-flax, or butter and eggs, more abundant here than in its English home. Imagine what a glorious cluster of blossoms we should have, if we could only grasp all these at once in our hand! Yet they are classed as weeds, because they get into wrong places, and become too self-assertive.

After all, the "balance of power" is a factor in the vegetable kingdom, from the human standpoint; and we rightly murmur if any one plant, no matter how beautiful in itself, begins to impose a tyranny upon its fellows, especially if those fellows are the very ones upon which we bestow our mercenary attentions. A war of extermination is at once waged, for we are bound to look after our interests. Has it not been written that the fittest survive? We are the fittest, and the plants upon which we depend for food or fondle for pleasure must be the fittest also, although they make not so much show in the world as a passion-flower, a sunflower, or a morn-

ing glory. The practical bearing of this will be understood from Mr. Colville's words in the above-mentioned bulletin: "The direct loss in crops, the damage to machinery and stock, and the decrease in the value of land due to weeds, amount, without question, to tens of millions of dollars every year, a loss sustained almost wholly by the farmers of the nation."

WEEDS A SEQUENCE TO CIVILIZATION.

Weeds are a consequence of civilization. Man invades the native homes of the plants and creates new surroundings. Some one member of the old inhabitants finds the circumstances to its liking and runs riot, overwhelming the weaklings that require man's special attention; or man himself introduces an enemy mixed up with the seeds he brings from some distant land, and the vigorous stowaway flourishes to the detriment of the more desirable invited guest. We give an instance of each. In *Weeds, and How to Kill Them*, the bulletin referred to, Mr. Lyster H. Dewey says: "The horse nettle is native in the southeastern part of the United States, as its specific name indicates (*Solanum Carolinense*). It is now found in nearly all of the States east of the Missouri River, and is slowly increasing its territory. As the seeds are seldom found as impurities in commercial seeds, and as they have no special adaptation to aid in distribution except that the berries are sometimes eaten by birds, the horse nettle spreads rather slowly. When it has once obtained a foothold, however, it ranks among the worst weeds of this country as regards difficulty of eradication." Speaking of the milk thistle, or as it is commonly called in its native country, the sow thistle, a seed stalk of which I, this morning, found, eight feet six inches in height; Mr. Dewey says: "The prickly lettuce is also known by the common names milk thistle, English thistle, and compass plant. During the past season it has been mistaken for Russian thistle in many localities. It is a native of Europe. The first record we have of it in this country is in the fifth edition of Gray's Manual (1868), where the locality is given as 'waste grounds and roadsides, Cambridge, Mass.' About ten years later it was observed in the region of the Great Lakes, and now it has become widely distributed throughout nearly all the States from Massachusetts to Virginia, and westward to the Missouri River, and has crossed the mountains to Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. It is most abundant and troublesome in the States bordering on the Ohio River and the Great Lakes. . . . Unlike most annual weeds, the prickly lettuce is very troublesome in meadows and permanent pastures. Clover intended for a seed crop is often entirely ruined. Oats and other spring grain crops suffer more or less damage. . . . The seed appears as an impurity in clover, millet, and the heavier grass seeds, and the plant is doubtless most frequently introduced by this means. As the seed may be carried a long distance by the wind, the plants must be cleared out of fence rows, waste land, and roadsides."

EARLY ERADICATION ADVISABLE.

It is difficult for an outsider to imagine what a burden weeds must be to the farmer. To quote Mr. Dewey again: "In the case of weeds which have already become abundant and widely distributed, the conditions under which many of them occur are such that the farming community regards their extermination as impossible, and we can only hope for their reduction to a state of comparative harmlessness. A species newly introduced, however, might doubtless be completely eradicated if taken in time. If the farmer, on whose land the first Russian thistles grew in 1873, had known the evil character of the plant and had spent a few hours destroying them in his flax field, the species might have been completely annihilated in this country, and millions of dollars and years of labor saved. The same might doubtless be said, were their histories better known, of the king devil weed of Northern New York, the Paraguay bur of Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas, the prickly lettuce of the Northern States, and many others. This emphasizes the necessity that each landowner should be on the watch for new plants and learn their character, if possible, before they become established and assert themselves as aggressive weeds on his farm. This eradication of a species on its first appearance in a limited area forms practically the only possible method of complete and final extermination, unless public sentiment shall be aroused to the point of a more vigorous and universal destruction of weeds than has heretofore been practiced. Unless strongly enforced and supported by the people directly interested, laws for the complete extermination of weeds are of little avail, and in most cases thus far they have been found ineffectual, as is proved by the abundant crops, growing year after year, of Canada thistles in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan, of wild carrots in Connecticut, and of cockleburrs and sunflowers in Kansas."

One great difficulty with which man has to contend in his attempts to control the growth of unbidden plants in his fields, is the incredible fertility of nature. This may be understood, in a slight measure, by remembering that a single oak tree will produce at least a bushel of acorns; that is a very tangible instance, for the seed of the oak is of considerable size. But what shall we say to some of the smaller seeds, such as those of a species of orchis ("*Orchis maculata*"), fifteen thousand of which weigh but one grain? Think also of all the little black specks which you can shake out of one poppy-head. Note also the multitude of winged seeds which you can puff away from the single head of a dandelion. In the lowly plants nature seems to revel in fertility, as if determined that some at least shall have a chance to survive in spite of every foe and mischance. There is, perhaps, no marvel in the study of plant life so great as the number of possible individuals which may result from a single parent. This thought has been well brought out in a very interesting and excellently illustrated article in the Strand Magazine for December, on Pests, by Warren Cooper. He says: "For several years past an aquatic plant known as the water hyacinth has been developing to such an enormous extent in St.

John's River, in Florida, as to cause serious apprehension in that region. It is a native of tropical South America, and commonly floats on the surface of the water without attachment to the soil. It has a fondness for sluggish streams, and in Florida the plants are generally found lining the shores of the lakes and rivers in immense numbers. So long as they can stay near the bank the water hyacinths cause little trouble, but when the wind springs up and looses great masses of the plants, starting them down stream or into the middle of the channel, the danger to navigation is very great. A glance at the dense bushy mass of roots of the little plant which the Floridians hate suggests the possibility of its causing trouble when floating, as it were, with the rest of the family.

A WEED WITH A HISTORY.

"No one knows accurately when this pest was introduced into Florida, but it appeared in the St. John's River about 1890, at Edgewater, about four miles above Palatka. At this place it had been grown for some time in a pond, and when it was desired to clear the place out, the plants were thrown into the river. This is just where the mistake was made, for, being an attractive plant, it was carried by settlers up and down the river, and introduced at different points to beautify the river in front of the settlements, until its rapidity of propagation became a serious menace. The Floridians are now doing their level best to conquer it, and the United States Department of Agriculture has sent a special agent, in the person of Mr. Herbert J. Weber, to visit the region and investigate the question. . . . The case against the water hyacinth is overwhelming. Small boats with screw propellers find it impossible to penetrate a large mass of the plants, as they get entangled in the screw. When a large steamer, going at full speed, strikes a bank of the hyacinths it comes almost to a standstill. Floating logs often lie entangled in the mass, and injure the boats; while in large lakes, like Lake George, and in wide portions of the rivers, there is great danger of steamers being caught by the plants, carried out of the channel, and stranded. The City of Jacksonville, a powerful steamer, plying on the St. John's River, had great difficulty in avoiding such a disaster during the autumn of 1896. Yet this is not all. It impedes the timber industry, clogs the nets of the fishermen, resists the passage of water under bridges and injures the bridges, and, by accumulating large masses of decaying vegetable matter near the large towns, seriously threatens the health of the inhabitants.

"Pests of this nature are often combated by the introduction of their natural enemies, and it is now proposed to introduce into the Florida rivers the destructive red spider of horticulturists for the purpose of destroying the water hyacinth. It ought to be remembered, however, that English sparrows were introduced into the United States to destroy caterpillars, and a leaf might be taken out of the Jamaican notebook, where, as one writer points out, 'Rats were introduced, and other rats of carnivorous breed, to thin their numbers; then ticks to thin these; then snakes to eat the ticks, and then mongooses to eat the snakes; the mongooses becoming a plague which nothing could quell.' It may be

that, after conquering the hyacinth, the Floridians will have to take arms against a sea of troubles in the shape of multitudes of spiders."

ANOTHER FOE TO VEGETATION.

Mr. Cooper's words recall the importance of the "balance of power," and among his "Pests" he gives an instance in which vegetation is in great danger, man having to step in, lest the results of his labor and care should be entirely destroyed. The story is without parallel, we think, in the history of gardens and forests, for they are endangered by a mere accident. The foe is the gipsy-moth (*Ocneria dispar*). To quote from *Insect Life* for 1890, "This conspicuous insect, although not recorded in any of our check-lists of North American Lepidoptera, has undoubtedly been present in a restricted locality in Massachusetts for about twenty years. It was imported by Mr. L. Trouvelot in the course of his experiments with silkworms recorded in the early volumes of the *American Naturalist*, and certain of the moths escaping, he announced the fact publicly. It is, indeed, a curious fact that during these twenty years the insect has not become a pest until last season, and still more curious that the moth does not seem to have found its way into the collections, and is not mentioned in the check-lists." Mr. Cooper says now: "The old Commonwealth of Massachusetts will never want for trouble so long as the gipsy-moth is loitering about. It will hardly be believed that the State has now spent nearly a million dollars in fighting the moth and caterpillar, that hundreds of men, regularly organized into squads, have, since 1890, personally inspected and reinspected over forty-two million trees, and have killed nearly two and a half billions of these dangerous creatures, and that it will be several years, at an average expense of over \$100,000 per year, before the gipsy-moth is finally exterminated. But the statement is only too true, and it is certain that if Massachusetts had not quickly taken means to confine the moth within narrow limits, the forests and crops of the United States would soon have been defoliated and exterminated.

"The fight against the moth is without parallel in the entomological history of the world. The insect was imported by a French naturalist, who was experimenting on silkworms at Medford, Mass., and in 1869 a few specimens accidentally escaped. The dangerous character of the pest was immediately made public, but it was not till 1889 that its voracity and reproductive powers became noticeable. Probably the insects were getting acclimatized. At any rate, they soon swarmed upon Medford in hordes, sweeping clean large tracts of land, and marching on to new districts as soon as the old ones were devastated. In a few years they had covered over 220 square miles of territory, but by means of constant effort they have been confined within that limit, and there are now but seventy-five miles of forest land in which the moth is rampant. The methods by which the fight has been carried on are many, but a few may be noted here. The men ascend the trees on ladders, or are pulled up by ropes, and carefully search every portion of the tree, not only for caterpillars, but for eggs, which they sometimes scrape off in pecks. The denuded tree is in itself a marvelous example of the ravages of the moth. In

1889 prominent citizens testified that the 'worms' were so numerous that one could slide on the crushed bodies on the sidewalks; and that they crowded each other off the trees and gathered in masses on the ground, fences, and houses, entering windows, destroying flowering plants in the houses, and even appearing in the chambers at night. The State began operations against the pest with the arsenic spray, but non-success prompted them to experiments, which showed that a full-grown caterpillar of this species could take twelve times as much arsenic as a man of the same size. The authorities then used the intense flame of vaporized petroleum waste, and destroyed millions of eggs. The instrument is called a 'cyclone burner.' Insecticides were also used, and 'burlap' bands—coarse hempen cloth—were put around the trees in order that the caterpillars and egg-clusters could be collected in mass and easily killed. Birds, which prey upon the eggs of the gipsy-moth, have also been introduced, and no stone, literally speaking, has been left unturned to exterminate the pest. It has been carefully demonstrated by scientists that the unrestricted caterpillar increase of a single pair of gipsy-moths would suffice in eight years to devour the entire vegetation of the United States!" Fortunate, indeed, is it that in Europe, its native country, this pest has to meet the attacks and ravages of no less than twenty-four natural enemies in the shape of ichneumon and other flies.

The gipsy-moth is nearly two inches in length between the tips of the wings. It is therefore very evident to the eyes. Another enemy of vegetation, however, may be mentioned, which is minute enough to require a magnifier to see it clearly; and yet it is one of the most unhealthy of pests. This is the aphid, species of which infest not only the roses and other garden flowers, but also turnip, cabbage, potato, bean, apple, pear, etc. Nature's fertility, lavish fertility, we may truly say, in this instance is beyond imagination. We quote from an authority, lest the statement should be thought incredible: "Even during its short lifetime an aphid may have a progeny computable only in billions. A score may be born in as many hours, and these become in a few days the founders of new families. From a form producing only one per day, a population of not less than the fifteenth power of 210 would be the result at the end of 300 days, while an even more moderate computation given by Huxley shows that the tenth brood alone would weigh more than five hundred millions of stout men." Nature maintains the balance of power against this overwhelming horde by many methods. Storms and sudden changes of weather destroy myriads. Birds consume others. The pretty little ladybird—a small beetle—whose coming is hailed with delight by the hop-grower, is the sworn enemy of the aphid. One species of ichneumon fly lays its eggs in the bodies of the aphides, so that its offspring may find a well-stored larder ready at hand when it is hatched. There are few subjects which lead us off so far into the realms of speculation as these two—the marvelous fertility of nature, and the means employed to maintain the balance of power,

"So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life."

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Mules From the Mines.....Simon Kent.....New Lexington Tribune

The superintendent of the Sweet Springs mine undertook a thorough renovation of the mine the day after the miners went out on the strike, and the first step preparatory to a general cleaning up was to remove the mules from the underground stables and put them out on pasture.

Some of them had not been out of the mine for months, a number had been below the surface for two or three years, and one had not seen the sun shine for seven years—as long as Jacob served for Leah.

They were led from the mine, twenty-seven patient creatures and turned loose in Morrison's pasture field. They stood about close together, knee deep in the lush, green grass and sweet red clover with drooping heads and eyes half closed, as though dazed by their sudden change of circumstances. At last as the sun dropped down behind Bowman's hill, one gray old veteran threw up his head and sniffed at the fine fragrant air blowing down the valley, and in a moment a little movement went through the whole group.

The old leader wheeled about sharply, took a long look at the clear sky above, the brawling little brook chattering over the stones, the grass and the trees, then he threw up his head, stiffened his tail and sent forth a prolonged, penetrating, strident hee-haw-aw-aw, which woke the echoes over on Maple Ridge, and with an awkward lumbering bound he started down the long slope. In an instant the whole mass had separated and was in motion. Such running, racing, kicking and jumping were never before seen. Stiff knees, dim eyes and spavined joints were all forgotten in the pure enjoyment of out of doors. They brayed and bellowed, ran and kicked, stopped for breath, then began again.

The whole village gathered at the fence to see the fun; the men and boys laughed and shouted, the babies crowed, and one or two women cried a little, for there were sores, and lameness and weakness in plenty.

When night fell they were still rolling about and racing, forgetful of the hunger and thirst that might be satisfied by the running stream and the grass.

Old Mrs. Bascom, who lives at the edge of the pasture field, was wakened in the dark hours toward morning by the rapid rush of hoofs thundering down the hillside, and turning over on her pillow she murmured drowsily: Dear Lord, who would a-thought that any livin' critter would be so glad and thankful for nothin' but air and freedom!"

The Fur Seal.....Benjamin Sharp.....Scientific American

The fur seal, a century ago, was without doubt the most numerous mammal on the face of the globe. To-day, like the bison of our Western plains, it is fast becoming extinct. The rookeries of the north were small compared to the vast areas covered with fur seal in the southern oceans, yet we now hear only of the Commander and Pribylov rookeries, and a small one near the mouth of the Rio Plata, protected by the government of the Argentine Republic.

The history of the seal fisheries in the two polar oceans is interesting, as it shows the effect of lawless slaughter and careful protection. The destruction of the southern seal was accomplished when the Bering Sea fisheries were yielding without injury their maximum number of skins.

The habits of the fur seal are so regular and so well known that, with intelligent care, the largest rookery could be made to yield a definite annual number of skins, with no diminution of the numbers required to keep up the supply, as nature always produces a large surplus, and from this surplus the skins could be drawn. As soon as the winter snows have melted from the shores of the islands the adult males assemble there to obtain a sure footing for the season. Now a fierce and continuous battle ensues for about a month, the "fittest" obtaining the best positions along the shore, the less powerful holding a station back of these, until the whole breeding ground is mapped out, with the strongest bulls of the rookery in definite positions, which they hold and never leave for two or three months. The weaker, generally those under six years, are driven from the rookeries, or not allowed to land, by their pugnacious elders, and are compelled to form a rookery of their own.

The fat, sleek bulls of five or six hundredweight and six or seven feet long, having gained their stations, await the coming of the cows. Nothing can drive these animals from their positions. They stand guard day and night, without food, without drink, and, it might almost be said, without sleep. When they return to the water at the close of the season they are thin and haggard, covered with honorable scars. Such endurance is unparalleled among warm-blooded animals.

Bears sleep for months during the dead of winter. Fattening in the fall, they creep to some cave or hollow tree and pass there into a state of hibernation, which reduces them, physiologically speaking, to the condition of cold-blooded animals. The vital activities of their bodies are reduced to a minimum, and yet they appear in the spring, lean and exhausted by this long fast. The bull seal, on the other hand, during his fast, is passing through the most active and violent period of his whole life, and were it not settled beyond question, these facts would scarcely be believed.

This long period away from their natural element is made possible only by the climatic conditions of their resting places. Dense fogs completely envelop the islands during the months when the seals are there, changing with violent winds and heavy rains. In a manuscript journal of a sealing voyage to Cape Horn in 1818, I find that there were only three pleasant days during three summer months. Rain with spits of snow, dense fogs, tremendous hurricanes, is the climate chosen by the fur seal for its breeding grounds, both in the north and in the south.

So completely are the northern seal islands veiled in the fog that it took Pribylov eighteen years to find them. After the hunters had exhausted the sea otter on the shores of Kamtschatka, and

the fur seal about the Aleutian Islands, this hardy son of one of Bering's crew set about the discovery of new haunts of the fur seal, knowing them to exist from the vast numbers which he had seen about the waters of this part of the world. He finally discovered them in 1786 by means of the seals themselves. Hearing the roar from the enormous rookeries through the fog, he was led to the islands which now bear his name, close to which he had often undoubtedly been. He endeavored to keep the discovery secret from the world, but he was followed and soon the rookeries were common property.

Even to-day steam vessels provided with the most improved instruments for navigation find it difficult to come in with these islands during the time of one of these heavy fogs.

At the arrival of the cows, about a month or six weeks after that of the bulls, the war of the males is at its height. Before this it was a struggle for the most favorable position, now it is for the largest family. Soon after the arrival of the cows the "pups" are born.

A view of the rookeries at this time is one of the greatest sights of the world. Thousands upon thousands of black bodies, in constant motion on the black volcanic shore, give the effect of the whole coast being alive. The ceaseless, hoarse barking of the seals fills the air with a continuous roar, while the sea beyond is alive with the dark, lithe forms of these graceful animals. On closer inspection a certain regularity will be observed on the rookeries at this time; at each station is a bull surrounded by a family of cows, one-third his size. These families are distinct, with an open space about them, which allows the passage of the cows to and from the water, for, unlike the bulls, the cows pass to the sea and feed there during the whole of their stay in the region.

After a certain interval, usually when about six weeks old, the pups establish a rookery for themselves and commence the arduous task of learning how to swim. Although aquatic animals, living most of their life in the water, the young at this time are as helpless in the water as a child would be. Not like the duckling, which takes to the water by instinct, upon the breaking of its shell, the pup seal must learn slowly and laboriously this intricate art. From simply wetting themselves at first, to playing in the shallow water, they by degrees learn the movements and finally gain the strength to leave in the fall with their parents for the North Pacific Ocean. The antics during this part of their education are very amusing. Their plays, their duckings of one another, remind us of boys, and when one has "hauled out" to rest, if he dozes for a moment upon a polished boulder, we may almost hear the laugh of merriment of his companion as he shoves him off into the water and gains the comfortable place for himself.

The young males, from one year to six years of age, the so-called bachelors, which have been unable to land upon the breeding grounds, establish their rookery and then lead an idle, peaceful life of feeding and sleeping. They take to the water in common with the cows for food. By this arrangement the growing males and sleek females scour the

waters for miles about their "hauling out" grounds, and, being voracious beasts, the fish or squid, if there be any near the islands, are soon eaten, and further and further to sea must they go in search of food.

The "sixty mile" limit, within which no pelagic sealing is allowed, is soon too small for these active animals to obtain their food, and they are compelled to go beyond this narrow limit to feed, and there they fall an easy prey to the expert rifleman.

From the bachelor rookeries at the Pribylov and Commander Islands are drawn the seals which give the skins to commerce. No others are taken. When the killing season arrives, herds are cut off from the sea at the rookery, and are driven to the killing grounds. Any female which happens (but this is rare) to get into these herds is allowed to escape back to the shore. The herd is driven on, they arrive at the killing grounds near the village and are allowed to cool off, for skins would not retain their fur if the animal be killed when overheated.

They are killed by a deft blow upon the head, then dexterously skinned; the skins are then salted, stored and are ready for shipment. Such is the method pursued on the rookeries which are under government protection. When Elliot studied the seals on the Pribylov Islands, during the years 1872 to 1874, he estimated that from four and a half million of seals frequenting the islands of St. Paul and St. George, one hundred thousand skins could be taken annually from the bachelor rookeries, without injury to the islands. He says: "Provided matters are as they are to-day (1872) one hundred thousand male seals under the age of five years and over may be safely taken every year from the Pribylov Islands, without the slightest injury to the regular birth rate or natural increase thereon; provided that the fur seals are not visited by any plague or pest or any abnormal cause for their destruction which might be beyond the control of men; and to which, like any other great body of animal life, they must ever be subjected to the danger of."

To-day ten or fifteen thousand is the greatest number which can be taken from the bachelor rookeries, so greatly have the seals diminished in numbers. What has caused this falling off?—for we know that no epidemic has visited these islands. To-day one of the most pitiful sights is a view of a pup rookery on the Pribylov Islands. The shore is dotted with pods of pups, fat, sleek, and pugnacious; sleeping, scratching, at times fanning themselves with their large leathery flippers. But among these we see wandering some mere skeletons covered with harsh, unkempt skins, crying piteously, starving. Mothers giving rich food to their happy young; the starveling wailing for its mother who will never return, who has been shot at sea by the pelagic sealer. For a month or more the miserable, starving creature wails among its vigorous companions; weaker and weaker it becomes, the cry dies to a moan, and then it festers upon the black volcanic shore of the rookery. Of course, accidents will, in the course of nature, cause the death of the mothers, but these will not account for the

thousands of dying pups upon the shores. The orca or killer whale and the shark are the only natural enemies of these animals, and these are rarely, if ever, found about the waters of the Pribylov Islands. From the habits of the seal it will be seen that the only animals which fall into the hands of the pelagic sealers are the females and bachelors, and consequently every mother killed means the death of a pup upon the shore. In this sense, much more humane is indiscriminate sealing—wholesale slaughter—as it was carried on in the south, leading, it is true, to the extermination of the seal in the locality.

In 1774 Captain Uriah Bunker, of Nantucket, first led the American whaling fleet across the equator into the South Seas. This led to the discovery of the enormous seal rookeries about Cape Horn, the Falklands, and the islands of the Antarctic continent. Many of these whalers took "elephant" and seal oil to make up their "voyages," as no extra apparatus was necessary. On the authority of A. H. Clark, the first vessel which sailed especially for fur seal was fitted out shortly after the close of the Revolution by a lady of Boston of the name of Haley. This vessel brought to New York 13,000 skins, which sold there for 50 cents apiece, as neither their value nor their nature was known. They were later sold in Calcutta for \$5.00. Just one hundred years ago, the "Neptune" cleared \$200,000 on fur skins taken in the Southern Ocean. These southern voyages were generally from a New England port. Getting their cargo near Cape Horn, they then sailed for China, where the skins were exchanged for teas and silks.

The value of the fur seal skin in the Orient was even at this early period so great that many vessels fitted out for the lands of the Antarctic Ocean and to the southern coasts of South America. Seals were discovered in incredible numbers in this new region. For instance, it is estimated that over one million seals were taken on the coast of Chile, from the island of Masafuera alone, which is but twenty-five miles in circumference. As the rookeries in one place were destroyed, new ones were discovered, and soon swept of their valuable inhabitants. Many of these sealing voyages were almost as much voyages for discovery as for wealth. The rediscovery of Pitcairn's Island was made by Mahew Folger, of Nantucket, who was cruising in the South Pacific in search of new sealing grounds in the ship "Topaz," of Boston. His surprise at finding a colony here, and a colony founded by the supposed lost mutineers of the "Bounty," is well told in his log of this voyage, which is still in existence.

Between 1820 and 1821, 300,000 skins were taken from the South Shetlands, and in a few years nothing remained but a history of the millions of animals which yearly resorted to these islands. Some of the vessels fitting for the South Seas had such inexperienced crews that the voyages were unsuccessful or the cargoes ruined. There is on record a vessel which took 100,000 fur seal skins to London in bulk. On arrival they were found to be utterly ruined and were dug out of the hold and sold as manure.

This form of sealing was at one time car-

ried on at the Aleutian Islands, where 200,000 skins found their way yearly to the Chinese market. This led to the extermination of the seals on these islands, and when the Pribylov Islands were discovered, the rigid laws framed and carried out by the Russian Government alone saved the fur seal from total destruction. By 1830 the enormous rookeries of the Southern Ocean were practically destroyed.

When the sealers first visited the southern rookeries the seals were so tame that they played fearlessly about the men who were skinning those which they had killed. The seals, however, became acquainted with their destructive visitors and soon learned to escape to the water on the approach of a boat. Sentinels, it is stated, kept watch on high points of the rookeries and gave warning; when instantly the whole rookery was in motion, making for the water. The mothers, seizing their helpless young by the napes of their necks, dashed through the surf, coming frequently to the surface to allow the pups to breathe.

The killing of animals by aborigines is never of such a nature as to cause their extinction. The numbers of seals about the islands of Cape Horn and the adjacent continent, although used for food and clothing by the Patagonians, never decreased the number of seals any more than did the natives of the Aleutian Islands before their discovery by the Russians. The tabooing of fish at certain times by the Polynesians shows the care with which the natives study nature and carefully protect their food supply.

Wholesale slaughter is the most effective method of extermination, while careful preservation will keep the seal at its full breeding capacity for an indefinite period. When this protection is interfered with, in other words, when the capital is drawn upon, it is only a question of a few years when the animal will become extinct.

It may be taken as a general rule that the number of young born to an animal stands in definite relation to the dangers to which they are subjected while passing from birth to maturity. Thus small animals, as mice, rabbits, etc., which form the food of so many carnivorous birds and beasts, are more or less individually defenseless. The defense of the species, therefore, is the large number of young born to the parents. The murres and petrels lay but one egg, but they are so well protected by nature that they are the most numerous birds in the world.

So it is with the seal. It is settled that never more than one young is born to any mother in one season, and before man appeared upon the scene their numbers were legion.

Ample evidence upon all these points is at hand. "Game laws" have existed and have been tried long enough at the Pribylov Islands to show that they are thoroughly effective. As soon as the pelagic sealing became lucrative and was allowed, drawing as it did upon the principal of the estate, and thus infringing upon the preserve, the seals rapidly diminished in numbers, and at the present rate, if nothing is done to prevent it, will, without the slightest question of doubt, leave the Pribylov Islands as bare of seals as the lands about Cape Horn.

SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

The Social Side of Golf.....Hamblen Sears.....The Outlook

No doubt golf came here to America in a first cabin, and no doubt golf was good because it was English before it became good because it was itself; but the day of the fad has given place to the day of the sport for its own sport's sake, and, whether it be English or Scotch, "smart" or middle class, it has taken possession of our athletic hearts and is doing them and their accompanying lungs and liver great good.

Naturally, there will be tournaments, handicap or otherwise. There must be club and American championships, which you and I do not enter. Yet, even so, there are clubs and American championships for women as well. But these are for the few, and are excusable and necessary as an ideal which shall serve to keep the sport alive and lead it to improvement year by year. The real value of the game is in the afternoon, the Saturday morning, even perhaps the Sunday game, when, in addition to its thorough but gentle exercise, it affords one a companionship and a social intercourse with the other sex of a most encouraging sort.

The game involves a material expenditure which places it beyond a large proportion of our fellows, but these are likely to have physical exercise in other ways, while those who will continue to walk upon the links, and drive and putt and talk, are the men and women who would not otherwise spend their time in an atmosphere as thoroughly healthy mentally as well as physically.

Furthermore, the exercise involved in the game, the lack of preparation required for the playing of an ordinary round, bring it within the reach of the office-bound business man, as well as of him who subsists upon unearned increments. Little practice is needed for the playing; much for perfection. Little training will allow you to play eighteen holes; and for this reason, staid married couples, grandfathers, and other people who are usually considered unathletic, have much to be thankful for in the game; for they have found therein an opportunity not alone for physical exercise, but for enjoying a pastime in each other's company. . . . The extent of the growth in golf clubs is remarkable. . . . In any one of these clubs one may see on Saturdays and Sundays, and all through the week for that matter, a goodly number of men and women enjoying the outdoor life in an unconventional, natural manner that means much for the individual as well as for society. The conversation, the bearing of the parties to these new conditions, are simple and healthy in fact as well as in comparison with what they used to be on such summer occasions, or rather the occasions which approached as near to these as our progenitors came a quarter of a century back. And as the fad of golf disappears and the liking for the sport for its own sake grows, the social intercourse becomes freer and simpler.

The game is in this respect a sign of the times. Perhaps the extraordinary growth which it has shown in its short life of less than ten years is due to the demand for a franker, more intimate life between men and women. Certainly this change in

the look of the country club, in the very growth of the country club itself, is a long stride in that direction. Golf courses springing up by the score each year are creating the same social outdoor life; for many of them, with their houses intended primarily for golf purposes, but soon turned into country clubs, are the places for the afternoon social intercourse of the communities which they include. How few are the years that have gone since a woman who frequented country clubs was considered a "trifle horsey," a "little fast," and so on! And now the women outnumber the men, especially in golf, because here is something wherein they can make a reputable showing on even terms with their friends of the other sex. Tea does not precisely take the place of whisky, but "afternoon tea," which perhaps is not confined absolutely to the Chinese weed, being distinctly an affair where woman presides, has supplanted the hasty drinking times of the older club.

Furthermore, as most of us, after all, like the natural rather than the conventional, provided the former is decided to be good form, it is almost pathetic to see how one grasps at the simple game, since one may be natural there at any rate. This influence spreads beyond the limits of the courses. Many a dinner to-day, whether in town or in the country, is brightened by a subject for reasonable discourse furnished to those who are not overburdened with the power of conversation nor weighed down with an abundance of ideas. Not that Golfiana in itself is a subject which will usurp discourses on matters of moment in literature, science, and art, but that it is an influence in its way tending to bring the sexes on a more even footing, where man does not have to drop a certain part of his existence when talking to woman, and vice versa.

The building up of golf clubs is an object worthy of more praise, therefore, than at first appears, and, expensive as the grounds are and as the actual playing of the game itself is, there appears to be a future for it among large classes of people who do not, as a rule, allow themselves the luxury of a country club. Lawn-tennis became after a while the property of anybody, because, if we did not have sufficient turf on our own grounds, we could easily get up a little club among ourselves. In like manner, once the grounds are secured for a set of holes, golf may become available for the many. It only requires the general demand to cause the supply to be furnished at a possible figure. In Van Cortlandt Park to-day, at the upper end of New York, there is a public links, where anyone may play with perfect propriety at a minimum cost to himself. Such grounds will no doubt become more numerous as time goes on and as the demand for them increases; yet one set of links is enough to occupy a great many golfers at the same time. If the game can grow normally, that is, of its own accord, into dimensions sufficiently large to include a goodly number of the healthy portion of our communities, we shall have a constant force at work to keep the relations of men and women strong, healthy, and frank. For this purpose the links does not necessarily have to be of the best. Any country place affords fields enough

at a low rental for such a purpose, and the less fertile the land the more favorable it is, to a certain extent, for golf purposes. The chief expenditure, then (necessary for the playing of the game), comes in the care of the greens, in the purchase of the clubs and balls, and for caddies. All this is possible if the people only want it, and that point they seem to be approaching fast.

A Fight for Life.....M. G. Watkins.....Gentleman's Magazine

Naturalists often see strange sights and enjoy curious experiences, even in England. I have heard the "hedgepig" grunt, and watched him in the dusk walk fearlessly to my feet before detecting the presence of a possible enemy, but who, needless to say, did not even frighten it. I have all but trodden on an otter concealed in a dry ditch, and seen the dormouse like a miniature squirrel quietly eating nuts in a hazel copse. To take another family—weasels. I have watched a weasel-mother lead out her young ones from a hollow tree and teach them to hunt for their food along the edge of a brook, much as a tigress teaches her cubs how to kill. If I never caught a weasel asleep, I have seen one pull the tail out of a water-hen, which only just dropped into the water off the bank before the disappointed and bloodthirsty pursuer could seize it. A weasel has even attacked me because I rescued a skylark from its clutches, and has returned again and again to its prey while in my hand. The following incident well illustrates the cunning and persistent ferocity of the weasel, than which a more destructive animal scarcely ranges country districts. It is not, indeed, so blood-thirsty as the polecat, which kills for the mere sake of killing; but it is fiercer and more ready to act on the aggressive, and at times loses that instinctive fear of man which more or less actuates all animals. Should any one doubt the possibility of the following adventure, he may be referred to Jeffries's *Gamekeeper at Home*, p. 121, and to several notices of the weasel's ferocity which have appeared in the *Field* newspaper. When it is remembered that in India the little wild jungle-dogs will contrive to kill the lordly tiger by hunting it in a pack and surrounding it, till, unable to obtain food, it perishes miserably by starvation; it is no wonder that when numbers give confidence, the weasel, insignificant enough by itself, will dare to attack even man, the lord of all.

I was walking quietly through a wood and had almost gained the farther side—in fact, I was walking up a dry ditch which was itself bounded by the hedge—when I heard a rustling in front. Halting at once I saw a rabbit, seemingly fascinated, in the ditch, gently running towards me. At once I guessed the cause of this unusual proceeding—that a weasel was pursuing the rabbit. On it came, not in the least caring for man, its greater foe, but pushing past me with scared eyes far more terrified at the weasel which was behind. At that moment, with its head right up in the air sniffing the rabbit's scent, the weasel appeared some twenty yards before me, also in the ditch. The rabbit, when once it had passed me, seemed to shake off its curious trance and terror, darted through the hedge and ran nimbly over the grass field beyond. Raising my stick, I advanced towards the bloodthirsty creature,

which slowly gave way and ran back through the herbage. I pressed on, and was astonished at a turn to find the weasel standing still, its hair bristling, its tail waving like that of an angry cat, and now reinforced by a second, which also looked extremely unamiable. I was miserably hampered by trees and bushes on each side, and determined to get out of the ditch in case my little enemies should attack me. An old willow bent over my head from the hedge, and I jumped up, caught a branch and pulled myself towards the trunk by it, scrambling thence to a larger bough which extended over the hedge, and intending to drop in the field beyond. But I looked at my enemies before dropping, and saw them reinforced by three more, and all had scented me and were approaching with fury in their demeanor to assail me in my friendly tree. Clearly it was best to remain where I was for a minute or two and let them pass on. This, however, was farthest from their thoughts. Baffled by their smaller victim, they had made up their mind in their frenzy to attack me, and soon they advanced to the tree, and while two proceeded to climb up, the others rushed at the hedge and commenced to scramble up its sticks. Matters looked serious, and I leaned down and struck one weasel off the trunk of the willow, but it began climbing again, apparently little the worse for the blow, and I remembered that unless its back be broken the weasel possesses even more lives than a cat; the weasels which were scrambling up the hedge were now nearing me, and I foresaw that they might render my position untenable if they all fell on me at once. Luckily I disabled one with my stick, but as I did so another bit me fiercely on the left fingers, which held the willow bough, and then dropped off as I hastily removed my hand.

Matters now looked serious, as my hand bled a good deal, and the smell and sight of the blood appeared to madden my small foes worse than before. To my horror, too, I now counted seven questing about below me, and now rushing up the willow, now ascending by the boughs of the hedge, while I stoutly defended myself, and meditated what should be my next move. Fortunately I was not more than a hundred yards from a river which ran in the grass field below, and I determined to evacuate my present position, and take refuge in it, where I might evade or better deal with my assailants. I had small time allowed me in which to come to this decision, for the maddened creatures were all round me, and gave me plenty of work in defending myself. Nor did they seem in the least to tire of the business. On the contrary, they now numbered eleven, and each accession of allies appeared to give them fresh rage.

Suddenly I dropped on the hedge, and leaping into the field ran at once to the river, followed by the weasels, who were at first somewhat disconcerted by my strategy. They soon recovered themselves, however, and caught me, tearing at my trousers and leaping on my coat, but I effectually disabled two before I reached the bank. Weasels, I knew, could swim well. I had often seen them crossing streams, but I had laid my plan of escape as cunningly as did Horatius in the battle between his kindred and the Curiatii. My plan was to cut

them off one by one. Thanks to wading in the river while trout-fishing, I knew its exact depth, and, jumping in, swam some half-dozen strokes to a pebble ridge, on which I was certain I could stand up to my waist, but none of it projected from the water. The current naturally flowed swiftly on each side of this bank. Taking my stick from my mouth, I now faced my pursuers in confidence. They halted for a moment on the bank, sniffed the air and did not seem inclined at first to dispute my victory. At length a couple leapt in, and were swept down past me. I could not reach them, but waited for the rest. The others, whether from instinct or by what looked remarkably like a reasoning process, went twenty yards or so farther up the bank, and then leapt in, hoping the stream would carry them on to me. I let them come opposite, and then killed both as they swam by. Not discouraged, the others leapt in all at once, and drifted down towards me. I killed another, and disabled a second, and hoped I was clear of my enemies now. Not at all. They landed, and to the number of five ran up the bank, and repeated this manoeuvre of swimming down. Again I killed two, and it will hardly be credited that the remaining three, with courage worthy of a better cause, again and again leapt in, trying to fix on me, until I had killed every one of them. Then I swam out victorious, but drenched and bleeding. Without doubt had the little vivacious brutes once disabled me, I should have had scant mercy shown me, and would have been eaten alive.

I went home and changed, but mentioned the story to none, fancying that it would seem hardly credible for a man to have been exposed to such danger from these small creatures. But a month afterwards I met the keeper, attended by his two inseparable terriers. On asking him, as I usually did, whether he had seen any uncommon bird or the like of late, he answered, "No, but a curious thing has happened all the same. I have not lately seen or trapped a weasel in these woods, where there are generally plenty, nor have the dogs found or chased one. I can't think what has become of them all!" I could have told him, but I didn't.

Sleighbing and "Coasting".....New York Evening Post

Cities have little use for snow, and it is looked upon as an expensive and disagreeable nuisance by the majority; but in the country the fleecy flakes are welcomed by every owner of a sleigh or a shot-gun and a good hunting dog. The season of hunting, sleighbing, and good cheer is quickened by the appearance of the first old-fashioned snowstorm, and when the fields and woods and rocks are covered with the white shroud, half the barrenness of the landscape is relieved. The trees and bushes form dazzling pictures of ivory statuettes, which stand out in marked contrast to the former gray and brown twigs and leafless boughs; the nodding plumes of dried grasses in the fields and hedges carry their load of ice and snow with more grace than they did their green leaves and colorless flowers in summer and the hills and mountain-tops, and the very banks of the streams, appear beautiful and picturesque in their clothes of white, instead of solemn, gloomy, and barren as before the snowstorm. Bicycling may have been brought to a sudden

and abrupt termination, but sleighs and coasting "bobs" are pretty good substitutes for the wheel. The bicycle sleigh, of which so much has been reported, has not materialized, unless the peculiar adaptation of an ordinary "bob" with bicycle handle-bars and a steering apparatus in front can be called one. By means of this sleigh one can stand on his "bob"—a dangerous position generally—and go sliding down a hill at a break-neck speed, steering his queer machine the same as he would guide his bicycle when coasting. The handle-bars turn a pair of runners in front, placed two feet ahead of the "bob," which will prevent the rider from taking a header under ordinary circumstances, but should a sudden and unexpected bump or hill present itself in the road, the chances are about even that a fall must follow.

The clipper-bob is nothing more than a modified ice boat. An ordinary coasting "bob" is arranged with handle-bars for steering, and with an adjustable mast and sail. When the wagons and sleighs have broken a good road along the turnpike, a fair wind will force this clipper-bob along at a good speed. The sail is cut square and is intended only for sailing before the wind. By starting the bob from behind, a fair distance can be covered on a good road before a wind of moderate proportions. When there is no wind the mast and sails can be removed, and the "bob" is ready for coasting purposes. A slight change from this sailing craft is one designed by an enterprising enthusiast whose sled is constructed to travel by wind power across the surface of the frozen snow, and not on broken roads. The runners are ten feet long, curving gradually upward at both ends, and four inches broad. They are not exactly flat, but have a slight curve on either side. When the snow has a little frozen crust on it, the sled, which is very light, can be navigated safely over its surface, and, with a good wind blowing from behind, a high rate of speed can be obtained. Upon the snowy hillsides where coasting and tobogganing are in full swing, all sorts of conveyances make up an endless procession of merry-makers. There are clipper-sleds that have won a record for fast coasting, bob-sleighs that will carry half-a-dozen passengers, little hand-sleighs, double-rippers, and improvised biscuit-boxes on runners. On the hillsides the flat-bottomed Canadian toboggan vies with the high-runners and "skeletons." Even the old wooden horse-sleigh is occasionally brought out on safe slides, and, filled with a crowd of venturesome young people, it goes shooting down the snowy road. There are few changes in the horse-sleighs, unless it is in the decorations and adornments, which are a trifle more gaudy and glaring with paint and bells and chimes. In the country, where sleighbing reaches perfection, the question of fashion in colors appeals less to the owners, and the old family two-seated sleigh, with the swan-neck front board and high sides, is used year after year to the entire satisfaction of all. Huge robes, and foot-warming tins and bricks wrapped in flannel blankets, help to make sleighbing along the country roads more comfortable.

Straw rides by moonlight are still features of the winter social season, when the snow covers the ground, and no holiday is considered complete without one such ride.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

—The proportion of blind people in the world world is 800 to every 1,000,000.

—One of the trees in the park at Windsor is supposed to be 1,200 years old. It is known as William the Conqueror.

—Sixty languages are spoken in the empire governed by the Czar of Russia.

—Italy produces annually 70,000,000 gallons of olive oil, the market value of which is \$120,000,000.

—At sea level an object 100 feet high is visible a little over thirteen miles. If 500 feet high it is visible nearly thirty miles.

—It is estimated that the hair on a fair head would support the weight of 500 people.

—The largest printing office in the world is in Washington, D. C.; it is for printing government documents.

—The Chinese dictionary, compiled by Pa-cut-shee, 1100 years B. C., is the most ancient of any recorded in literary history.

—The largest city in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 120 feet in breadth.

—The two biggest fire engines in the world are in Liverpool; they can throw 1,800 gallons of water a minute and a jet 140 feet high.

—The oldest city in the world is Nippur, the "Older Bel" of Babylon; the foundations were laid 7,000 years B. C.; the ruins have lately been unearthed.

—The fastest flowing river in the world is the Sutley, in British India. Its descent is 12,000 feet in 180 miles.

—Lake Huron contains 3,000 islands. Loch Erne, in Ireland, has 365. The Lake of the Thousand Isles is only an expansion of the St. Lawrence river, and has 1,700.

—The highest price ever paid for a poem was 6,000 golden crowns, paid to Sannazaro by the citizens of Venice for his eulogy on their city—a poem of six lines only.

—Water is generally reckoned to be soft when it contains less than 1-5000th part of its weight of mineral ingredients, and "hard" when it contains more than 1-4000th.

—The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000, and its greatest depth supposedly equals the height of the highest mountain, or four miles.

—Every ton of Atlantic water when evaporated yields eighty-one pounds of salt, a ton of Pacific water seventy-nine pounds, Arctic and Antarctic waters yield eighty-five pounds to the ton, and Dead Sea water 187 pounds.

—The first and sixth days of January, the 29th of September, and the 25th of March, have been celebrated as Christmas Day; and it was not until the middle of the fourth century that the Church Council fixed the date as at present.

—In former days—in coffee houses—a box was attached to the wall, shaped like the usual alms, or collection boxes of to-day, and over it was the legend "To Insure Promptness." This, in course of

time was rendered by the initials T. I. P. and hence the modern "tip."

—The River Nile has its rises, but those that do mischief are not frequent. During the last 1,000 years there has been only one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 30,000 people were drowned.

—A new kind of cloth is being made in Lyons from the down of hens, ducks and geese. Seven hundred and fifty grains of feathers make rather more than a square yard of light, water-proof cloth.

—The great bell of Moscow is not the largest in the world. The distinction belongs to the bell hanging in the Temple of Clars at Kinto, in Japan. It is peculiar in having no clapper, and is struck outside with a sort of wooden battering-ram.

—The owl's wise look is the result of a physiological oddity, his eyes being fixed immovably in their sockets, so whenever he passes his eyes from one object to another he must move his head.

—Halibut and holibut are names as old as the English language. "But" signifies a flat fish, and the prefix refers to the deep and wide holes in which the fish is found.

—A Chinese traveller applying for a passport must have his palm brushed over with fine oil paint, and then press it on thin damp paper, which retains an exact impression of the lines of his hand. Transference of the passport is then impossible, for no two persons have the same lines on their palms.

—Germany expends \$600,000,000 a year on spirituous liquors and nearly \$25,000,000 a year on tobacco.

—The largest egg is that of the ostrich. It weighs three pounds and is considered equal in amount to twenty-four hen's eggs.

—Wales is the richest part of Great Britain in mineral wealth. England produces annually about \$10 to each acre, Scotland a little less than \$10, but the product of Wales amounts to over \$20 per acre.

—Careful measurements prove that the average curvature of the earth is 6.99 inches to the statute mile.

—History gives sixty-eight sentimental surnames to Emperors and Kings whom it chronicles. For instance: Charles VIII. of France had the alias appellation of "the affable"; Philippe I. of France, that of "the amorous"; Alphonse XI. of Leon and Castile, "the avenger"; Victor Emmanuel, "re galantuomo," etc., etc. Many potentates are ranked by history under the same alias. Eight are "good," forty-one are "great," seven are "conquerors," two "cruel," two "fair" and four "fat." But none is surnamed "the happy."

—One of the ballots for Themistocles has just been found by German excavators in the Areopagus, going back to a date earlier than 470 B. C., as that was the year in which that celebrated worker of the Athenian primaries was banished. It is an inscribed potsherd bearing his name and, with proper care, is good for another 2500 years. There are only three such souvenirs of the old Greek elections in existence and only this one bears the name of Themistocles.

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

Battle Hymn of the Republic.....*Julia Ward Howe*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an alter in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel!
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat:
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

*The Curse**.....*Robert Southey*

I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From storm and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood:
From sickness I charm thee:
But earth which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And Waters shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee;
And the Winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the Dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee.
And thou shalt seek Death
To ease thee in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart
And a fire in thy brain;
And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
Forever and ever.

Threnody, on the Death of the Ahkoond of Swat.....*George T. Lanigan*

What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Seas and the Med-
iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern
But he Ahkoondn't.
Dead, dead, dead;
(Sorrow Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled

*From *The Curse of Kehama*. Printed by request.

Swats whom he hath often led
Orward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, City of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But lain 'mid worms to rot,
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthly walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And skeptics mock the lowly mound
And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
A'hwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation:
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

Chloris in the Snow.....*Thomas Carew*

I saw fair Chloris walk alone
When feather'd rain came softly down—
Then Jove descended from his tower
To court her in a silver shower;
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief it thaw'd into a tear;
Then, falling down her garment hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

Consumption in Cattle Conveyable to Man, James Long, Nineteenth Century

Is consumption hereditary? The opportunities of determining this point in the human being have never been so marked as in the case of cattle. If a calf born of a tuberculous parent is also tuberculous, there should be no difficulty, as Professor McFadyen has shown, in proving the fact by finding evidence of the disease in calves killed on the day of their birth or soon after; and since it is probable, in his opinion, that of the calves bred in this country one in every four had a tuberculous parent there can be no lack of opportunity to settle the matter in this way. As Nocard has shown, calves born with tubercle are extremely rare, and he and other highly skilled veterinarians, who are pursuing the subject with great pertinacity, have failed to find many cases in continental countries, in spite of the large number of examinations which they have made. In this country we find only one recorded case. It has been shown, too, in accordance with the statistics obtained in other European countries, that of all the calves slaughtered under official inspection not more than one in ten thousand of those under a month old are tuberculous.

Bolitz has compiled a table in relation to the post-mortem examinations of the bodies of 2,576 children who died in Kiel during the years 1873 to 1889; of these 424, or 16.4 per cent. of the whole, were cases of consumption. Up to the age of four weeks there were no deaths owing to tuberculosis; the deaths between five and ten weeks were 0.9 per cent.; from three to five months, 8.6 per cent.; from six to twelve months, 18.3 per cent.; from one to two years, 26.8 per cent.; from two to three years, 33 per cent.; from three to four years, 29.6 per cent.; from four to five years, 31.8 per cent.; from five to ten years, 34.3 per cent.; and from ten to fifteen years, 30.1 per cent. It has, however, been suggested that the bacilli remain dormant in the body after birth; but in answer to this investigators have shown that when, in the course of experiment, they are introduced into the bodies of calves the formation of tubercle rapidly follows. It is now accepted as tolerably conclusive that the bacillus enters the system of the healthy animal which it infects, indirectly, and must have proceeded from the body of a diseased animal. A diseased cow, therefore, is not only dangerous to its neighbor, but a centre of general infection, propagating as it does, in advanced cases, the terrible germ which it excretes from the lungs, the kidneys, the bowels, or the udder, in accordance with the position or seat of the disease. It has been shown that danger from infection is immensely increased when the environment of the animal is favorable to the increase of the bacillus and to the maintenance of its life when exposed to the air. Warm, badly ventilated stables from which the light is excluded are in many parts of this and other countries still believed to be conducive to the production of milk, but of all places they are to be dreaded the most. Much of the germ-laden matter which passes from a diseased animal dries and becomes dust, which, when suspended in the air, is

inhaled both by man and beast. Where either one or the other is subjected to this vitiated atmosphere for any lengthened period the risk is considerable, and in a high percentage of cases, so far as cattle, about which more facts are known, are concerned, disease is the consequence. It is not suggested that infection follows upon mere contact, but that so far as cows are concerned it is the result of continuously inhaling the bacilli. It is for this reason that so much attention should be paid to ventilation, to the frequent and thorough use of cleansing materials, and to the admission of sunlight—for, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, the germs of this tuberculosis have no enemy so powerful and so completely destructive.

In 1895 the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis, which has been reappointed by the present government, issued a report in which it was shown in evidence: (1) that as regards food-producing animals consumption is most commonly found in cattle and pigs, and much more frequently in cows which are confined in sheds; (2) that healthy animals can acquire the disease from tuberculous animals; (3) that consumption in man is probably acquired from animal food in an appreciable degree; (4) that milk containing tuberculous matter is responsible in a larger degree than the meat of a tuberculous animal for disease in man, which is derived from the consumption of animal food; (5) that tubercle bacilli are extremely active in the case of animals fed upon the milk in which they are present; (6) that although the disease may be communicated to man by the consumption of insufficiently cooked meat in which tubercle is present, a large portion of the meat of diseased cattle may be consumed without risk if it is not contaminated by immediate contact with the diseased portion of the carcass, and if that portion is completely removed and destroyed; (7) that inasmuch as the consumption of unboiled or unsterilized milk is attended with some risk, all milk should be boiled, especially where it is consumed in large quantities.

*From "Demoniacal Possession" to Insanity.....Andrew D. White**

Of all the triumphs won by science for humanity, few have been farther reaching in good effects than the modern treatment of the insane. But this is the result of a struggle long and severe between two great forces. On one side have stood the survivals of various superstitions, the metaphysics of various philosophies, the dogmatism of various theologies, the literal interpretation of various sacred books, and especially of our own—all compacted into a creed that insanity is mainly demoniacal possession. On the other side has stood science, gradually accumulating proofs that insanity is always the result of physical disease. Nothing is more simple and natural, in the early stages of civilization, than belief in occult, self-conscious powers of evil. . . . The real causes of disease are so intricate that

* *The Warfare of Science*, by Andrew D. White. D. Appleton & Company, N. Y., Publishers; 2 vols, \$5.00.

they are reached only after ages of scientific labor; hence they, above all, have been attributed to influence of evil spirits. But if ordinary diseases were likely to be attributed to diabolical agency, how much more diseases of the brain, and especially the more obscure of these! Here and there, during the whole historic period, keen men had obtained an inkling of the truth; but to the vast multitude, down to the end of the seventeenth century, nothing was more clear than that insanity is, in many if not in most cases, demoniacal possession. . . . The idea of the diabolic agency in mental disease had grown luxuriantly in all the Oriental sacred literatures. In the series of Assyrian mythological tablets in which we find those legends of the Creation, the Fall, the Flood, and other early conceptions from which the Hebrews so largely drew the accounts wrought into the book of Genesis, have been discovered the formulas for driving out the evil spirits which cause disease. In the Persian theology regarding the struggle of the great powers of good and evil this idea was developed to its highest point. Such cases in the Old Testament as the evil spirit in Saul, which we now see to have been simply melancholy—and, in the New Testament, the various accounts of the casting out of devils, through which is refracted the beautiful and simple story of that power by which Jesus of Nazareth soothed perturbed minds by His presence, or quelled outbursts of madness by His words, give example of this. In Greece, too, an idea akin to this found lodgement both in the popular belief and in the philosophy of Plato and Socrates. From all these sources, but especially from our sacred books and the writings of Plato, this theory that mental disease is caused largely or mainly by Satanic influence passed on into the early Church. . . . The first main weapon against the indwelling Satan was exorcism. A fundamental premise in the fully developed exorcism was that, according to Sacred Scripture, a main characteristic of Satan is pride. Pride led him to rebel; for pride he was cast down; therefore, the first thing to do, in driving him out of a lunatic, was to strike a fatal blow at his pride,—to disgust him. This theory was carried out logically to the letter. The Treasury of Exorcisms contains hundreds of pages packed with the vilest epithets which the worst imagination could invent for the purpose of overwhelming the indwelling Satan. Some of those decent enough to be printed in these degenerate days ran as follows: "Thou lustful and stupid one, . . . thou wrinkled beast, thou mangy beast, thou beast of all beasts the most beastly . . . thou sooty spirit from Tartarus, . . . thou loathsome and foolish drunkard, . . . thou swollen toad," etc. Efforts were made to drive him out with filthy and rank-smelling drugs; and, among those which can be mentioned in a printed article, we may name asafœtida, sulphur, squills, etc., which were to be burned under his nose. . . . Before the close of the fifteenth century, Pope Innocent VIII. issued the startling bull by which he called on the archbishops, bishops and other clergy of Germany to join hands with his inquisitors in rooting out these willing bond servants of Satan. The persecution thus once under way, fed itself; for, under the terrible doctrine of "ex-

cepted cases," by which in the religious crimes of heresy and witchcraft there was no limit to the use of torture, the witch was forced to confess to accomplices, who, in turn, accused others, and so on to the end of the chapter. The horrors of such a persecution, with the consciousness of an ever-present devil it breathed and the panic terror of him it inspired, could not but aggravate the insanity it claimed to cure. . . . The theological current, thus re-enforced seemed to become again irresistible; but it was only so in appearance. In spite of it, French scepticism continued to develop; and in 1672 came one event of great significance, for, the parliament of Rouen having doomed fourteen sorcerers to be burned, their execution was delayed for two years, evidently on account of scepticism among officials. Victory seemed now to incline to the standard of science, and in 1725 no less a personage than Saint André, a court physician, dared to publish a work virtually showing "demoniacal possession" to be lunacy. Still, the old belief lingered on, its life flickering up from time to time in those parts of France most under ecclesiastical control, until in these last years of the nineteenth century a blow has been given it by the researches of Charcot and his compeers which will probably soon extinguish it. . . . In England the same warfare went on. John Locke had asserted the truth, but the theological view contained to control public opinion. But here, too, science continued its work. The old belief was steadily undermined, an atmosphere favorable to the truth was more and more developed, and the act of Parliament in 1735, which banished the crime of witchcraft from the statute books, was the beginning of the end. . . . What the old practice was and continued to be (regarding the care of the insane) we know but too well. Taking England as an example—and it was probably the most humane—we have a chain of testimony. Toward the end of the sixteenth century Bethlehem Hospital was reported too loathsome for any man to enter; in the seventeenth century, John Evelyn found it no better; in the eighteenth, Hogarth's pictures and reports show it to be essentially what it had been in those previous centuries. . . . The first humane impulse of any considerable importance in this field seems to have been aroused in America. In 1751 certain members of the Society of Friends founded a small hospital for the insane, on better principles, in Pennsylvania. To use the language of its founders it was intended "as a good work, acceptable to God." In 1752 Pinel was made physician at the Bicêtre, one of the most extensive lunatic asylums in France. He was allowed to work in peace, and in a short time the reign of diabolism at Bicêtre was ended. In 1792—the same year in which Pinel began his great work in France—William Tuke began a similar work in England. The possessed were taken out of their dungeons, given sunny rooms, and allowed the liberty of pleasant grounds for exercise; chains were thrown aside. At the same time, the mental power of each patient was developed by its fitting exercise, and the disease was met with remedies sanctioned by experiment, observation and reason. Thus was gained one of the greatest, though one of the least known triumphs of modern science and humanity.

OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS *

The Duke's Rival.—Arthur Helps, the author of the well known book *Friends in Council*, often paid Professor Max Muller a visit on his way to or from Blenheim, where he used to stay with the then Duke of Marlborough.

Once when Helps came to stay with Professor Muller on his return from Blenheim, he told the Professor how the Duke had left the day before for London, and that on that very day the emu laid an egg.

The Duke had taken the greatest interest in his emus and had long looked forward to this event. A telegram was sent to the Duke, which, when shown to Mr. Helps, ran as follows:

"The emu has laid an egg, and in the absence of your Grace we have taken the largest goose we could find to hatch it."

A Lincoln Story.—A New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln some years before he became president for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows:

"Yours of the 10th inst. received. I am well acquainted with Mr. X., and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; togeth'ier, they ought to be worth \$50,000. Secondly, he has an office, in which there are a table worth one a half dollars and three chairs, worth, say, one dollar. Last of all there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into.—Respectfully yours, A. Lincoln."

Why He Cared.—An Irishman who had been in a fight with a neighbor had one of his ears almost chewed off. He consulted a lawyer concerning the bringing of a prosecution, and after a somewhat lengthy account of the difficulty, ended his story as follows:

"I wouldn't mind so much for myself, lawyer, but I'd hate like the divil to raise a family wid one ear."

His Solution.—Sir Walter Scott once told, with every sign of belief, an extraordinary story of the supernatural, which he had received from his grandmother.

"But how," asked his astonished and incredulous hearer, "do you possibly account for it?"

"Aiblins," replied Sir Walter, "my grandmother was a liar."

No Place for "Getting Religion."—They tell about a church with "ritualistic" tendencies. It seems that an usher showed a colored woman up to a front seat, and that during the beautiful service, with its wonderful music of sweet boys' voices and grand orchestral accompaniment, the usher suddenly noticed that the visitor was swaying to and fro in an agitated manner. Hurrying up the aisle

he seated himself beside her and asked if she were ill. She promptly replied that she was not, but that she felt so queer that she thought she must be "getting religion." "Then," whispered the usher excitedly, "you must get right out of here. This church is no place for that sort of thing!"

An Irish Epitaph.—An Irishman having lost his wife and one child in the old country, journeyed to this with his living child, and, while passing by steamboat down Lake Champlain, his boy sickened and died, and was buried in Plattsburg. The bereaved parent can finish the story better than I:

"I asked a neighbor to give me the loan of a wheel-barre to wheel me boy to the burying-place, and after the box was in the ground I raised a board at the head of the grave, and to kape the remembrance of me boy, I had this bit of epitaph painted upon the board:

"Beneath this stoon lie two childers dear,
Wan in swate Ireland, and the other here."

At a Discount.—Willie and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day, and a gentleman was their first patron. Willie's sign read: "Four cents a glass." Johnny's modest announcement was "Two cents a glass." Being a man with an eye to the fact that "a penny saved is a penny earned," the customer bought a glass of Johnny's lemonade, paid the two cents due, and casually inquired, "Why is yours cheaper than your brother's?" "'Cos," said Johnny, "mine is the lemonade the puppy fell into."

The Reason Why.—Noise is not usually a passport to popularity, but the new Archbishop of Canterbury, by his powerful voice, won the affections many years ago of a Devonshire farmer, who, sitting near the bottom of the church where the then Bishop of Exeter was preaching, was overheard to say, admiringly, "I do love the bishop, 'cos he hollers proper."

A Shrewd Dreamer.—An English general and his wife, resident in Ireland, were constantly pestered by a beggar-woman, to whom they had been very charitable. One morning, at the usual hour when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman appeared, and began:

"Agh, my Lady, success to your Ladyship, and success to your honor's honor, this morning, of all the days in the year; for, sure, didn't I drame last night that her Ladyship gave me a pound of tay and yer Honor gave me a pound of tobacco!"

"But, my good woman," said the General, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do they so, plase yer Honor?" rejoined the old woman. "Then it must be yer Honor that will give me the tay and her Ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

* Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS*

—Tramp (approaching from behind)—I 'aint 'ad a bite to-day, Cap'n.

Enthusiastic Angler—Wrong bait, I expect. Try a worm.

—"How do you tell the age of a turkey?" "By the teeth." "A turkey hasn't any teeth." "No, but I have."

—"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults." "How did it work?" "We haven't spoken for nine years."

—"The horse has another point of superiority over the wheel." "What is it?" "When a horse is getting ready to shy at anything, you can tell it by his ears."

—"Mrs. Tarry is a great visitor, and she always seems to be quite at home." "Yes, but she never is."

—A man who resided in Me.,
Was fond of the works of Hall Ce.,
With a wide vacant smile,
He said "They're good style;"
Alas! the poor man was inse.

—Grane apples do be th' airships thot carry many th' soul to' hivin.

—Recruiting Sergeant—Do you know anything about the drill? Recruit—Av coorse. Didn't Oi just tell ye Oi wurked in a quarry these foive year past?

—A Georgia editor says: "We publish the Governor's message as a supplement. We're too patriotic to charge anything for it, but we embrace this opportunity to say that we need wood badly."

—Mrs. Struckett-Writch—How can you tell cut glass from the imitation? Mrs. Gaswell—That isn't hard to do. You can always tell it by looking at the bill.

—A man told his wife she grew more beautiful every day. She kissed him, and then destroyed her looking-glass with an axe. He inquired the reason. "I hate a liar," she said.

—Latest from the intelligence office: "Oh, Bridget! I told you to notice when the apples boiled over." "Sure I did, mum. It was a quarter-past eleven."

—"Many men of many minds,"
A saw we often recall—
Does very well, but, oh, one finds
So many men of many kinds
Who have no minds at all.

—You have probably noticed that when a man's grandfather fought in the revolutionary war, he was an officer.

—"What do you regard as the most reliable weather report, professor?" "Thunder."

—Horried Old Lady—Oh, kind sir, think of your mother! Think of your mother! Burglar (sternly)—No use, lady; I was brought up in an incubator.

—"You don't seem to like the ice very well," remarked the expert skater to the beginner. "No," replied the beginner, as he lifted both skates sim-

ultaneously about four feet in the air, "I'm down on it."

—Guest (at country inn)—It does seem rather strange, landlord, but it really appears to me that the eggs were fresher in town. Landlord—But that is only a prejudice, sir. It is from the city we get them.

—"It's three quarters of an hour since I ordered that turtle soup," snapped the angry guest at the restaurant. "Yas, sah," said the waiter, with an obsequious bow, "but de turtle done make his 'scape sah, an' dey had to chase him 'bout a mile, sah."

—Life is mingled with joy and sadness,
From the graveyard coming back
See the small boy, mute with gladness,
Hanging on behind a hack.

—Master (addressing his Irish manservant)—Terence, I'm going into the country to stay at my mother's place. If Mr. Dubley calls, tell him that I'll be back on Tuesday. Terence—Begorra, I will, sorr! And (after a pause) what will I be after saying to him if he does not call, sorr?

—"Mr. Bond, may I get off this afternoon? I should like to go to a funeral." "I am afraid not, Mr. Binks, for we are very busy, but if business slackens I have no objection to your going to a funeral Saturday afternoon."

—"Why," asked the Bold Spirit, "do you wear that?" "It's what everybody wears," answered the woman. "But why don't you wear this?" the Bold Spirit persisted. "Oh, because everybody is wearing it," objected the woman. A rule may work both ways and still be poor; labor does not invariably bring riches.

—"So ye wor foined five dollars fur assaultin' Clanty," remarked Mr. Rafferty. "Oi wor," replied Mr. Dolan; "an' it wor a proud moment whin Oi heard the sintince." "Fur what rayson?" "It showed beyond a doubt which man had the best iv the contest."

—"Is it true," asked an acquaintance of a girl who returned from Boston, "that there is an air of culture and educational refinement plainly noticeable in the speech of Boston residents?" "My dear," she replied impressively, "even owls around Boston hoot 'To whom!' instead of 'To whool' as in the west."

—One day an Irishman was taking a walk in a small town near Glasgow when he met an old friend. After walking along the road together talking, Pat's friend said to him: "Have you heard the latest news?" Pat—"No; what is it?" "There's a penny off the loaf." Pat—"Bedad, and I hope it is off the penny ones."

—Boston Conductor—Fare, please. Passenger—What is the fare? Boston Conductor—It is the tariff or tax levied by the corporation owning and controlling the charter and franchise of this street-car line on those persons who avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the company to secure more rapid and agreeable transportation than pedal locomotion. Passenger—How much is the fare? Boston Conductor—Five cents, please.

*Compiled from Contemporaries

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

How to Test Food.....Alfred J. Wilcox.....The Strand Magazine

It is obviously impossible in a popular magazine to detail a complete series of chemical tests for the purity of food. It may, however, prove of use to describe a few easy methods by which, with the aid of a little common sense and the expenditure of a small amount of time and trouble (not wasted, it is hoped!), anyone, without possessing any scientific knowledge whatever, may assure herself that she has actually received the article for which she has paid.

In forming an opinion as to whether a substance is likely to be adulterated, the price should be carefully noted: it would be manifestly more profitable to adulterate a dear article than a cheap one. Another important feature which regulates adulteration is the nature of the substance—whether it is one which lends itself to being mixed with an inferior—but similar—substance, so that its compound character is not apparent either to our sight or taste. Thus it is not surprising to find that coffee and tea are very often tampered with, while, of late years (owing to its extreme cheapness), sugar seldom contains any foreign substance—loaf sugar being perhaps the least adulterated article of commerce, and may be said to be absolutely pure.

Coffee, of course, is very often mixed with chicory, which, since it contains none of the essential constituents of coffee, is distinctly prejudicial—from a pecuniary point of view—to the buyer. A little of the suspected mixture may be sprinkled on the surface of a tumbler of clear water. Coffee floats, while the particles of chicory—being heavier—sink, leaving a brown trail through the water as they do so. The chicory, if present, should be allowed to settle; the water may then be carefully poured off, and the particles rubbed between the thumb and forefinger. Chicory is soft to the touch, quite unlike the hard, gritty feeling of coffee particles.

Starch should also be looked for: a dessert-spoonful of the mixture may be boiled—preferably in a small enamelled saucepan—with three-quarters of a pint of water. The grounds are allowed to subside, and a little of the liquid is then poured off into a wineglass. Condyl's Fluid is now added—a drop at a time—until the brown color disappears and the liquid assumes a dirty yellow hue. When quite cold, a little tincture of iodine (that used for painting sprains, etc.) is added, drop by drop. If starch be present, the liquid becomes a dark blue color; otherwise it retains its yellowish-brown appearance. Coffee is sometimes colored also with burnt sugar and caramel; either of these is readily detected by sprinkling the mixture on water, which will be rapidly darkened if either be present.

Tea is not nearly so frequently adulterated as formerly. This, of course, is due to the increasing shipping facilities and the consequently cheaper freights, thanks to which merchants can afford to sell it at a lower price. The chief adulterants are: (a) Leaves of plants other than those of the tea. (b) Metallic substances, such as iron, manganese, etc., and sand, to increase the weight. (c) "Facing,"

i. e., coating the leaves with indigo, Prussian blue, and like substances, to give it the appearance of green tea, when it is not so.

Tests:—(a) The leaves may be soaked in water and unfolded with a needle on a sheet of glass. Anyone who happens to possess a microscope may then examine them. Genuine tea-leaves will be readily distinguished and all leaves which have not a similar construction should be looked upon as an adulteration. (b) A small quantity of the tea is bruised and spread out upon a plate with a knife; a magnet is then carefully run over it, when the particles of iron, etc., will stick to it. These particles may be washed off into a tumbler of hot water: it will now be readily seen which are iron and which are sand. (c) A teaspoonful of the leaves is thrown on to the surface of a glass of warm water. The particles of indigo, etc., sink to the bottom, and may be easily recognized by the color.

Intimately connected with our coffee and tea is, of course, milk. The value of milk depends upon the quantity of fat it contains; and it should be remarked that this varies with the health of the cow, and also with the time at which the milk is obtained, that taken in the morning obviously being richer in fat than that at the evening milking. The chief enemy of the purchaser here is, of course, the "cow with the iron tail."

An ordinary knitting-needle is thoroughly polished with emery cloth, and afterwards well dusted. It is then thrust into a vessel containing the milk, and withdrawn. If the milk be of an average quality it will adhere to the needle and form upon it a white greasy coating; whereas if it be deficient in fat (*i. e.*, if it has been watered), the needle will have the appearance of its being dipped into milky water.

Milk is sometimes the means of the conveyance of infectious diseases; while a certain disease in cows is said to produce scarlet fever in human beings. When there is reason to suspect such an occurrence, the milk should be heated to boiling-point—but not actually boiled—since boiling coagulates one of its constituents, and makes it very indigestible.

Whilst on the subject of milk, it is only fitting we should say a few words regarding butter. The chief adulterant of butter is margarine or butterine. This substance is really a butter substitute, and when sold honestly, under its own name, the sale is legalized. It is manufactured generally from beef fat, flavored by churning with milk, and colored so as to imitate pure butter as nearly as possible. It is consequently often palmed off upon the customer for the genuine article, and is in many cases mixed with the pure substance. To the average housewife, however, it does not possess the flavor or aroma of true butter, both of which are invaluable tests.

Three parts of a dessertspoonful of the butter may be placed in a saucer, which is gently heated until the substance is melted. About one and a half inches of new and quite clean wick of a lamp are then floated in the liquid, lighted,

and, after a couple of minutes, blown out. If the butter be pure there will be but little odor; whereas, if mixed with margarine, a strong tallow-like smell is at once perceived.

Before leaving butter it may be observed that cheese is now seldom or never intentionally adulterated. The rind, however, is to be carefully avoided, since it often contains lead (in the form of lead plaste), and also arsenic, to prevent the attack of flies.

And this brings us to a somewhat different kind, and a still more objectionable kind, of adulteration—i.e., that which is prejudicial to health: up to now we have only considered its aspect towards our pockets. This second class, however, arises from similar motives to the first—the desire of the trade to produce an article, in some cases, which represents itself to be what it is not, and, in others, at the lowest possible cost, irrespective of the injury it will undoubtedly cause to the health of the consumer.

From among many articles of food let us take two, for the sake of examples:

(1) *Preserved Peas.* As is well known these very often contain considerable quantities of copper, in order to preserve the green color of the peas. The liquid in which the peas are packed is emptied into a clean narrow glass—a slender flower-vase will serve the purpose admirably—and about a salt-spoonful of lemon juice is added; a well polished knitting-needle is allowed to remain in the glass over night. It will then—as far as the liquid reaches—be coated with bright brown metallic copper.

(2) *Vinegar, pickles, capers, sauces, etc.,* likewise sometimes possess copper. In this case it arises from the fact that they are generally prepared in copper vessels, and vinegar, being an acid, dissolves some of the metal. A bright knitting-needle will be coated by the copper, as in preserved peas; in this case, however, the lemon juice may be omitted, since the vinegar itself is acid.

The Cafes of Vienna, Chicago Inter-Ocean

Cafés are for the Viennese a second home, and they all have two kinds of clients, the "stammgaeste," or habitués, and the "laufande," or transients. The habitués, commonly called "wirthausbruder" (café brothers), have tables reserved for them, and woe betide the man who ventures to take possession of this sacred property. There are many Viennese who, in the past thirty or forty years, have sat at the same table in the same corner, day after day, drinking the same brew of beer or brand of wine, and smoking the same sort of tobacco in the same old pipes.

A "stammgaest" generally spends from three to four hours every day at his café, the natural result being a great loss of time and money. But the Viennese are not miserly. The maxim they follow is found in the German proverb, which seems to have been written on purpose for them: "Leben und leben lassen"—"Live and let live."

Besides these cafés there are a number of "restaurant cellars" in Vienna, similar to the cellars of Leipsic, Hamburg and Bremen, where people go to drink wine and partake of delicatessen, pastes,

oysters, caviar, smoked fish, Westphalian sausages and other eatables of the same general sort. There are certain cellars, like the old Felsenkeller, which are arranged like grottoes. The Felsenkeller has been visited by many European celebrities, and on its walls are scratched the autographs of Victor Hugo, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Brahms, Alexandre Dumas, father and son, and many others.

The most picturesque of these cellars is the "Esterhazy Keller," open every day from 11 A. M. until 1.30 the following morning. In this subterranean resort there are no tables, chairs, or gas lights. A few old benches against the walls and some wretched candles are the only furnishings. A perfect babel of languages prevails—German, Polish, Czech, Russian, French, Hungarian, Slavonian, Italian, Servian, Bulgarian, Roumanian, and Greek may all be heard spoken in the space of a few minutes, giving a splendid idea of Vienna's cosmopolitan nature and a striking proof that the imperial capital of the Hapsburgs is not a German city, but a town which is neither European nor Oriental, and possessing a cachet of its own, which partakes both of the east and the west. Notwithstanding the Bohemian aspect of this Esterhazy Keller and the poor quality of the food provided, the two kinds of wine served are worthy of a royal table.

Excellent wine is to be found at all Vienna cafés, much of which is native. Austria and Hungary together grow some fifteen different wines. Emperor Charles IV. transplanted in 1348 vines from Burgundy to Melnik and Czernosek. In lower Austria vineyards are found 6,000 feet above the sea level. The wines of Gumpoldskirchen, Voeslau, and Klosterneubourg can vie with Burgundy and certain Rhine wines.

In Southern Tyrol, in Styria, Carinthia, Moravia, Illyria, Dalmatia, Hungary, and Croatia, first-class wine is made, and forms in the Slav provinces the habitual drink of rich and poor alike. The consequence is that the Slav races of Austria are far more energetic and of finer physique than the German Austrians, who become bloated by excessive beer drinking.

It is not easy to find good food at the Vienna cafés and restaurants, however. The Viennese manner of cooking is as international as are the Viennese themselves. The best is found in the hotels, all of which have three different classes of restaurants—one under ground for the "petits employés" and coachmen, one on the ground floor for the Viennese upper and middle classes, and finally one on the first floor for foreigners. For 50 cents of American money a Viennese gets a portion of meat, a vegetable and a sweet dish, which is certainly not cheap when compared to other continental capitals.

The usual time for dinner is from 1 to 3 P. M., and supper is taken at any time between 7 and 11. As the theatres are over by 10, supper is taken afterward. At that time of night every café in Vienna is crowded.

A Viennese who has gone to the theatre with his wife and children would fracture all conventions if he did not take his family to sup at a café.

ONE OF THE DECORATED*

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

[Sister Claire, a brave nurse connected with the ambulance corps of the French army in the African campaign of 1827, has been desperately wounded. In her youth Sister Claire, at that time Lady Betty Stair, lady-in-waiting at the exiled court of Charles X. of France, was deeply attached to General de Bourmont of the army, then a young member of the royal suite. Separated by a cruel mistake—her apparently justifiable belief that her only brother, who was killed in an unwitnessed duel, had met his death at the hands of her lover—Lady Betty Stair entered a convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and De Bourmont's innocence was established too late for aught but a message of exoneration, and a plea for forgiveness, sent through a friendly priest; since when almost thirty years have passed, and each has lived an eventful life with no further sign of recognition or remembrance of the other.]

The hospital of the Sisters of Mercy at Algiers was a pleasant place; and when, many days after this, Sister Claire awoke to consciousness, there was rejoicing, not only in the hospital, but among the soldiers, too. Every day the gate had been besieged by men coming to inquire after her, and when at last it was known that she would recover, the joy of the Jean Baptistes was touching.

Many months passed on. The French were everywhere victorious, and by October, the rainy season beginning, all of the troops were recalled to the neighborhood of the city of Algiers.

By that time Sister Claire was quite well, and apparently her terrible experience had done her no harm at all. She knew that the general in command had gone back to France on sick leave, and General de Bourmont was temporarily in command. And one morning, sitting in the garden and looking toward the glorious Bay of Algiers, she saw a smart French frigate drop her anchor, and one of the convalescent officers said to her:—

"That is 'La Minerve.' She brings out the decorations for the campaign. General de Bourmont is sure to be made lieutenant-general."

A day or two after that, one morning, the superior came to Sister Claire's room, smiling proudly:

"What think you, Sister? We are especially invited to attend at the distribution of decorations tomorrow morning. Here is a letter from General de Bourmont; and he particularly wishes you to be present, he says, on account of your services to the army. But the rest of us are not forgotten either, and the general speaks in the kindest manner of what little we have been able to do for our poor soldiers."

All that day the sisters were in a flutter; and among themselves, when Sister Claire was not present, they said: "How glorious! How honorable to our order! We must give especial thanks to the Blessed Lady for this." Sister Claire, however, was purposely kept in the dark; and the next morning she was the least excited of the party of twenty sis-

ters who took their way, two and two, toward the great plain on the south of the city.

Never was the scene more beautiful. The rains had begun, and in a few days the face of the earth had become green with the most luxuriant foliage. The ships in the little harbor were dressed in honor of the occasion, and the French frigate, anchored in the bay, was covered with flags. On the great plain were found ten thousand men, on three sides of the square. The fourth side was left open, and facing it was General de Bourmont and a splendid staff. Upon the surrounding heights were great multitudes of people,—French, Arabs, Jews, Turks, all watching the scene. A blare of military music smote the morning air, as all the bands in the French-African army crashed out.

Sister Claire had supposed that they would simply be given good positions where they could see the ceremonies of the day, and was rather surprised when the superior, with whom she was walking, moved directly toward the opening in the hollow square; and she was still more surprised when a young aide dashed up, and, dismounting, respectfully led the little band of white-capped nuns to a position very near the staff. And, strangely enough, she began to be agitated, and to feel as if some crisis in her life were at hand. General de Bourmont would probably come up after the ceremonies were over and speak to them—and would he recognize her? And then the bands stopped suddenly, and Sister Claire, looking up, heard the young officer who was escorting them saying, with a smile: "Sister, I believe it is your turn first to be decorated."

Sister Claire looked at him in dumb amazement, and then looked toward the superior.

"It is true, sister," said the superior, who was also smiling, but whose eyes were moist. "You are to be decorated. We knew some time ago that you had been recommended, and your decoration arrived yesterday, and we have arranged this as a glorious surprise to you."

Sister Claire's face grew a rosy red. She hesitated a moment, but the aide, bowing low, and pointing to the waiting group of officers, where a number of soldiers of all ages who were to be decorated, were assembled near them, she advanced with him toward the commander-in-chief. It was some distance across the sand, glowing with the morning sun, and the fierceness of the glare and the emotion that she feared showed in her usually calm face, kept her eyes to the ground. But when she reached the general and his staff, and had paused, a voice rang out that thrilled her to the soul. It was that of General de Bourmont, and he said:—

"Sister Claire!"

At that she raised her eyes, and her gaze met De Bourmont's. For some moments each forgot everything in the world except the other. They forgot the stretch of more than thirty years since last they had looked into each other's eyes. They forgot the waiting thousands of troops, the vast multitude of

* A selected reading from *The History of the Lady Betty Stair*, by Molly Elliot Seawell. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers; cloth, 12mo., \$1.25.

spectators. The white sand and fierce sun of Algiers melted into the gloomy old palace of Holyrood. They were once more De Bourmont and Lady Betty Stair. As they stood thus, each reading the other's soul through the eyes, some keen inner sympathy told them that, however much their hearts had suffered, their souls had thriven on that nobler life that each had led. And as they felt clearly and more clearly every moment, that in those years of self-sacrifice, and of that agony of separation, their newer and better selves had been born and lived and suffered, so did the dazzling happiness of the life they might have lived together reveal itself in all its splendid beauty. Those moments of solemn exaltation seemed like an age to Sister Claire and De Bourmont; but, in truth, it was only long enough to make the gorgeous group of waiting officers wonder at De Bourmont's strange silence; and when he spoke, his voice was not altogether calm.

"When scarcely more than twenty-three years of age, you followed our soldiers to Egypt and faithfully tended them. You were severely wounded in the retreat from Acre. You followed the French army to Spain, to Germany, and even to Russia. Your courage in saving ten wounded men at the passage of the Beresina is remembered. You were in every battle from the frontier to the gates of Paris, in 1814, and were three times wounded. At Waterloo you were carried off the field for dead among the corpses of a number of cuirassiers. For three years you have labored in Algiers, and at the battle of Staoueli, when a shell with a burning fuse fell near your ambulance, endangering the lives of your wounded, you picked it up and carried it more than eighty yards before it exploded, wounding you terribly. But your life was preserved in all these dangers, and you have been spared to the soldiers who love you so well. His Majesty, knowing of your devotion to our army, has placed your name at the head of those who are to be rewarded to-day. And, by his command, I present you with this Cross for Tried Bravery. None has deserved it more than you."

At the first sound of his voice, both of them came back out of the shadowy world in which their other selves had met face to face. De Bourmont's voice grew stronger as he continued speaking; and he fixed his eyes upon her angelic face, shining under her nun's bonnet. She noticed that he was gray and very grave. She knew, then, as well as if a thousand tongues had told her, that, from the day of their parting, the gay, the careless, the dashing De Bourmont had ceased to exist, and in his place was this earnest and devoted soldier, who lived for his country and was ready to die for it. She became conscious by degrees of the scene around her,—the African sun blazing upon the white sand, the imposing sight of many thousands of veterans assembled to see valor rewarded. And then, De Bourmont's hand pinned a splendid decoration upon her breast.

Ten thousand men presented arms to this brave woman; the officers, led by General de Bourmont, saluted with their swords; the multitude burst into thunders of cheers; the bands rang a out patriotic air; and Sister Claire stood with downcast head and

tears dropping upon the coarse habit she wore. After a moment she looked up into De Bourmont's eyes. Each understood the other. The love of the young soldier and the Lady Betty Stair had lasted through more than thirty years, and in that time it had become so purified and ennobled that it was not unworthy of the angels themselves.

Late that afternoon, Sister Claire, who had been busy writing in her cell at the gray old convent, went into the garden to look for the superior.

"I came to show you, mother, a letter I have written to General de Bourmont," said Sister Claire. "We knew each other in our youth, and it was thought at one time that he was responsible for the death of my only brother. Afterward it was proved that he was not, and I took pains to have him informed of it. Here is the letter I have written him:"—

General de Bourmont:—I desire to express to his Majesty, and to yourself personally, my heartfelt thanks for the very great honor conferred upon me. I only did my duty, as many others have done, and I felt rewarded in the thought that I did it for God and my fellow-creatures; but this other reward is not the less dear to me. For yourself, General de Bourmont, accept my thanks and good wishes. I have always remembered your goodness to me, of many years ago, and I shall continue to do so and to pray for you to the last hour of my life.

SISTER CLAIRE.

"A very proper letter," said the mother superior, who was full of pride in the great doings of the day; "and I will send it off immediately."

Two hours afterward, when the sisters had had their supper in the refectory, they were assembled again in the garden. One of the lay sisters came running into the garden with a letter.

"It is for Sister Claire; and General de Bourmont himself brought it," she cried.

The sisters all gathered around, and Sister Claire read her letter aloud in a clear, sweet voice:

General de Bourmont presents his respectful compliments to Sister Claire, and has the honor of informing her that her thanks will be personally conveyed by him to his Majesty. The noble career of Sister Claire has been watched by the whole French army, and she will become, more than ever, an object of respectful devotion to the soldiers of France, of all ranks. It was unknown to General de Bourmont, though, that in Sister Claire was his friend of former days. He remembers with gratitude Sister Claire's kindness to him at the long distant period to which she refers; and he begs that she will always consider him her friend and devoted servant during the rest of his life. (Signed)

DE BOURMONT.

Presently all went indoors, except Sister Claire. She remained walking up and down, with her beautiful eyes fixed on the stars that shone with soft splendor. Heaven seemed very near to her.

Afar off, on the sandy plain, De Bourmont sat on his horse quite motionless, and looked toward the white-walled convent which held Sister Claire. His eyes were full of tears for the broken hearts of their youth; but he said to himself, "I would not have it different now."

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

The late Alphonse Daudet is said to have been an ardent music-lover. At his Thursday evenings there was always music. The masters he admired particularly were Gluck, Beethoven, Wagner, and, above all, Chopin.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has two volumes nearly ready for the press: one entitled *England's Nineteenth Century*, to be issued in the *Story of the Nations Series*; the other, reminiscences of distinguished Europeans and Americans whom Mr. McCarthy has known; and the title of which he has not yet decided upon.

Mr. Louis Zangwill, whose new novel, *Cleo the Magnificent*, has just been issued by the Dillinghams (See Book List, p. 284), will now drop his pseudonym of "Z. Z," under which he wrote *A Drama in Dutch*, *The Beautiful Miss Brooke*, and other novels.

Mr. I. Zangwill's new book, *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, which has been in hand some four years, is just receiving its finishing touches, and will be published in March, and several translations of it are in progress. The book forms a sort of epic of dreamers who have arisen in the Ghetto since its formation up to our own day. Some like Spinoza and Heine are known to the wider world, but the stories of most, and very romantic some of them are, will be entirely new to the general reader. The panorama, which is the background of the dreams, shifts its scenes all over the world and the author has personally explored most of the ghettos of which he writes.

Henrik Ibsen, who is still at his home in Christiania, is said to intend returning to a foreign country to live, as he did from 1864 to 1891. His son has just begun the publication of a weekly journal, and promises contributions from his father.

Marie Corelli has dramatized her novel *Barabbas*, and it will be played in America soon.

The University of Jena has conferred the doctor's degree on Pater Leontius Alishan, an eminent Armenian scholar, who is also popular among his countrymen as a poet. He is 77 years old. One of his former friends was Alexander von Humboldt.

"Ouida," it is said, has beautifully formed hands and feet, and to keep the latter from being distorted by unnatural pressure on the bones, she wears open, buckled shoes, summer and winter alike, instead of boots.

The first authorized American publication of Herbert Spencer's reply to Huxley's famous Romanes Lecture, which was originally published in the *London Athenæum*, appeared in *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* for February, under the title *Evolutionary Ethics*.

Mrs. Annie Hurd Dyer is translating into Japanese the two novels by James Lane Allen, entitled *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*.

Thomas Hardy, who is now at work upon a long novel, will bring out a collection of short stories in the spring.

A friend of Ruskin says the great critic still takes his daily walks, sees his personal friends, and spends much time in reading. He directs his own business,

but is obliged to decline correspondence, and can not reply to the many letters which still come asking for his intervention in public matters or for private advice and assistance.

"When a private in the ranks is praised by a general he cannot presume to thank him, but fights better the next day." That is the way Rudyard Kipling acknowledged a compliment from Lord Tennyson, according to testimony set forth in the latter's biography, just published.

Three volumes by Alice Meynell will be published during the year—a collection of plays, a book on children, and a few essays on impressions of London. The latter will be finely illustrated.

Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, whose poems have appeared from time to time in *Current Literature*, is engaged in preparing the memoir of his father, the late Archbishop of Canterbury. The book will be a personal biography with letters and reminiscences by many of his friends, such as the Dean of Westminster, the Bishops of Durham and Natal, Professor Mason, Canon Carter and many others. Archbishop Benson kept a very minute private diary and this will be largely quoted from. The work is already far advanced and will be published before the end of the year by The Macmillan Company.

The *London Athenæum* calls attention to the fact that none of the newspapers seem to have noticed the origin of the pseudonym "Lewis Carroll" used by the late Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, author of *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Hunting of the Snark*, and other delightful books. "Lewis Carroll" is an anagram on his Christian names Latinized, Carolus Ludovicus.

Mr. George Gissing, who has been in Italy for some weeks past, staying at Siena, is at present at Naples. He is on his way to Sicily, where he will stay for some time. Mr. Gissing's next novel will be entitled *The Town Traveller*.

It may not be generally known that the late William James Linton, the poet and engraver, whose death was noticed in these pages last month, was the husband of the distinguished English novelist and essayist, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

It is said that Oscar Wilde is now living in destitution in Naples.

The late Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins was born in Boston in 1847, and in 1876 was married to Mr. Daniel M. Rollins of New York. She was the author of a number of books, both in prose and poetry, that attracted flattering attention. Among the former were *The Story of a Ranch*, *From Palm to Glacier*, and *Uncle Tom's Tenement*; the latter, *The Ring of Amethyst* and *The Story of Azrôn*. Besides these, she wrote several children's books.

Mr. Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) has just finished a play in four acts in French and English, which will be played in Paris and London next year. At present he is beginning a long lecture tour in England, France and Holland. It is practically settled that the famous Frenchman will come to the United States in October on a sixth lecture tour, after which it is his intention to devote less time to lec-

turing and more time to literary and dramatic work.

The new French daily paper, "La Fronde," appears likely to prove a great success. It is entirely a woman's paper, edited, written, and managed by women. It is understood that the type is set up by women and in fact that no men are employed at all in the administration. Among the well-known writers on the staff of "La Fronde" are mentioned Mmes. Judith Gautier, Georges de Peyrebrune, Daniel Lesueur (whose poetry took a prize at the French Academy), Marie Anne de Bovet, Judith Cladel, Augusta Holmes and Severine. The editress and directress of the paper is Mme. Durand de Valfère, formerly of the Théâtre Français, a journalist of renown in Paris.

A recent issue of the Boston Transcript takes note of the announcement from St. Louis of a magazine published in twelve different parts and twelve languages and dialects, of which it says: "It is the intention of the publishers to make this publication serve the interests of good American citizenship. The proprietors are men of business, who perceive that there is a field for a popular magazine to reach immigrants newly arrived in this country, among the great number of Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Russians, Italians, Hungarians, Louisiana French, California and New Mexico Spanish, etc., who never learn to read the English language. In the second generation many foreigners read and speak our native tongue with facility, on the other hand, there are thousands of Americans born under the Stars and Stripes living in communities where only the parental tongue is used, and who never come into any useful knowledge of the English language. For these people, as well as for the newly arrived, a separate magazine in their own languages, yet all tending to explain American institutions may become a vast power for good citizenship."

The San Francisco Chronicle is authority for the statement that undoubtedly Mme. Du Bos d'Elbhecq is the oldest living woman who supports herself by her pen. She is 99 years old and has outlived her husband, son, grandchildren and friends, and is now living in a convent at Angiers, France. Mme. Du Bos d'Elbhecq is a prolific authoress. A list of her books would fill a column of a large newspaper. Some of these were highly successful and *Le Père Fargeau* still sells. Her hand-writing remains firm and legible; and the works which she now produces are read chiefly by the peasants and country folks. She began to work for the printers at the age of 20—that is, seventy-nine years ago—and her life ever since has been a regular one. She has never been very poor and never very well off. She was elected a member of the Société des Gens de Lettres fifty-three years ago.

"One of the most conspicuous figures about the Library of Congress," says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, "is Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who has made so creditable a reputation as a poet. Mr. Dunbar is employed as one of the assistant librarians and has charge of the division of medicine, mathematics and the natural sciences. He enjoys the duties of his position, and all of his spare time is devoted to studying and writ-

ing. Mr. Dunbar has been more or less lionized since he came to Washington, and is extremely amiable in granting the various demands made upon him. On several occasions he has read selections from his own works, and, which is not always true of authors who give extracts from their own writings, he reads with expression and taste."

Miss M. E. Dixon, author of *With a Pessimist in Spain*, sent some time ago, at the suggestion of the Spanish Consul, according to the Chicago Post, a copy of her book to the Queen of Spain. A letter from the Queen's private secretary was received by Miss Dixon recently, which is translated as follows:

MAYORDOMIA MAYOR DE PALACIO.

(Private.)

MADRID, Dec. 21, 1897. Senorita Dona Mary E. DIXON. Dear Miss, and of my highest consideration. Your esteemed favor to hand and with it a copy of your book on Spain, which, according to your desire, I have had the honor of placing in the hands of Her Majesty the Queen Regent (Q. D. G.), my august sovereign.

Her Majesty has accepted it with special favor, and, while so doing, orders me to manifest to you her high appreciation of your attention, for which she gives you a thousand thanks.

While transmitting to you these sentiments of my sovereign I take pleasure in expressing to you my most distinguished consideration.

M. EL DUQUE DE SOTO,

Mayor (Private Secretary.)

The Spanish Consul at Chicago says he has had several letters inquiring about the book since notice of it has appeared in the Spanish papers.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the famous Norwegian novelist, poet and dramatist, has written from Rome to Zola as follows, concerning his attitude in the Dreyfus affair:

"Very Honored Master: How I envy you! How I wish I were in your place, in order to be able to render to the country and to humanity a service like that rendered by you. I also have proved by experience that it is much more perilous to want to eradicate hatred than love from the minds of men. A host of things which have for a long time been taking root in the noblest, as well as in the basest instincts of the French people, have brought on a situation so tragic that a thousand years of progress and civilization are swept away. All others tremble before the cries and fury of barbarians, but they have not made you recoil. You alone, with lyre and sword, marched against millions. Is there a nobler spectacle to be seen in the world? That was just what France needed. I can assure you that all the peoples of Europe are gazing at France at this moment in astonishment and pain. . . Europe admires what you have done. I always have held the opinion that the work of a romance writer or a poet bears the same relation to himself personally as notes do to the bank, which issues them, and which should have on hand securities corresponding to the issue. We see now that if your words have circulated throughout the world to increase the courage and enrich the heart of humanity, it is because you, yourself, are a man of courage and heart."

BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- Painting and Decorating: Walter J. Pearce: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth.....\$3 75
 Pianoforte Study: Alex. McArthur: Theodore Presser, 12mo, cloth.....1 25
 The Painter in Oil: Burleigh Parkhurst: Lee & Shepard, cloth, illus.....1 25
 The Tragical Reign of Selimus, Sometime Emperor of the Turks: A Play Reclaimed: Edited with Preface, Notes and Glossary by Alexander B. Grosart, D.D., LL.D.: The Macmillan Co., 32mo, cloth, 45 cents; morocco.....65
 Water-color Painting: Grace Barton Allen: Lee & Shepard, cloth.....1 25
 What is Good Music? W. J. Henderson: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth.....1 00

Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Christina Rossetti: Mackenzie Bell: Roberts Bros., cloth.....2 50
 John Ruskin, His Life and Teaching: J. Marshall Mather: F. Warne & Co., fifth ed., 12mo, cloth....1 25
 Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti: T. Hall Caine: Roberts Bros., cloth.....1 50
 Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story: Mary E. Phillips: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth.....1 75
 The Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury as a Social Reformer: Edwin Hodder: Fleming H. Revell Co., illus., 12mo, cloth.....1 00
 The Wound Dresser: Walt Whitman: Small, Maynard & Co., cloth.....1 50

Educational Topics.

- A History of the United States, for schools: Wilbur F. Gordy: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth.....1 00
 A Students' History of the United States: E. Channing: The Macmillan Co., hf. mor.....1 40
 Indians and Pioneers, a historical reader for the young: Blanche E. Hazard: The Morse Co., 1898, 12mo, cloth.....72
 School Management: Jos. Landon: C. W. Bardeen, 12mo, cloth, \$1.25; paper.....50
 The Child's First Studies in Music: S. W. Cole: Silver, Burdett & Co., 8vo, cloth.....60
 The Study of Children and Their School Training: Francis Warner, M.D.: The Macmillan Co., 12mo, cloth.....1 00

Essays and Miscellanies.

- Combination Memorandum Book: Laird & Lee, leather.....25
 Date Book: Edmund Routledge: George Routledge & Sons, paper.....
 In Garden, Orchard and Spinney: Phil Robinson: E. P. Dutton & Co., cloth.....1 50
 The Grand Tactics of Chess: Franklin K. Young: Roberts Bros., cloth.....3 50
 Tribune Almanac: Henry E. Rhoades, Editor: The Tribune Association, paper.....25

Fiction of the Month.

- A Fiery Ordeal: Tasma: Appleton, cloth, \$1.00; paper. 50
 A Prince of the Blood: Julius A. Lewis: Bedford Publishing Co., paper.....50
 An Innocent Cheat: T. C. De Leon: F. Tennyson Neely, cloth.....
 Cleo the Magnificent: L. Zangwill: G. W. Dillingham Co., cloth.....1 50
 George Malcolm: Gabriel Setoun: Frederick Warne & Co., cloth.....1 25
 In Quest of Sheba's Treasure: S. Walkey: Frederick Warne & Co., cloth, illus.....1 50

- In the Shadow of the Pyramids: Richard Henry Savage: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth.....1 00
 King Washington: Adelaide Skeel and Wm. H. Brearley: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, illus.....1 25
 Marcus Warwick, Atheist: Alice M. Dall: New Amsterdam Book Co., 12mo, cloth.....1 50
 On the Winning Side: Jeannette H. Walworth: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth.....1 25
 Paul Mercer: Jas. Adderley: E. Arnold, 12mo, cloth. 1 50
 Shrewsbury: Stanley J. Weyman: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth, illus.....1 50
 Southern Soldier Stories: George Cary Eggleston: The Macmillan Co., cloth.....1 50
 Sunset: Beatrice Whitby: Appleton, cloth, \$1.00; paper. 50
 The Blue Ridge Mystery: Caroline Martin: Rob. L. Weed Co., cloth.....1 25
 The Brown-Laurel Marriage: Landis Ayr: F. Tennyson Neeley, cloth.....
 The Confession of Stephen Whapshare: Emma Brooke: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth.....1 00
 The Embassy Ball: Virginia Rosalie Cox: F. Tennyson Neely, cloth.....
 The Queerest Man Alive: George H. Hepworth: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth.....1 25
 The Unseen Hand: Lawrence L. Lynch: Laird & Lee, cloth.....50
 The Whirlpool: George Gissing: F. A. Stokes Co., cloth 1 25
 The World's Coarse Thumb: Caroline Masters: F. Warne & Co., cloth.....1 25
 There is no Devil: Maurus Jokái: Rand, McNally & Co., paper.....25
 Told in the Rockies: A. Maynard Barbour: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth.....
 Warren Hyde: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth.....1 25

Historic and National.

- Alaska: Bushrod Washington James: Sunshine Pub. Co., cloth, illus....1 50
 Hawaii's Story: Liliuokalani: Lee & Shepherd, cloth illus.....2 00
 Orderly Book of General George Washington: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth.....1 00
 Select Documents Illustrative of the History of the United States, 1776-1861: W. Macdonald: The Macmillan Co., 12mo, cloth.....2 25
 South Africa of To-Day: Francis E. Younghusband: The Macmillan Co., 8vo, cloth.....3 50
 The History of Cape May County, New Jersey: L. Townsend Stevens: W. J. Campbell, 8vo, cloth....3 00
 The Pequot War: Edited by C. Orr: The Helman-Taylor Co., 8vo, cloth.....2 50
 The Squirrel Hunters of Ohio; or, Glimpses of Pioneer Life: N. E. Jones, M.D.: The Robert Clarke Co., cloth.....1 50

Literary Criticism.

- A Short History of Modern English Literature: Edmund W. Gosse: Appleton, cloth.....1 50
 An Introduction to American Literature: H. Spackman Panceast: H. Holt & Co., cloth.....1 00
 American Literature; with 24 por., an appendix and index of authors: Katharine Lee Bates: The Macmillan Co., 16mo, cloth, \$1.00; 8vo, cloth.....1 50
 Inductive Studies in Browning: Hans C. Peterson: J. H. Miller, cloth.....

Poetry of the Month.

- Alamo, and Other Verses: Edward McQueen Gray: E. McQ. Gray, Florence, N. M., cloth.....75
 Columbia Verse, 1892-1897; by Students of Columbia University: Edited by J. M. Proskauer and J. N. Rosenberg: W. Beverly Harrison, N. Y., 12mo, cloth. 1 00

- Cornell Verse: Compiled by H. Adelbert Lyon: Historical Publishing Co., [for sale by M. A. Lyon, Westfield, N. Y.], cloth..... 1 25
- Heine's Lieder und Gedichte: Selected by C. A. Buchheim: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 00
- Poems of a Country Gentleman: Sir G. Douglas: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 1 25
- Psalms of the West, 3d ed.: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 75
- Purely Original Verse: J. Gordon Coogler: Published the Author, Columbia, S. C., cloth, illus..... 1 00
- Rhymes to be Read: J. Edmund V. Cooke: W. B. Conkey Co., cloth.....
- Songs from the Wings: Minnie Gilmore: F. Tennyson Neely, 12mo, cloth..... 1 25
- The Bab Ballads; with which are included the "Songs of a Savoyard"; illus. by the author: W. S. Gilbert: G. Routledge & Sons, 8vo, cloth..... 3 00
- The Children of the Night: Edwin Arlington Robinson: R. G. Badger & Co., 16mo, cloth..... 1 25
- The Habitant: William Henry Drummond: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, illus..... 1 25
- The Scarlet-Veined, and Other Poems: Lucy Cleveland: A. D. F. Randolph Co., cloth..... 1 00
- The Unnamed Lake: Frederick George Scott: William Briggs, cloth..... 1 00
- Three Women: Ella Wheeler Wilcox: W. B. Conkey Co., cloth.....
- Where Beauty Is: Henry Johnson: Byron Stevens, cloth..... 1 25

Political, Financial and Legal.

- A Mile of Gold: William M. Stanley: Laird & Lee, cloth, illus..... 50
- Abridgement of Blackstone's Commentaries: W. C. Sprague: 4th ed.: Collector Pub. Co., cloth, \$2.50; shp..... 3 00
- American and English Encyclopædia of Law: Edited by D. S. Garland and Lucius P. McGehee under the supervision of Jas. Cockcroft: 2d ed., vol. 6: E. Thompson Co., shp..... 6 50
- Bouvier's Law Dictionary: New Ed.: The Boston Book Co., shp..... 12 00
- Norman's Universal Cambist; being the 2d ed. of the author's "Ready Reckoner of the Exchanges of Gold and Silver": J. H. Norman: Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 3 00
- Parasitic Wealth: John Brown: Charles H. Kerr & Co., cloth.....
- Rules of Parliamentary Procedure: J. L. Branch: The Monograph Publishing Co., cloth..... 75
- The Finances of New York City: E. Dana Durand: The Macmillan Co., 12mo, cloth..... 2 00

Religious and Philosophic.

- A Manual of Ethics: 3d ed.: J. S. Mackenzie: Hinds & Noble, cloth..... 1 50
- Euchologion, Book of Common Order; Forms of Prayer Issued by the Church Service Society of the Church of Scotland: B. Bartis Comegys: Fleming H. Revell Co., 12mo, cloth..... 1 00
- How to Make the Sunday School Go: A. T. Brewer: Eaton & Mains, cloth..... 60
- Interpreting Prophecy: A. G. Hollister, paper.....
- Matthew's Gospel: J. Worcester: Massachusetts New-Church Union, cloth..... 75
- Ministerial Priesthood: R. C. Moberly: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 4 00
- Our Lady of America: Rev. G. Lee: J. Murphy & Co., cloth..... 1 00
- Pearly Gate Bible Lessons: A. G. Hollister and C. Green, paper..... 65
- Roman Martyrology (The), with the imprimatur of Cardinal Gibbons: J. Murphy & Co., cloth..... 3 00

- Satan's Invisible World Displayed; or, Despairing Democracy: W. T. Stead: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth. 1 25
- St. Matthew, St. Mark, and the General Epistles: Edited by Richard G. Moulton: The Macmillan Co. cloth..... 50
- The Early Life of Our Lord: Rev. J. Brough: E. P. Dutton & Co., cloth..... 1 75
- The Last Things: Jos. Agar Beet, D.D.: Eaton & Mains, cloth..... 1 25
- The New Puritanism: Lyman Abbot, and others: Fords, Howard & Hulbert, cloth..... 1 25
- The Psychology of Health and Happiness: La Forest Potter: The Philosophical Publishing Co., cloth... 1 00
- The Secret of Hegel; being the Hegelian system: New ed.: Jas. Hutchison Stirling: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 5 00
- The Significance of the Westminster Standards as a Creed: B. B. Warfield: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth. 75
- The Ten Commandments: Rev. G. Jackson: Fleming H. Revell Co., 8vo, cloth..... 1 00
- The Ten Laws; a Foundation for Human Society: E. Beecher Mason: A. D. F. Randolph Co., cloth..... 75

Scientific and Industrial.

- A Manual of Inorganic Chemistry: T. E. Thorpe: New ed., in 2 vols., G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 4 50
- A New Astronomy: David P. Todd: American Book Co., cloth, illus..... 1 30
- A Text-Book of Histology: Arthur Clarkson: W. B. Saunders, 8vo, cloth..... 6 00
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NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Winter Etchings.....*Albert Bigelow Paine*.....*Harper's Weekly*

COUNTRY.

Vague sorrow in the chill snow-laden air.
A hush along the sombre country ways
So fair with bloom and song in summer days.
Then night slips down, and from her silent wings
Soft plumage falls till ere the dawn she flings
A winding-sheet of glory ev'rywhere.

CITY.

The heavy cart along the cobbled street
Pounds out a measure hard and pitiless—
A prelude to privation and distress.
Then storm and night, a whirling flare, come on,
And squalid life and death, and drabbed dawn
With muffled tramping of a million feet.

My First Gray Hair.....*Birch Arnold*.....*Chicago Chronicle*

My first gray hair! A silver thread
'Mong chestnut curls it lay.
I gazed upon the mirrored head
And sadly turned away.

A sudden shadow crossed the day;
I felt benumbed and cold;
Did that false mirror mean to say
That I was growing old?

I gazed again. Ah, there it lay,
A silvery, snaky thing,
That tried to frighten youth away,
And make my hopes take wing.

What, old? And only just at school;
The alphabet unlearned,
While playing still the courtier's fool.
To laurels yet unearned?

It cannot be! 'Tis only light
Among the shadows fine,
And frightened fancy fears the night
Is in that silvery line!

I still am young! My spirits leap
As blithely as of old;
Not yet does time a miser creep
Among his days of gold.

Not yet have love and friendship ceased
To sing their siren strain;
Not yet ambition has released
A single clanking chain.

Not yet do dreams and visions die,
In purple-lipped despair.
Along the west the rainbows lie
In robes of ambient air.

And on her dancing feet I see
The silver sandals shine
Of Hope who whispers still to me
In accents most divine.

Go to! thou hair of ancient gray!
I know thee not, forsooth,
And tho' I know thou'rt come to stay
To mock the dreams of youth,

I'll say thou art old wisdom's sign
That study planted there;
Or grant mayhap thou'rt just a line
That's writ by carking care.

But age! Ha, ha, I'll vanquish thee,
And never know thy face.
Dare not, dare not to whisper me,
I'm in thy cold embrace.

The Ballade of "Timely Verse"... *Charles Battell Loomis*. ...*The Criterion*
(With apologies to Austin Dobson.)

When the days are cold and the North winds blow
And the poet sits in his scant hall room
His pen would write of December's snow;
For his heart and his thoughts are filled with gloom.
He would sing of the grave and eke the tomb.
But the "Summer Number" his thoughts coerce;
He must sing of color and growth and bloom.
Then hey!—for untimely "timely verse."

In hot July, when the pavements glow
With the sun's fierce heat and the thunders boom,
He craves fresh air and the mead's gay show,
And would sing of birds and of woods' perfume;
Yet his muse must a chilly air assume;
He must sing cold sports and their charms rehearse
For the "Christmas Number" is on the loom.
Then hey!—for untimely "timely verse."

When his heart and his hand he would fain bestow
On a lovely maid, some lines to whom
His feathered shaft would pen—then, oh!
(While he thinks of himself as a proud bridegroom)
The postman's whistle he hears below . . .
And his lips when he reads form a muttered curse
They want some lines on the Bicycle Show!
Then hey!—for untimely "timely verse."

ENVOY.

What he wills to do that he must forego;
Not what pleases him, but the flat reverse.
Apply it at large, you will find it's so—
Then hey!—for untimely "timely verse."

Related... ..*Our Dumb Animals*

As my wife and I, at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by, with a "broth of a boy,"
Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
"There's a relation of yours in that carriage."
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
"Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage!"

Music's Interpreter.....*Walter Francis Kenrich*.....*Boston Transcript*

Whoso delights in sweet accord of sound,
May feel the genius of a master mind;
But who interprets music's mysteries,
Blindly, mayhap, still thinks the thoughts of God.

A Breton Song.....*Laurence Nelson*.....*New York Sun*
(A paraphrase.)

The bell rings the Angelus,
Sounding out release for us;
Men return from plough and oar;
Earth has then one day the more.
Sainte Vierge Marie, O Pia,
A jamais sois bénie! Ave Maria!

One gets the good breath of the hay,
New mown and dying with the day;
The meadows darken, fair and far
In June's sweet heaven shines the star.
Sainte Vierge Marie, O Pia,
A jamais sois bénie! Ave Maria!

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

387. *Saxe Holm again*: I would like very much to know who Saxe Holm is. Perhaps you or some of your correspondents may be able to tell me through Open Questions.—E. L. Bickel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[This question was answered in the November number. See query 374.]

388. Can you tell me why it is, scientifically speaking, that the days do not grow longer both morning and evening after the middle of December? By reference to an almanac I find that the sun does not begin to rise earlier until Jan. 7, while it begins to set later on and after December 14 in the region about New York. What also is the explanation of the fact that though the days grow longer and the sun is more intense in its heat, our severely cold weather only begins at that time and goes on for months after it ought, by all the rules of common sense, to grow more temperate?—G., New York City.

389. *The Barcan Desert in Thanatopsis*: Living in "Bryant Building" you should be high authority as to *Thanatopsis*.

Take the wings

Of morning, pierce the *Barcan* wilderness."

Now exactly where is "the *Barcan* wilderness"? I note that it appeared in one edition:—

"—traverse *Barca's* desert sands."

Also that it was first written:

" . . . and the *Barcan* desert pierce."

—W. H. H., Duluth, Minn.

[Chamber's Concise Gazetteer (J. B. Lippincott Company), contains the following about *Barca*: "*Barca*, a country extending along the northern coast of Africa, between the Great Syrtis (now Gulf of Sidra) and Egypt. . . . The good soil extends over only about a fourth of *Barca*; the east exhibits only naked rocks and loose sand. Many ruins in the northwest attest its high state of cultivation in ancient times, when its five prosperous cities bore the title of the Libyan Pentapolis." . . . *Barca* is the Eastern part of Tripoli, and an Ottoman possession. The line as first quoted is the version which Bryant himself preferred, and so appears in the final revised edition of his works, edited by Mr. Parke Godwin, his son-in-law.]

390. Can you tell me where I can find the poem which begins with the line

"Off with your hat as the flag goes by."

I think I have seen it in *Current Literature*, which I have taken several years, but cannot locate it.—William T. Robertson, Rockport, Ill.

[The line quoted occurs in *The Old Flag*, by the late Henry Cuyler Bunner. It was printed in *Current Literature's* issue of July, 1896, taken from the volume of Bunner's poems entitled *Airs from Arcady*; Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. The Scribners also issue, in one volume, with an introduction by Brander Matthews, *Airs from Arcady*, Rowan, and all Mr. Bunner's poems printed elsewhere up the time of his death. Since then, in the magazines,

certain posthumous poems have appeared which, of course, are not included in this volume.]

391. Please let me know through Open Questions when and where the following writers were born: Roger Riordan, poet and magazine writer; John Ernest McCann, author of *Songs From an Attic*; William Grattan, author of *The Pastor*, a poem, N. Y., 1821; J. L. McCreery, author of *Songs of Toil and Triumph*; Thomas D. Cowdell, author of *The Nova Scotia Minstrel*; Harriet B. MacKeever, author of *Twilight Musings*, and other poems, Philadelphia, 1857; Daniel Hayden, author of *Poems and Fragments*, Montreal, 1838; Rev. J. A. Richey, author of *Poems*, Montreal, 1857; Charles Cashel Connolly, author of *Songs of the Celt*, Baltimore, Md., 1888; and John F. Coffeen, author of *The Fate of Genius*, and *Other Poems*, Cincinnati, 1835.—Frank Norris, Peabody, Mass.

[Roger Riordan was born in Cappoquin County, Waterford, Ireland, May 21, 1847; Harriet Burn MacKeever, in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1807. We regret that the books of reference at hand fail to give any information concerning the other writers mentioned.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

371. *Woman's Love*. In reply to question No. 371 in the November number of *Current Literature*, will say the quotation referred to is the well-known one by Middleton, used by Irving in his sketch, *The Wife*:

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet's bed's not sweeter."

—J. Irwin Billman, Waynesville, Dauphin Co., Pa.

[Our correspondent also encloses a copy of the "Mitten" jingle, which was so fully discussed in last month's Open Questions. Other letters on the same subject are received from Mrs. Jeannette C. Rally, Albany, N. Y., and Marie Pioda, Santa Cruz, Cal.]

378. *The Grass*: In reply to number 378 in your Notes and Queries department, in which X. Y. Z. asks the location of some lines in a poem entitled "The Grass," may I suggest a poem by that name written by Anna Dickinson. I have not a copy by me, but the line your St. Louis correspondent quotes sounds familiar to me.—Warwick James Price, New York.

379. In reply to John E. Thiel, New Orleans, La., who asks where he can find the sentiment contained in the following:

"Death lives on life, life on death—"

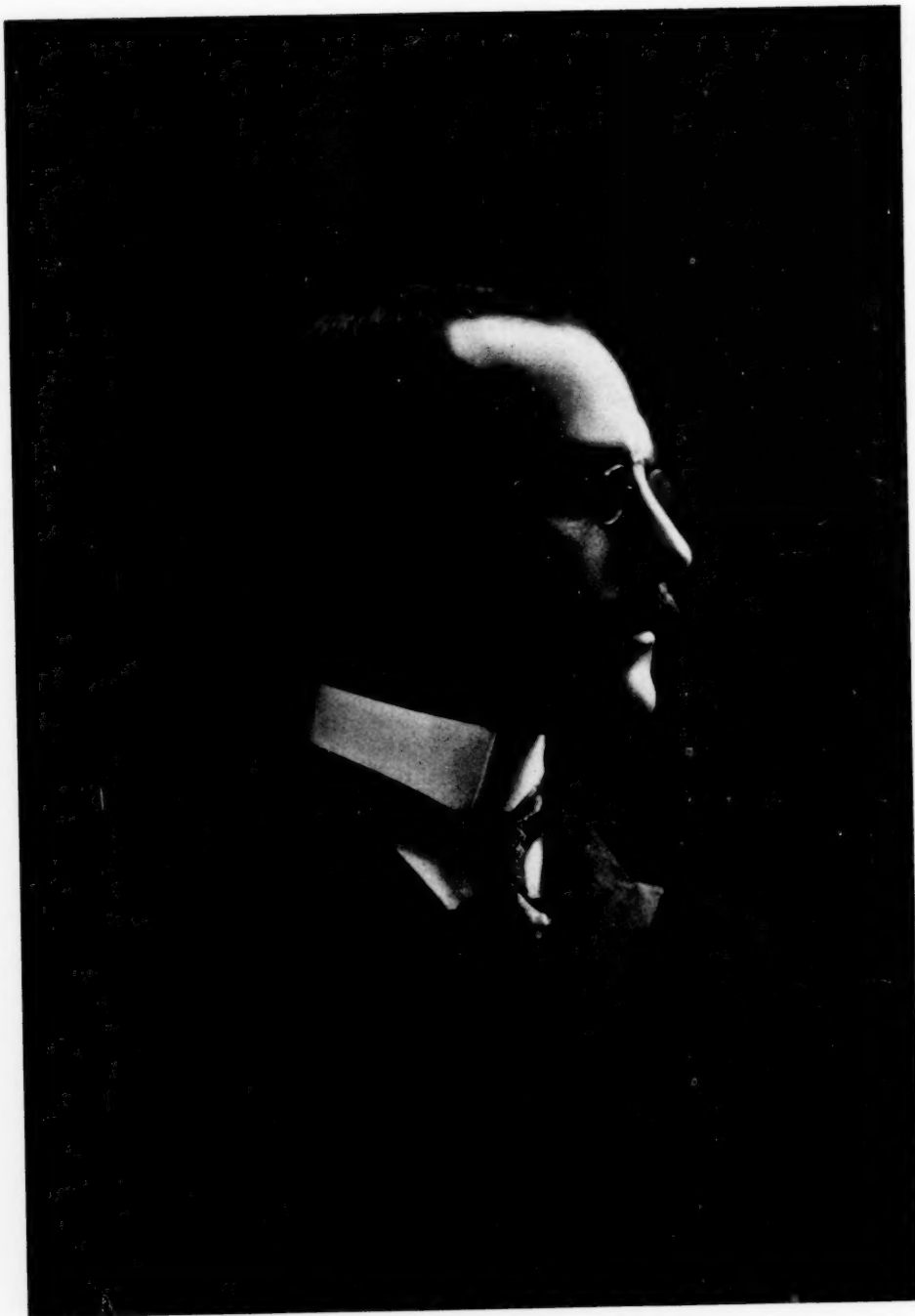
The same thought is found in J. G. Holland's *Bittersweet*, page 74:

"Life evermore is fed by death
In earth and sea and sky,
And that a rose may breathe its breath,
Something must die."

—Agnes Nash, Camden, N. J.

380. *Old Pickett's Nell*: Seeing a request for "Ol' Pickett's Nell" in the Open Questions, I beg leave to forward it. It is by Mather Dean Kimball, and appeared in the *Century*, "with apologies to James Whitcomb Riley."—(Miss) Elenor B. Cowley, Spokane, Wash.

[The copy of verses so courteously sent by Miss Cowley, is held for the querist, Frederic Bond, of Pontiac, Michigan.]



CLARENCE URMY

(See American Poets of To-Day, page 304.)